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THE NEW YORKER

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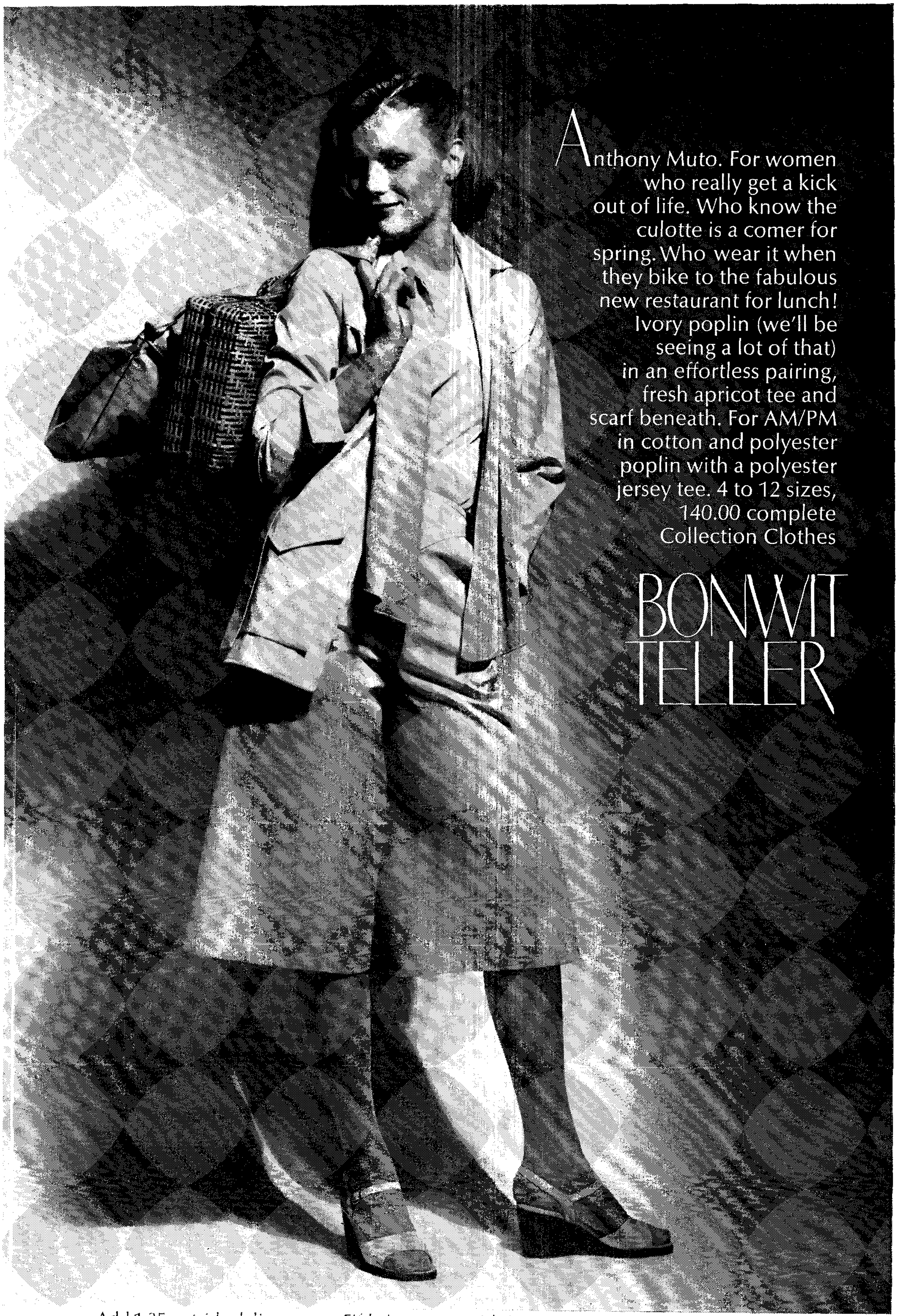

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angel Street—A thriller that shows its age. Dina Merrill plays the much-put-upon Mrs. Manningham, and Michael Allinson is her wicked husband. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 8.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Clarence—A revival that wrongly emphasizes the quaintness at the expense of the genuine charm of this fifty-seven-year-old comedy by Booth Tarkington. With Stephen Keep in the title role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Conversations with Don B.—The writings of Donald Barthelme—some of them as written, some of them slightly reshaped, and many of them familiar to readers of this magazine—make up the text of a very funny, entertaining revue with an attractive cast of five. Songs by Josh Rubins. (Sub-Plot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Friday and Saturday at 10, and Sunday and Monday at 8. Closes Monday, Feb. 9.)

Every Night When the Sun Goes Down—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

The Glass Menagerie—Maureen Stapleton, Rip Torn, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Paul Rudd in the touching play that is Tennessee Williams' "Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man." (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Habeas Corpus—A London hit that has failed to travel, though Paxton Whitehead and Rachel Roberts are marvellous in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is at least an occasion for two performances—by Barry Primus and Dixie Carter, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Judd Hirsch is everybody else. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Jason Robards, Zoe Caldwell, Michael Moriarty, and Kevin Conway in a revival of the O'Neill play, directed by Mr. Robards. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 8.)

A Matter of Gravity—Katharine Hepburn in a comedy by Enid Bagnold. Noel Willman directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 4, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 5.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith by clamping cloche hats on her head and singing Bessie's songs is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. Bessie had majesty; Hopkins doesn't. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do,"

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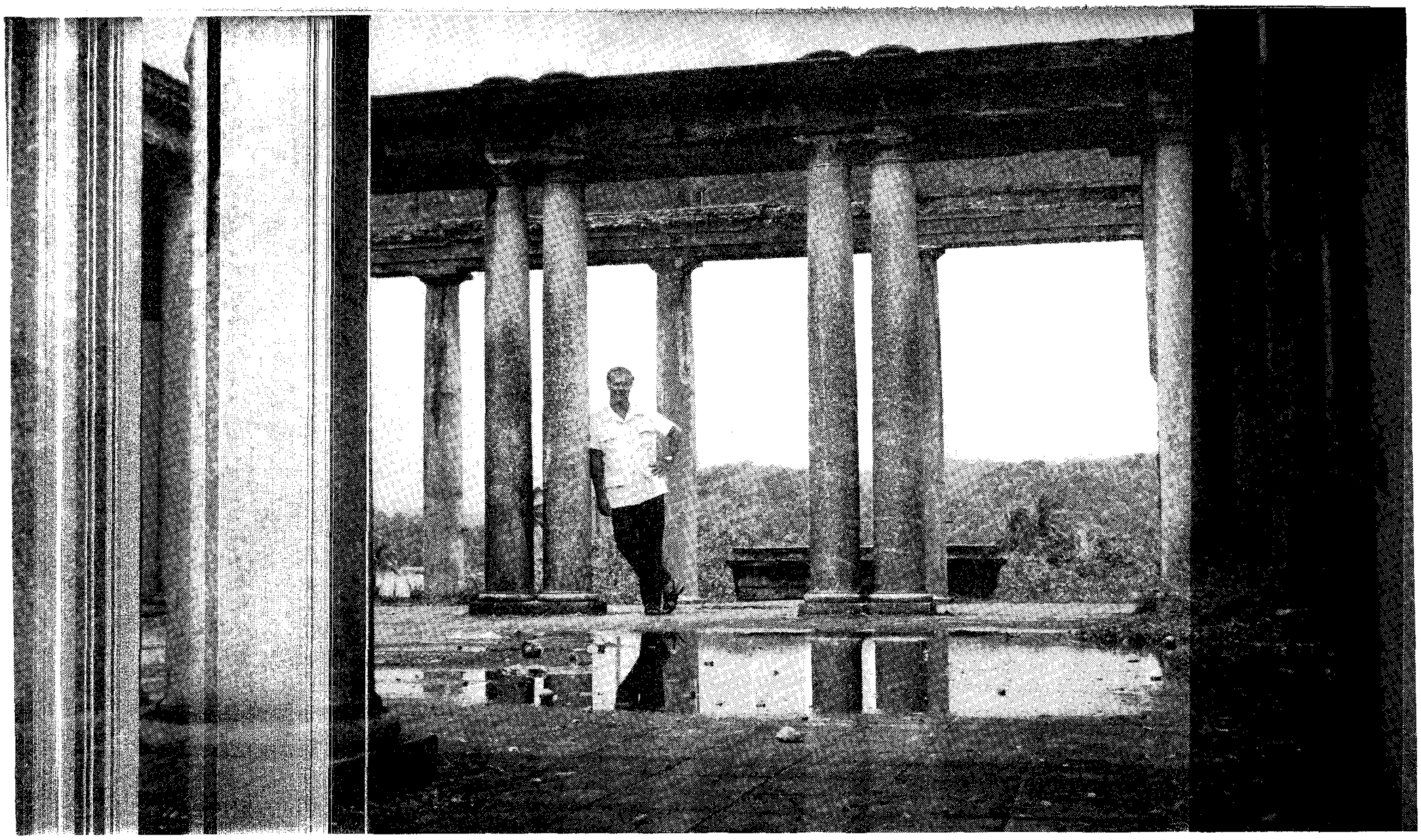

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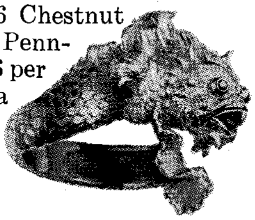

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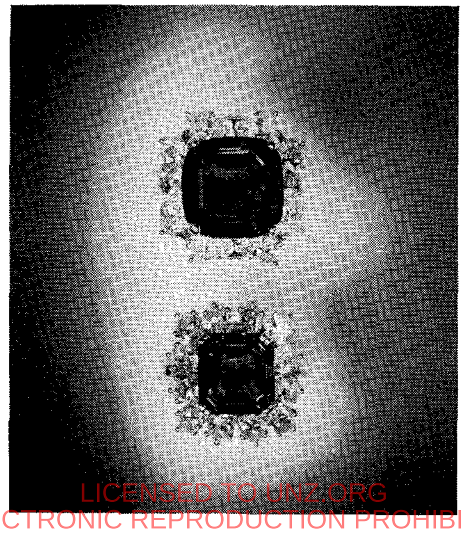
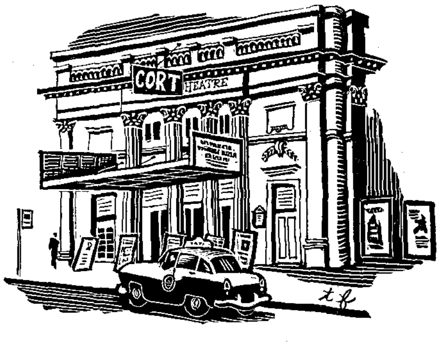


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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"Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

The Norman Conquests—Alan Ayckbourn requires three full-length plays to tell us as much as he thinks we ought to know about his nasty Don Juan of a hero. Funny lines and situations, and first-rate acting by Estelle Parsons and Carole Shelley. The schedule is complicated—**TABLE MANNERS:** Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 2; Friday, Feb. 6, as well as Monday, Feb. 9, and Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2; and Tuesday, Feb. 10, as well as Thursday, Feb. 12, and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8. . . . **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Thursday, Feb. 5, and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8; Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 2; and Friday, Feb. 13, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

Pacific Overtures—A musical that, with comparatively little music, tells the unedifying story of how Commodore Perry helped open up Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian and almost all-male cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Phoenix Theatre—A five-play repertory that will run for several months. Sidney Howard's **THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED,** directed by Stephen Porter: Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3; Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8; Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Tennessee Williams' **27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON** and Arthur Miller's **A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS,** a twin bill directed by Arvin Brown: Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5-6, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2; Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 11-13, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820.)

The Royal Family—This revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores, under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, is as fresh *and funny as ever. The stars of the wonder*ful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Shortchanged Review—This first play by *Michael Dorn Moody may be brimming over* with words and episodes, but it is brimming over with talent, too. Some of the episodes may seem stagy and melodramatic, but the characters, more often than not, are believable. The principal character is a self-deluded, *middle-aged owner of a rock radio station,* whose unswerving determination to promote the career of a young singer causes considerable trouble, and even tragedy. The performances, under Richard Southern's direction, are very good indeed. Mason Adams is *the lead, and he receives splendid support* from T. Miratti, Virginia Vestoff, Herbert Braha, Tricia Boyer, and William Russ. Notable, too, are the setting, by Marsha L. Eck; the lighting, by Cheryl Thacker; and the music, by a group called Clouds. (Newhouse, *150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except* Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Sweet Bird of Youth—Irene Worth's extraordinary performance as an aging, frightened movie star, in hiding after making what she considers a disastrous comeback, almost redeems this deeply flawed play by Tennessee Williams. With Christopher Walken, Pat Corley, and Cathryn Damon, among others. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 7.)

Travesties—The King's English as few kings have ever been able to speak it. An exceedingly witty play by Tom Stoppard, acted to perfection by John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) *in the leading role. (Ethel Barrymore, 243* W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A saucy little musical, which was the bee's knees in 1915. The music is by Jerome Kern, and some of the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Yentl—An awkward play about Jewish life in Poland in the nineteenth century. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, in which the many implausibilities of the plot must have been easier to steal past than they are onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Jacob Milligan, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,569 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 12, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12, at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Soviet Circus—The celebrated one-ring circus, with clowns, acrobats, jugglers, rope-walkers, Cossack riders, monkeys, and waltzing bears. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5-6, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 1:30 and 6:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Pas de Deux," and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Agon," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Duo Concertant," and "Ma Mère l'Oye." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Al*legro Brillante," divertimento from* "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 8, at 1: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," "Illuminations," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 8, *at 7:* "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Illuminations," "Concerto Barocco," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 12-13, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2 and 8: "Don Quixote." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**BARRY HARRIS,** a graduate of the Detroit School of Fine Pianists, class of '60 (other alumni: Hank Jones, Tommy Flanagan, Roland Hanna), is here on Sundays, but, a man of politesse, he doesn't start until "Upstairs, Downstairs" has ended. Harris is a private performer. He is small, gray-haired, and shadowy, and his playing seems to be directed more at himself than at his audience. His style is subtle, he keeps the volume down, and he shies away from dynamics, but it is well worth turning up one's receiver and listening in. Harris reached his impressionable years in the mid-forties, when the great movement of jazz piano playing founded by Earl Hines was coming to a shining conclusion in the pearls-and-platinum playing of Nat Cole, and when another brilliant movement was just being started by Charlie Parker and Bud Powell. Harris listened with both ears, and the results are still there in his work—Cole and Powell, suspended side by side, so that a precise, ringing six-note Cole figure, heralded by a heavily accented first note, will be casually followed by one of Powell's strange, pigeon-toed arpeggios, arpeggios that start and stop, start and stop. But this is

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reading Harris very fine. The overall effect of his work is clarity, a good flow, steady invention, wit, and a highly developed melodic sense. Each solo is made up of many little new songs. His materials on a recent Sunday included "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm," plus a bop reworking of same called "Reets and I;" Thelonious Monk's "Monk's Mood" and "Ruby, My Dear;" several Tadd Dameron's; "Like Someone in Love;" and Bud Powell's "Un Poco Loco." Leroy Williams sometimes sits in on drums. The Pearl of the Pacific, alias **JIMMY ROWLES**, is on hand again during the rest of the week, and he has bassist Bill Takas with him. Rowles is in sterling condition. Dinner.

●

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. **BILLY HARPER,** a young and very exciting tenor player who steams up the reed section of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, finishes up a stint here leading his own sextet on Saturday, Feb. 7. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—For once, this club's near perfect sound system, which has made it far and away the best New York outlet for rock acts, will be superfluous, because the management, with its customary good sense, has brought in the **COUNT BASIE** aggregation. The Basie band doesn't need a sound system—it is a sound system. Those who have been exposed only to rock music, with its electronic loudness, will be startled by the palpably visceral, room-rattling loudness that a section of horn men can create by sheer lung power. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7, the sound men will return to adjust the volume on the Rhinestones, a rock group. On Sunday and Monday, Feb. 8-9, rock guitarist Rory Gallagher will bring in his band. Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 10-12, two jazz-like groups will take the stage: one is led by John Klemmer, an Echoplex tenor saxophonist, and the other by vibraharpist Gary Burton, whose performances are of the lyrical, music-is-a-beautiful-game school. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 13-15, Ace, another rock outfit, will pound it out. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Julie Wilson is singing in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper.... **BARBARA CARROLL,** who has taken over from Marian McPartland in the Bemelmans Bar, was a good minor pianist when she came up in the fifties; now she commands and moves. Her time is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato, backpedalling figures, double-time sprints, and spacious, collecting rests. Weekdays from nine-fifteen.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Stride pianist Joe Turner, who hasn't played in this country in some thirty years (he's been living in Europe), is now busy making up for lost time weeknights from eight to one. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who make up the house band. Cornettist Ruby Braff will sit in with the regulars on Tuesday, Feb. 10. Red Richards plays piano most nights from five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, Feb. 8, will be given over to the singing, smiling duo of Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss, beginning at eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER,** who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919.

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RUSSELL PROCOPE carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-four-year-old **BROOKS KERR,** a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. The Hal Galper duo is on hand Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three; and on Sunday, Feb. 8, from five to nine, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson works with bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Harold Mabern.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—The impressive high ceilings and crystal chandeliers and vast quantities of empty space in this bar and restaurant (and, by day, meat market) do little toward making it a warm and cozy music haunt—the place feels more like an unused ballroom or a classy barn. Altoist **PHIL WOODS** is here leading a quartet through Saturday, Feb. 14. Music from ten.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**RED NORVO,** in consummate condition, is back for a month, accompanied by Super Rhythm—**JOHN BUNCH, MILT HINTON,** and **JO JONES.** This time, he has brought along **MAVIS RIVERS,** a Samoan-born singer who plays her voice like a horn—hypnotically. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Weekly (Sundays through Thursdays) celebrations of blues, R. & B., soul, funk, and the like. The celebrants: bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** guitarists **ERIC GALE** and **CORNELL DUPREE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** and either **STEVE GADD** or **CHRIS PARKER** on drums. Large numbers of upper West Siders tend to show up. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, drummer **ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** will take charge. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. McKendree Spring, a folk-rock quintet, trades sets with folkie Tom Rapp through Sunday, Feb. 8. On Wednesday, Feb. 11, Bill Chinnock, whose Chicago-blues singing is more reminiscent of David Clayton-Thomas than of Muddy Waters, will arrive with his band. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The **SY OLIVER** band is on the podium Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This attractive bar-and-restaurant complex currently features tall, dashing, and theatrical Oscar Brown, Jr., through Sunday, Feb. 8. On Tuesday, Feb. 10, Holly Woodlawn, the torch-singing female impersonator, will begin alternating with Jennifer Welles, a porn-film actress who on this occasion will sing, to the accompaniment of piano and flashing strobes. Shows at nine and midnight. Wednesdays through Saturdays, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets from five-thirty to seven, in which she plays piano and sings in a small, delicate, uncomplicated voice. Mondays are showcases for new talent for the local cabaret circuit. Dinner.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost that usually features small jazz combos. Sundays, as always, are reserved for the **CHUCK WAYNE-JOE PUMA** guitar duo. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The acoustically perfect music corner of this highly congested bar and restaurant will be turned over to the Nyom François duo on Wednesday, Feb. 4. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7, **MIKE LONGO,** Dizzy Gillespie's pianist for years, will work with bassist Bob Cranshaw; on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 9-10, pianist Danny Mixon will be on hand with a bassist; and starting Wednesday, Feb. 11, **KENNY BARRON** and **RON CARTER** will take on the piano-bass chores. The hours run from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A very pleasant hangout with Saturday-afternoon poetry readings and a hectic music schedule that comprises various small jazz groups. Some of these combos are composed of young and occasionally squeaking horn players who carry on as though they were playing The Street (52nd Street) in 1948. Others are more noteworthy: one is led, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, by **JIMMY GIUFFRE**—reedman, composer, and forward thinker in general—who has become something of a jazz guru. His is a serene and controlled presence, and he draws on a repertoire that includes such titles as "Om," "The Chanting," and "Tibetan Sun." On the following Friday and Saturday (Feb. 13-14), **CECIL MCBEE,** a very fine bassist, will head up a lively, Brazilian-flavored sextet. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS,** a musical humanist-explorer, winds up a week here with his quintet on Sunday, Feb. 8. On Tuesday, Feb. 10, **SAM RIVERS,** a forty-five-year-old saxophonist, leader, and mover (he runs a music loft, Studio Rivbea, in NoHo), will descend the stairs with his quartet. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band squeezes itself onto the bandstand and lets go with some big-band seriousness. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of

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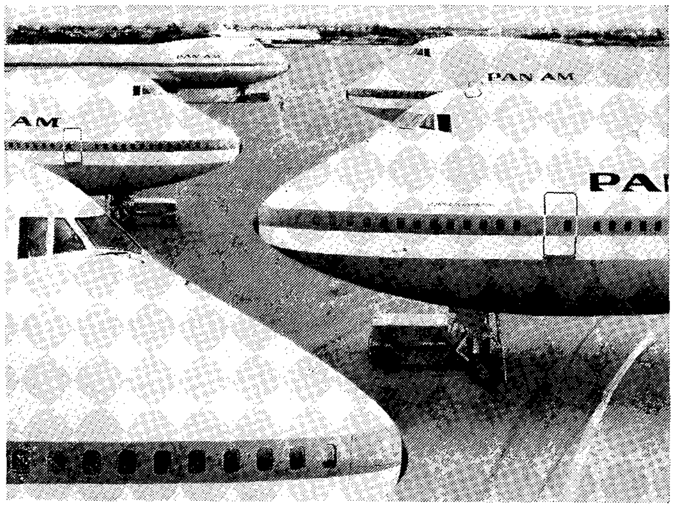

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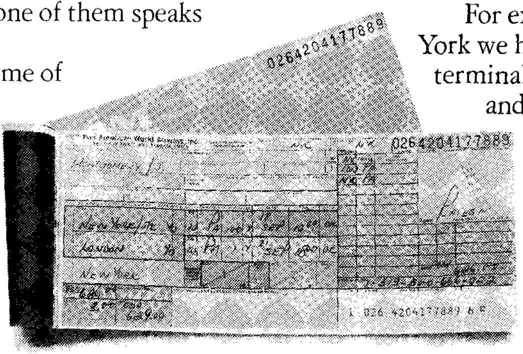

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Nat Jones works out with his bassist, Clint Houston, Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. On Wednesdays, the Warren Court, a combo led by ex-Basie saxophonist Earle Warren, is usually in session; on Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet plods through the forties. And Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex; boogie-woogieist **SAMMY PRICE**; tenorman **BUDDY TATE**, and a drummer. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 5:45: **BUTTERFLY MCQUEEN**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 5:45: **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and **TEDDI KING**.

QUEEN—With the Cate Bros. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 5-8, at 8.)

JOHN LEE HOOKER, MARIE KNIGHT, and **THE RED CLAY RAMBLERS**—With the Human Condition. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 7:30 and 11.)

JON LUCIEN and **NORMAN CONNORS (WITH JEAN CARN)**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.

MIMI FARINA—With Eric Weissberg and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, Feb. 9, at 7:30.)

OSCAR BRAND—Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8.

JOHN HARTFORD and **HICKORY WIND**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium. Friday, Feb. 13, at 7:30 and 10:30.

BENNY GOODMAN—With Hank Jones, Slam Stewart, Grady Tate, Bucky Pizzarelli, Al Klink, Bobby Hackett, Peter Appleyard, and Urbie Green. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

JOHNNY MATHIS—With Hamilton, Joe Frank & Reynolds. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3 and 8; and Monday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BENNY ANDREWS—Delicate and imaginative line drawings, collages, and watercolors by this Georgia-born artist, who contributes a fresh perspective on the black experience. The works were preparatory to a group of mural-size canvases, called the Bicentennial Series, which were first shown at the High Museum, in Atlanta. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

GEORGE W. W. BREWSTER—Precisely executed abstract oils by an architect who has set down his T-square in favor of a brush; some were done in Maine and some in the far Caribbean, and all of them carry a whiff of the deep blue sea. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

FRITZ BULTMAN—New sculptures in bronze by this artist, who also is represented by several collages of cloth and paper, at the Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ Other bronzes by the same artist at the gallery's branch location, 521 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.) Through Saturday, Feb. 7.

ROBERT DE NIRO—(Not the actor, but the actor's father. The actor used to be known as the artist's son; now it's the other way around.) Freewheeling pastels—nudes, odalisques, Moroccan landscapes, friends, and so on—done in bold black outline and filled in with slashes of color. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

NORRIS EMBRY—Collage paintings on paper and canvas board, by an Expressionist. Through March 6. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

PERLE FINE—This veteran New York artist is primarily concerned with the grid, and works out endless variations off its framework, mainly in color, but also, here and there, with interruptions in the basic construction. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN—Paintings of Crete, its inhabitants, and its bohemian visitors. Through Feb. 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

KARL HAGEDORN—Brightly colored paintings of what appear to be machine parts (nuts and bolts) by a German-born artist; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 19. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GUSTAV ALFRED HEINZE—Photo-Realist paintings of storefronts and cars, many of them reflecting a landscape in a window. Through Feb. 17. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

PETER HOMITZKY—Landscape paintings of agricultural and industrial areas in New Jersey, most of them low aerial views. Through Feb. 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

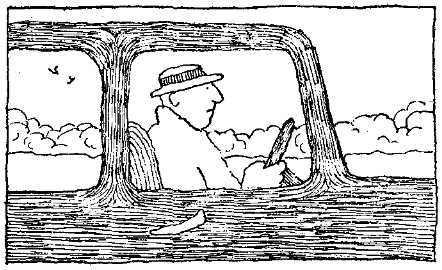
PHILIP JAMISON—Masses of daisies on a back porch in Maine and a snowbound town in Chester County, Pennsylvania, are among the homey subjects depicted with facility by this watercolorist. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

JASPER JOHNS—Seven new large paintings plus a few drawings, all of them given over to the herringbone pattern that has dominated his recent works; the colors—the primaries, their complements, and gray—remain the familiar Johns palette. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

BERNARD KARFIOL (1886-1952)—Comfortable-looking nudes with a faintly Oriental cast, painted in warm, comfortable colors, were the forte of this old-line artist (he was represented in the Armory Show, the first American show at MOMA, and the opening show of the Whitney), and several of them are included among the thirty-three oils in this exhibition. Through Thursday, Feb. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—Cheerful, sunny, stylized landscapes of the Maine countryside, and a few still-lifes and interiors, by this Icelandic-born artist, who also offers some scenes of outdoor groups romping around on small Icelandic ponies. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Collages using photographic enlargements of foreign cigarette and soap boxes are prominent in this show of recent work, in which the artist again pays his sombre tributes to Republican Spain, and again delivers his familiar visual thunderclaps in black and red. Through Wednesday, Feb. 11. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)



PHILIP MULLEN—Abstract paintings based on a grid pattern and done in muted tones; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ALICE NEEL—Recent paintings, including portraits of art-world personalities Isabel Bishop, Linda Nochlin with her daughter, Daisy, and the nude Cindy and Chuck Nemser. Through Feb. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MODRIS RAMANS—Abstract sculptures based on the female form (occasionally with a musical symbol thrown in), made of painted steel rods and giving the effect of drawings done in the air. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

REINHOUD—Amusing metal sculptures done in this country by a Flemish-born Parisian artist who came over for a while to teach in Minneapolis; his grasp of football is memorable, and so is his rendition of a posturing baritone with a tuba bell for a head. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

PETER RUTA—Leafy landscapes (and a few still-lifes, mostly of seltzer bottles and lilies), done in the strange light that plays on the mountainous country of southern Mexico. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

HENRY SCHNAKENBERG (1892-1970)—A retrospective consisting of oils and watercolors by an artist who was prominent in the thirties. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

FRITZ SCHOLDER—Raw, haunting paintings of American Indians, done with implacable directness in oil or acrylics, and in colors that might have been scraped off totem poles, by a Minnesota-born Indian artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings, collages, and drawings by Sante Graziani, Margo Hoff, Richard A. Milholland, and others. Through Feb. 25. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A loan show of seascapes by one American, Milton Avery, and a group of Europeans, including Matisse, Dufy, and Nolde. Through Feb. 26. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Works in a wide variety of mediums by forty-seven artists from Latin-American countries. Through Feb. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, R. Taylor, James Thurber, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **SOLOMON**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A small selection of postwar paintings by Kandinsky, Gottlieb, Rauschenberg, and others. Through Feb. 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings and drawings dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Through March 20.

SCULPTURE—An all-bronze show of works by Jack Culiner, Leonda Finke, and Phillip Noteriani. Through Feb. 18. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently being shown uptown include: **JOE BASCOM** at Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5); **LOREN MADSEN** at McKee, 140 E. 63rd St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **KURT SELIGMANN** (1900-62) at La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—A dozen paintings—figures, landscapes, seascapes—done in his characteristic blocked-in patterns, plus a few rather intimate pencil sketches. A number of the works have never been exhibited before. Through Thursday, Feb. 12. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Twenty watercolors that were used as illustrations for a revised edition of "A Passover Haggadah," plus examples of this artist's sinewy birds of prey and his im-

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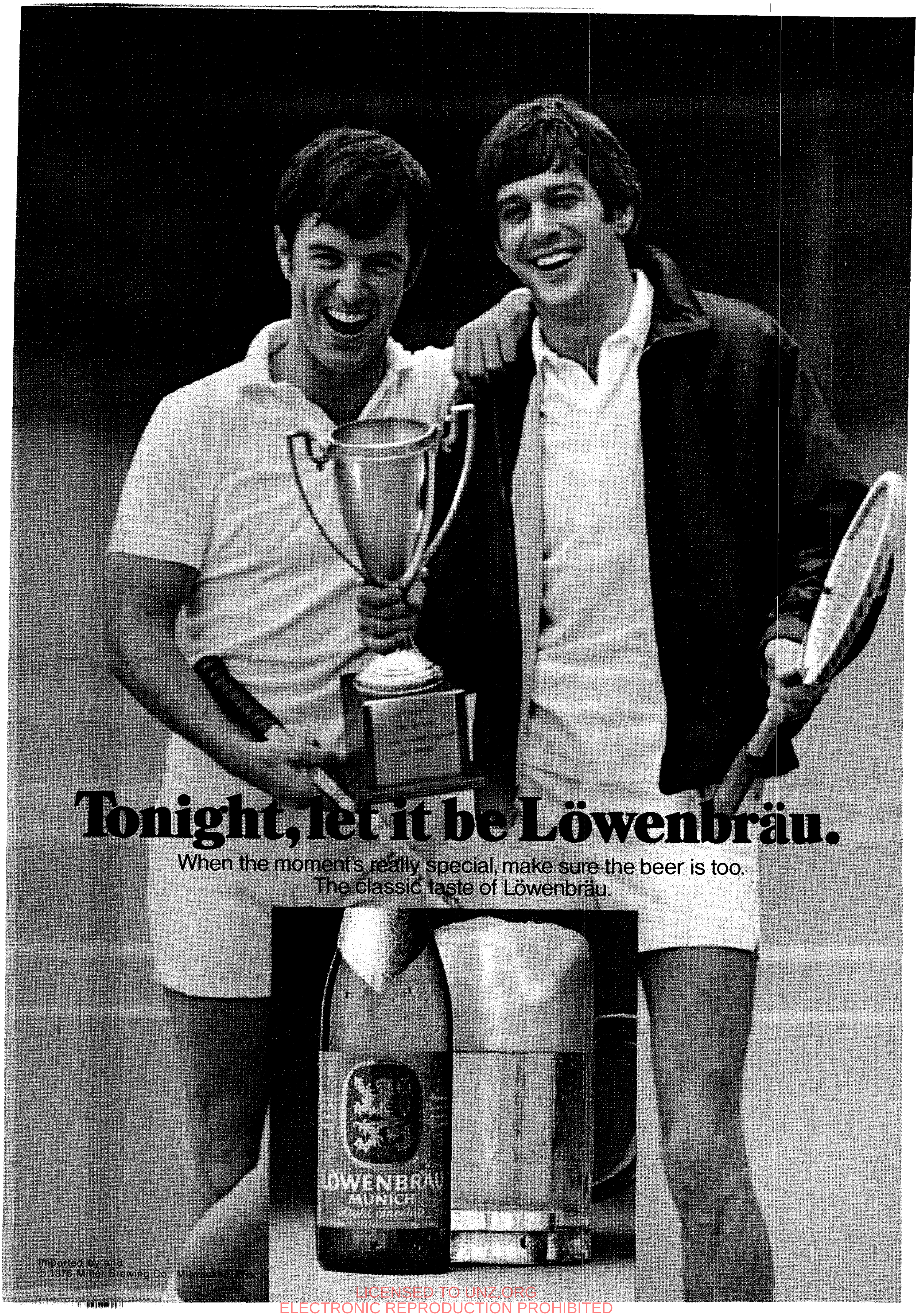

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passive Indians. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Gouache and oil paintings and pen-and-ink drawings done in preparation for various of his murals, including the well-known one, full of manly symbols (pipes, football players, barber poles, race horses), that once adorned the men's room at the Radio City Music Hall and has now been made a part of the Museum of Modern Art collection. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Walter Dusenbery—Carefully chosen pieces of marble carved in simple abstract shapes—a polished horizontal tablet with a graceful ripple in the middle, for instance—and finished with a sleek surface that it's difficult to keep one's hands off. Through Thursday, Feb. 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

DeWitt Hardy—Realist watercolors and drawings of nudes, still-lifes, and studio interiors, by a superior draftsman who specializes in a hard, surgically incisive line on hard white paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Dorothy Heller—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Jensen / Guy Dill—A selection of paintings done over the past dozen years, most of them checkerboards in thick, bright colors and incorporating numbers, which might be the playing surface of some complicated gambling game. / Constructions—some of them freestanding and some of them wall pieces—that combine steel, glass, and concrete. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

James Juszczyk—Large paintings with vertical or horizontal bands of earthy color. Through Feb. 21. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Seymour Lipton—Abstract sculptures made of Monel Metal and brazed with nickel silver. Through Feb. 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—This artist has the ability to convey on a couple of feet of canvas the grandeur of the Rockies—the seamed surfaces, the elemental colors, the general upheaval. In this show, for the first time, she includes half a dozen watercolors, in which the composition seems a little freer and the overall tone more lyrical. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Paintings from the last twelve years by an early Photo-Realist who has taken the measure of New York City bridges and who also likes to paint his dog, his clothes, the molding on his studio walls, and even, on occasion, his easel. Through Feb. 21. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Dennis Oppenheim—In a darkened gallery where three sound tracks are going simultaneously and the smell of hot electronic equipment is in the air, an exhibition called "A Search for Clues" is being shown. In one dim room, which is decorated with several large Styrofoam rats, the artist recites a soliloquy (taped) in a wavery voice; in a second, an effigy of the artist, with a dagger plunged into its back, lies at one corner of a large Persian rug while the artist's unseen seven-year-old daughter recites another wavery, taped soliloquy; and in a third, the small ceramic image of a dead Indian (his war bonnet is a mess) lies half buried under a pile of cowhides while taped rock music plays on and on. Through Feb. 21. (D'Arc, a new gallery, at 15 East 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Portraits, paintings of studio nudes, and several watercolors of recent vintage. Through Feb. 28. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **René**, 6 W. 57th St.: Constructions and paintings, done in either black or white, by artists regularly associated with this gallery, including Vasarely, Soto, and Charles Hinman. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . **Selected Artists**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: A group of Impressionist paintings by, among others, Louis Valtat and Eugène Boudin. Also Constructivist paintings by Rudolf Bauer and Alfred Reth. Through Tuesday, Feb. 10. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jared Bark / Mary Heilmann—This artist uses photographed details of his own body, sometimes accented with paint, in what he calls "photo-booth" works, one of which is composed of twenty-eight enigmatic navels. / Paintings of windows, with bars, blinds, or jalousies stressed in the composition, done in strong, bright colors. Through Thursday, Feb. 12. (Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Miriam Brumer—Acrylic abstract paintings and colored-pencil drawings based on organic forms that seem to bulge and breathe; the titles of two of them—"Gestation" and "Chrysalis"—convey the idea. Through Friday, Feb. 13. (Lotus, 81 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Constance Dodge / Donna Fried—Nostalgic assemblages, mostly derived from dim snapshots and done in a style that owes something to Marisol and something to Cornell. / Monoprints of a marbleized-paper character, doctored with drawing. Through Feb. 18. (Eno, 101 Wooster St.)

Michael Goldberg—Black oxidized bronze applied to raw canvas to form circles or semicircles, plus drawings in which circles are gouged into heavy-gauge rag paper. Through Feb. 28. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Ralph Humphrey—Five abstract paintings on shaped canvases, plus a selection of drawings done last year. Through Feb. 25. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Joanna Pousette-Dart—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

David Robinson / Mary Burton Wheeler—Representational paintings. / Small-scale paintings of interiors. Through Feb. 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

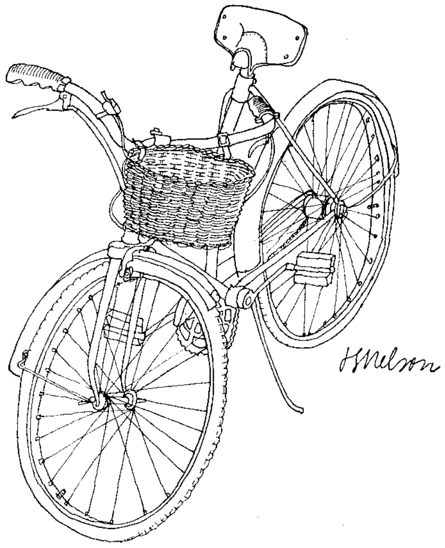
Doug Sanderson—Layer after patient layer of pale solid colors (done in various combinations of oil, latex, and enamel) on rectangular or circular canvases. Through Wednesday, Feb. 11. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Sylvia Sleigh—Realist portraits and paintings of nudes. Through Feb. 25. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

David Loeffler Smith—Small canvases on which classical themes have been painted in a manner reminiscent of both Ryder and Thomas Hart Benton. Through Wednesday, Feb. 11. (First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Nora Speyer—Large figurative paintings, plus a few landscapes. Through Feb. 19. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Racelle Strick / Gloria Greenberg—Paintings and drawings made by stippling small dots and lines. / Paper collages that include the artist's own poetry. Through Feb. 18. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)



William Canavan Tucker—Abstract paintings, small ceramic sculptures, and conté-crayon drawings. Through Feb. 19. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **Duffy**, 157 Spring St.: Bridget Riley, Theodoros Stamos, and Al Held are among the dozen painters who have one work apiece in this show. Through Feb. 25. . . . **Knowlton**, 153 Prince St.: A rotating exhibit of works on paper by about thirty artists, including at present Kline, Willem de Kooning, Steinberg, Wesselmann, and Red Grooms, plus erotic bronzes by Charles Frazier. Through March 6. . . . **O. K. Harris**, 383 West Broadway: Works in a variety of mediums by Kenneth Capps, Thomas Drysdale, Al Souza, and Stuart Shedletsky. Through Feb. 21.

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **Peter Campus** at Castelli, 420 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **Eunice Golden** and **Susan Hoeltzel** at SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **Grace Graupe-Pillard** and **Frank Palaia** at Razor, 464 West Broadway (Through Wednesday, Feb. 11. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **Robert Henry** at Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. (Through Thursday, Feb. 12. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **Bill Sullivan** at Bowery, 135 Greene St. (Through Wednesday, Feb. 11. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

Richard Bottwin / Franklin Perrell—Floor constructions neatly assembled from panels of wood, translucent plastic, and aluminum by a sculptor in his early twenties. / Sharp-focussed paintings of Art Deco architectural façades in Long Beach, Long Island, bleak and deserted now that time has passed them by—again the work of an artist just out of his teens. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Harriet Feigenbaum—Bunches of hay tied by wire to wood branches (works inspired by haying methods the artist observed in the Tuscan Valley), together with related drawings on plywood, and photographs. Through Feb. 23. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

William Pachner—Recent paintings. Through Feb. 21. (Camp, 51 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

War Posters—Hackle-raisers from the two world wars, including examples by such old reliables as Howard Chandler Christy and James Montgomery Flagg. One shows a sailor exhorting a civilian (while Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, waves the flag in the background), "The Navy Needs You! Don't Read American History—Make It!" Through Friday, Feb. 13. (Poster America, 174 Ninth Ave., near 20th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Roko**, 90 E. 10th St.: A memorial exhibition honoring Michael Freilich, the founder and former director of this gallery. Some of the artists taking part in this tribute are Louise Nevelson, Alex Katz, and Conrad Marca-Relli. Through Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **Visual Arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Drawings, paintings, sculptures, and photographs by contemporary artists, among them Fred Sandback, Dan Flavin, and Natalie Bieser. Through Feb. 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Margaret Bourke-White (1904-71) / **Miloň Novotný**—The work of two photojournalists: Bourke-White's photographs of Czechoslovakia before the Second World War and Novotný's pictures of that country today. Through Feb. 15. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Eugene Buechel (1874-1954)—Photographs of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations taken between 1922 and 1942 by a South Dakota Jesuit priest and teacher. Through Sunday, Feb. 8. (Museum of Mod-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

John R. Gossage—Large photographs of shrubs and flowers, plus a few back-yard and street scenes of the Washington, D.C., area. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

John McWilliams / Neal Slavin—Black-and-white photographs recently taken in South Carolina, Mississippi, and Georgia. / Group portraits. One is titled: "Staff, Statue of Liberty, Liberty Island, N.Y. 1974." Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Linda Solomon—Photographs of children, mostly; first solo show in New York. Through Feb. 16. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—More than fifty photogravures made before 1911. Through March 6. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

Group Show—Urban street scenes, some of them populated by teen-agers, by three photographers. Through Feb. 15. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred examples of American art from the museum's collection (among them paintings, sculptures, photographs, and decorative pieces), dating from the seventeenth century through the twentieth. . . . ¶ The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23. . . . ¶ A private collection: the Norbert Schimmel assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through March 23. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century Italian architectural drawings, including an album by Filippo Iuvara, as well as drawings of stage sets and decorative objects, all from the museum's collection. Through March 14. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Robert Morris drawing, done on three long strips of paper in graphite and a blackish sort of oil, is stretched along the entire length of the hallway leading to "Drawing Now," an exhibition that occupies the east wing of the ground floor. The upper strip consists of handprints, which the artist achieved by oiling and blackening his hands, and patting the paper. The lower strip is of footprints, made by the same method, and the middle strip seems to be a pattern of dirty knees. With this introduction, one files past examples by the better-known artists—Johns, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Warhol, Dine, Hockney, and the rest—and on to the works of lesser-known, rising stars. The show is confined to the past twenty years, and its objective is to tell us where drawing stands today. The lesson, one feels, is that drawing requires a lot more from the viewer now than it used to. Through March 9. . . . ¶ An exhibition entitled "Shinjuku: the Phenomenal City," acquaints us with a happy proliferation of tiny cocktail lounges, fast-food joints, bookstores, bawdy houses, rice bars, movies, jewelry stores, wig shops, and so on, that has grown up in the heart of Tokyo, mostly underground, with no help at all from urban planners; they can't get their hands on the property, because the ownership is incredibly mixed up. (The land is sold in minute plots and brings the highest prices in the world.) Nearby areas, where all the life has been sucked up into big glass skyscraper boxes, like ours, seem sterile by contrast, and urban thinkers are beginning to say "Hmm." A sampling of Shinjuku is offered on the second floor, where some of the gaudy advertising banners are gathered, along with charts and photo slides and models and so on. Through March 7. . . . ¶ Constructivist paintings, drawings, and sculptures conceived by Polish artists during the years 1923 to 1936. Through March 25. . . . ¶ Photographs of Midwestern Indian reservations. Through Sunday, Feb. 8. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terra-cottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Through March 21. . . . ¶ A full-scale exhibition of drawings, taking up the two top turns of the ramp. This one overlaps the Museum of Modern Art show to a certain extent, since many of the same artists are represented in both, but the Guggenheim show dates back to the beginning of the century, starting with works by, for instance, Joseph Stella, Arthur G. Dove, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Through March 21. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and twelve monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Through Sunday, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures drawn from the collections of this country's oldest art institution, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, along with material documenting the academy's history. Some of the artists included are Peale, Eakins, Sheeler, and Calder. Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ The small gallery to the left of the elevators on the first floor is taken up with works in various mediums on various materials (assemblages, collages, drawings on canvas) by an artist named Charles Garabedian, who seems determined to flout every artistic convention he can come to grips with, and who is regarded as something of a renegade painter even in California, where he lives and works. Through Feb. 22. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—An exhibit called "Nineteenth-Century American Women Artists," showing paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, for instance, Jane Stuart (a copy of her father's portrait of Washington), Mary Jane Peale (a still-life), and so on, up to Mary Cassatt, who is represented by several aquatints. The show illustrates that women are doing a lot better artistically now than then. Through Feb. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes on paper and glass, from the museum's collection. Through March 14. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Indian drawings and painted sketches dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Feb. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred drawings from the Thaw collection, including examples by Rembrandt, Watteau, Degas, and Cézanne. . . . ¶ Charles Lamb's bicentenary is marked by a small show of autograph manuscripts, letters, and first editions. Both exhibitions through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Cat in American Folk Art," an exhibition of a hundred and twenty-two paintings, sculptures, wood carvings, textiles, and other forms of naïve art in which cats figure. Through March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—American Indian objects that incorporate the American flag and other symbols as design motifs. Wearing apparel, household utensils, and rugs are among the items on display. Through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia (photographs, programs, costumes, heralds, life-size cutouts of famous stars) celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings by Phillip Lindsay Mason. . . . ¶ Collages, paintings, and pen-and-ink drawings by Michael Cummings. Both exhibitions through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 4: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, Fernando Corena, and James Morris; conducted by John Nelson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 5: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 6: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, Rosalind Elias, Betsy Norden, Jean Kraft, Stafford Dean, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 7: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 7: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 9: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, Rosalind Elias, Betsy Norden, Jean Kraft, Stafford Dean, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 10: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Marina Krilovici, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Irene Dalis; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Loretta Di Franco, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 11: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 12: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, Andrew Foldi, and James Morris; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 13: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 14: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; Sarah Caldwell. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 14: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, Rosalind Elias, Betsy Norden, Jean Kraft, Stafford Dean, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Georg Solti directing a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Heather Harper, soprano; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; Stuart Burrows, tenor; John Macurdy, bass; and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ Michael Tilson Thomas conducting on Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 6, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 7:30 (all with Julius Baker, flute); and Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 13, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 7:30 (all with Malcolm Frager, piano).

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis conducting, with Lazar Berman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8, with Gina Bachauer, piano.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting a program of American music, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11-12, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of music by Brooklyn composers, with commentary by composers Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Peter Eros directing, with Lorna Haywood, soprano. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

St. Olaf Choir—Kenneth Jennings directing a benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 7. For tickets, call 299-8070.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

RECITALS

Radu Lupu—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor, in the first two in a series of three programs of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8, and, with Michael Wager, speaker, on Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

LaSalle Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Stephanie Brown, piano; Carol Sindell, violin; Heiichiro Ohyama, viola; and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

League-ISCM—A program of music by Luciano Berio, Howard Rovics, and others, performed by a chamber ensemble conducted by Peter Leonard, and the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble conducted by Paul Price, with Ronald Anderson, trumpet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Jon Vickers—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8, the fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Harold Wright, clarinet.)

Barry Green—Double bass. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Leonard Raver—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Baroque Music Masters—With Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, in a benefit concert. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Erica Morini—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2:15.)

Arthur MacKenzie—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3.)

Music for a While—A program of music of medieval and Renaissance Italy. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Lazar Berman—Piano, in the second of two recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Viktor Tretyakov—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Andrzej Wasowski—Piano, in the second of two recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Annette Parker—Soprano, with Lucy Cross, lute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Young-Uck Kim—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Beverly Somach—Violin, in the second in a series of three recitals of music associated with Fritz Kreisler. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary trios. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Ralph Kirshbaum—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2:30.)

Coffee Concert—The Quartetto Beethoven di Roma will play the fourth in a series of six hour-long concerts, following which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 4.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Feb. 7, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2:30. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Feb. 11, and Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:05.

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 9-10.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, Feb. 13. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:05.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 15. The Lucky Draw, Saturday, Feb. 7, and the Ruthless, Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:45; through Thursday, June 10. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 12.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 6.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Louis Simpson reading from his own works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5-6, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Chagall, Miró, Picasso, and Rauschenberg; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2: English furniture, clocks, and decorations; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 10-11, at 10:15 and 2: Silver and *objets de vertu*, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 5.

Nothing gets the job done like a knit shirtdress. But with a chain pattern like this, who says it has to be all business? Button-front, belted shirtdress. Red-white-blue-and-beige polyester, for 6 to 16 sizes, $38. Young Dimensions in Dresses, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Shirtdressing for my chain of events—and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 10: "Dog Day Afternoon."
From Feb. 11: "Lies My Father Told Me."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Feb. 10: "Fantastic Planet" and "Death Race 2000."
From Feb. 11 (tentative): "Hearts of the West" and "The Wind and the Lion."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 10: "The Black Bird."
From Feb. 11: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 10: "Rancho Deluxe" and "92 in the Shade."
From Feb. 11: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Seven Beauties."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 10: "Dog Day Afternoon."
From Feb. 11: "Gable and Lombard."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"All Screwed Up."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Lucky Lady."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Hedda."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Story of Adèle H."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Barry Lyndon."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 7: "The Man Who Would Be King."
From Feb. 8: "Taxi Driver."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Divine Obsession" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Bugs Bunny Superstar."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Seven Beauties."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Sunshine Boys."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Black Bird."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Slap."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 10: "The Killer Elite."
From Feb. 11: "Hustle."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Hester Street."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Swept Away."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Sunshine Boys."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 10: "The Hindenburg."
From Feb. 11: "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (X-rated).

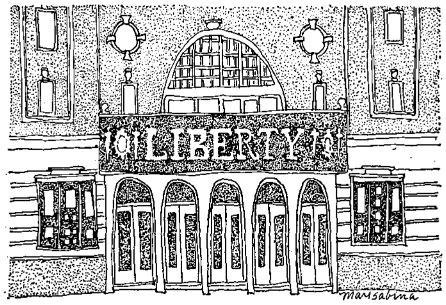
LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Feb. 10: "Hustle."
From Feb. 11: "Gable and Lombard."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 5: "The Way We Were" and "The Last Detail."
From Feb. 6: "Psychic Killer."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Feb. 10: "Shampoo."
From Feb. 11: "Cooley High" and "Cornbread, Earl and Me."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Feb. 10: "The Black Bird."
From Feb. 11: "The Man Who Would Be King."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Fox."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Hester Street."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Sunshine Boys."

QUAD CINEMAS, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 10: "Smile" and "Thieves Like Us." From Feb. 11: "Dog Day Afternoon."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 10: "Waiting for Fidel" and "Memories of Underdevelopment." From Feb. 11: "Nashville."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 10: "The Romantic Englishwoman." From Feb. 11: "Hustle."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Feb. 10: "The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."
From Feb. 11: "Challenge to Be Free."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magic Flute."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 10: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
From Feb. 11: "Hearts of the West" and "The Black Windmill."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Scent of a Woman."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 10: "Black Orpheus" and "The Red Shoes."
From Feb. 11: To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Hester Street."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Swept Away."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 10: "Shampoo." From Feb. 11: "Lies My Father Told Me."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 10: "The Story of O" (X-rated). From Feb. 11: "Hustle."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 10: "The Black Bird." From Feb. 11: "The Man Who Would Be King."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 10: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
From Feb. 11: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx" and "The Twelve Chairs."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 10: "The Killer Elite" and "Report to the Commissioner."
From Feb. 11: "Nashville."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Sunshine Boys."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 10: "Rancho Deluxe" and "92 in the Shade."
From Feb. 11: "Hearts of the West" and "The Wind and the Lion."

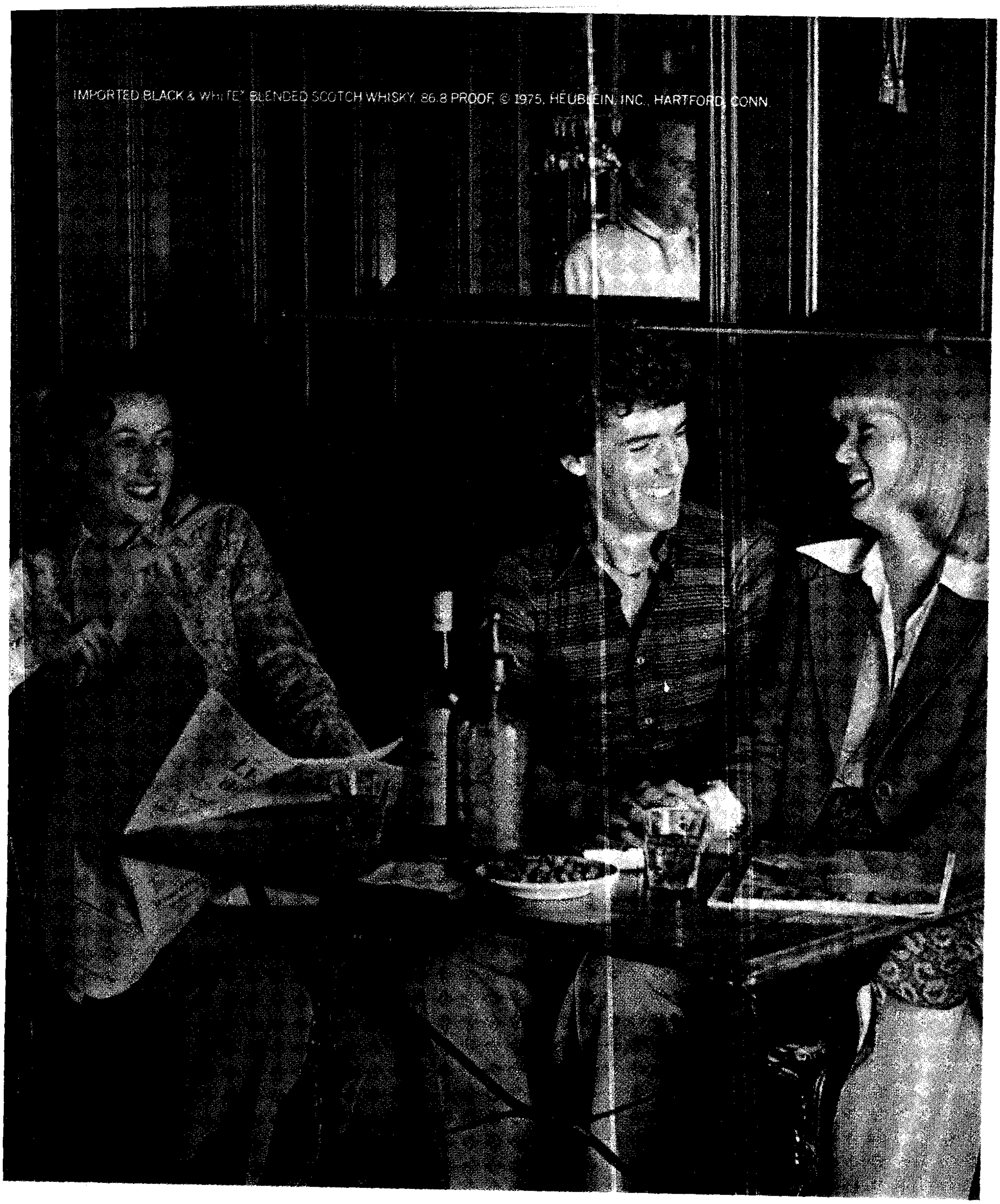
REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 4: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "All These Women" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Jarl Kulle.
Feb. 5: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1927), a French film with an English narration, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Maria Falconetti and Antonin Artaud; and "Day of Wrath" (1943), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer.
Feb. 6: "Story of a Love Affair" (1950), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Ferdinando Sarmi and Lucia Bosè; and "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti.
Feb. 7: "Brewster McCloud" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman; and "The Loved One" (1965), directed by Tony Richardson, with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters.
Feb. 8: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; and "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.
Feb. 9: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (†); and "Socrates" (1970), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini.
Feb. 10: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (†) and "The Member of the Wedding." (†)
Feb. 11: "Shoe-Shine" (1946) and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), both films in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
Feb. 12: "Greetings" (1968) and "Hi, Mom!" (1970), both films directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 4: "Early Spring" (1956) and "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962), both films in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.
Feb. 5: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams." (†)
Feb. 6: "Elvira Madigan" (†) and "Raven's End." (†)
Feb. 7: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.
Feb. 8: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price.
Feb. 9: "A Countess from Hong Kong" (†) and "Candy." (†)
Feb. 10: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (†) and "Make Way for Tomorrow." (†)
Feb. 11: "Crime and Punishment" (1970), in Russian, directed by Lev Kulijanov, with Georgi Taratorkin and Innokenty Smoktunovsky.
Feb. 12: "Lola" (†) and "Lola Montès." (†)

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 4: "Night Moves" (1975), directed by



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Arthur Penn, with Gene Hackman; and "Thieves Like Us." (†)

Feb. 5: "The Conversation" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Gene Hackman; and "The President's Analyst" (1967), directed by Theodore Flicker, with James Coburn, Godfrey Cambridge, and Severn Darden.

Feb. 6: "Janis" (1975), a documentary about Janis Joplin; and "Yellow Submarine." (†)

Feb. 7: "Don't Look Now" (†) and "Something for Everyone." (†)

Feb. 8: "The Damned" (†) and "Death in Venice." (†)

Feb. 9: "Macbeth" (1971), directed by Roman Polanski; and "Repulsion" (1965), directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve.

Feb. 10: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.

Feb. 11: "The Mutations" (1974), directed by Jack Cardiff, with Donald Pleasence and Tom Baker; "The Magic Christian" (1970), directed by Joseph McGrath, with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr; and "Reefer Madness" (1936).

Feb. 12: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet" (1965) and "Romeo and Juliet" (1966), both films with performances by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Feb. 7: "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young; and "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.

Feb. 8-10: "Lady in the Dark" (†) and "Murder at the Vanities." (†)

From Feb. 11: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 5 at 2: "The Yellow Ticket" (1931), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Elissa Landi and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 5:30: "The Last of the Mohicans" (1920), directed by Maurice Tourneur and Clarence Brown, with Wallace Beery. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 8: "Victory" (1919), directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Lon Chaney. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 2: "The Blue Bird" (1918), directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Robin Macdougall. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 5:30: "The Yellow Ticket." . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at noon: "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951), directed by Robert Wise, with Michael Rennie and Patricia Neal. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 3: "Nazarin" (1958), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 5:30: "Death in This Garden" (1956), a Mexican film, in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at noon: "The Day the Earth Stood Still." . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 3: "The Young One" (1960), a Mexican film, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Zachary Scott and Bernie Hamilton; in English. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 5:30: "Shadows" (1961), directed by John Cassavetes. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at noon: "Film Portrait" (1971), directed by Jerome Hill. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2: "Death in This Garden." . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 5:30: "The Phantom Enthusiast" (1975), a silent film, directed by Andrew Noren; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at noon: "Film Portrait." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 2: "The Young One." . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 2: "Young as You Feel" (1931), directed by Frank Borzage, with Will Rogers and Fifi D'Orsay. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 5:30: "Street of Shame" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Machiko Kyo; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: "Street of Joy" (1975), in Japanese, directed by Tatsumi Kumashiro; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 10: A program of three films by Hubert L. Smith. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 11: A program of five short films. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Griffith, Chomont, Hill, Mekas, Flaherty, Acconci, Nelson, Cortez, Landow, Noren, Keaton, Jordan, Kubelka, and others. Showings Feb. 4 at 6 and 8; Feb. 5 at 7 and 9:30; Feb. 6 at 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 7 at 2:30, 6, and 8; Feb. 8 at 8; Feb. 10-11 at 6 and 8; and Feb. 12 at 6, 8, and 10.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Feb. 5-8: "The American Soldier" (1970), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 12: A program of eleven short films by women. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Loews Tower East, and Little Carnegie.)

The Adventures of the Wilderness Family—With Robert F. Logan, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Guild; through Feb. 10.)

All Screwed Up—Directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Eastside Cinema.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

The Black Bird—George Segal is engagingly peppy as Sam Spade, Jr., in this attempted takeoff on "The Maltese Falcon," and there are scattered good jokes, but it's a dumb comedy, with an insecure tone. David Giler wrote and directed; with Stéphane Audran. (1/19/76) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Feb. 10.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio; through Feb. 10.)

The Black Windmill (1974)—An English gunrunning story, directed by the American Don Siegel from a screenplay by Leigh Vance. Michael Caine plays a stoic-looking English investigator whose son is kidnapped, bringing him and his separated wife (Janet Suzman) together again. Hunting the kidnappers and the gunrunners in France and England, he is himself pursued by forces of officialdom (Scotland Yard, M.I.5, the French police). The film is helped by a lot of inventive gadgetry nearly up to 007's. (6/3/74) (Playboy; starting Feb. 11.)

Bugs Bunny Superstar—A collection of ten Warner Brothers Looney Tunes cartoons, with Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tweety-Pie, and others. (D. W. Griffith.)

Candy (1968)—Terry Southern's and Mason Hoffenberg's sex burlesque was turned into a shambles by the director, Christian Marquand, but there are funny pieces: Marlon Brando as Grindl the Guru, Richard Burton in a parody of Dylan Thomas, and James Coburn as Dr. Krankeit. Ewa Aulin, the teen-age American-girl Candide, lacks the necessary dewy freshness and isn't American; she sounds rather like Peter Lorre in his pussycat roles. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 9.)

Challenge to Be Free (1972)—With Mike Mazurki, directed by Tay Garnett. (Guild; starting Feb. 11.)

Cooley High—A gentle-natured but light-minded and secondhand film about a group of black high-school kids whose escapades are important now mostly because the movie is set in 1964, which bestows a bogus dramatic irony. Directed, heftily, by Michael Schultz. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Feb. 11.)

Cornbread, Earl and Me—With Moses Gunn and Rosalind Cash, directed by Joe Manduke. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Feb. 11.)

A Countess from Hong Kong (1967)—Charlie Chaplin wrote the screenplay and directed the movie. Sometimes funny, but distressingly heavy. Marlon Brando plays an ambassador, using a neat, tight voice and spasms of silent-comedy spryness. Sophia Loren is the Countess, enjoyable for her beautiful sea-lion walk and her considerable comic powers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 9.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. With Ingrid Thulin, Dirk Bogarde, and Helmut Berger. (Elgin; Feb. 8.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Elgin; Feb. 8.)

Death Race 2000—With David Carradine, directed by Paul Bartel. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 10.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (U.A. East. . . . ¶ Art, and 34th St. East; through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 11.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. (Elgin; Feb. 7.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 6.)

Fantastic Planet (1973)—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 10.)

Fox—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. Shown as "Fist-Right of Freedom" at the New York Film Festival this past fall. (Waverly.)

Gable and Lombard—With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh in the title roles. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné; starting Feb. 11.)

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter (1968)—Carson McCullers' shining, fastidious book about the freakish and the afflicted is present in this clumsy film as a minnow might be in the stomach of a hippopotamus. Alan Arkin does all he can to restore the book's subtle warmth and intelligence. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 10.)

Hearts of the West—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stunt man in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Playboy, and Olympia; starting Feb. 11. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 11, tentative.)

Hedda—With Glenda Jackson as Ibsen's heroine. Directed by Trevor Nunn. (Fine Arts.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Juliet 1, 8th St. Playhouse, and Regency.)

The Hindenburg—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (Loews Orpheum; through Feb. 10.)

Hustle—As a Los Angeles police officer, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence and, since the system is rigged on the side of the rich, he takes the law into his own hands. He's a *romantic-liberal Dirty Harry* in this sloshy melodrama, which is caught between the pulpy weltschmerz of the writer, Steve Shagan, and the harshness of the director, Robert Aldrich. When Aldrich tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. With Paul Winfield, Catherine Deneuve, and Eddie Albert. (1/26/76) (Loews Ciné; through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Feb. 11.)

Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to the throne. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 11.)

The Killer Elite—Sam Peckinpah's most compelling film in several years—a poetic, corkscrew vision of the modern world, claustrophobically exciting. The somewhat incoherent story is about a professional killer (James Caan) who turns against his employers—a company with C.I.A. connections—but the energy and the humor appear to derive from Peckinpah's own desire for revenge against his movie-business employers. With Gig Young, Robert Duvall, Burt Young, Bo Hopkins, and Arthur Hill. (1/12/76) (72nd Street East, and Symphony; through Feb. 10.)

Lady in the Dark (1944)—Monstrously overproduced musical about the Oedipal hangups and sexual frustrations of a fashion-magazine editor (Ginger Rogers), whose problems are solved when she stops wearing the pants—i.e., gives up her job to a man (Ray Milland). The content is insulting to women; the form is insulting to audiences of both sexes. It's a real botch. Directed by Mitchell Leisen; adapted from Moss Hart's Broadway show. With Jon Hall, Warner Baxter, Mischa Auer, Barry Sullivan, and Don Loper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 8-10.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and Jack Nicholson are dispatched to escort a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted by Robert Towne from Darryl Ponicsan's book. (2/11/74) (86th St. East; through Feb. 5.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Art, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Feb. 11.)

Lola (1962)—Jacques Demy's graceful (and absurd in the pleasantest way) modern fairy tale about a cabaret dancer (Anouk Aimée) whose illusions come true. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 12.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 12.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (New Yorker; through Feb. 10.)

Lucky Lady—Liza Minnelli is a blond toughie, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds are her competing lovers; they're rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. They're not. Stanley Donen directed. (12/29/75) (Trans-Lux East.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival.)

Make Way for Tomorrow (1937)—The legendary Leo McCarey film about an elderly married couple (Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore) who lose their money and are not wanted by their children. The tenderness of the husband's and the wife's devotion to each other has earned the film a spot in many people's affection, though it was a complete commercial disaster. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 10.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Coronet; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Feb. 11.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—The Carson McCullers dialogue is one of the high points of literacy in American films: sharp and full of wit, yet lyrical. Scrawny, cracked-voiced Julie Harris (she was twenty-six at the time) plays Frankie, the motherless, fiercely lonely twelve-year-old tomboy, caught between childhood and adolescence, and fighting them both. Ethel Waters plays Berenice, the cook who looks after her, and Brandon deWilde is Frankie's owlish little playmate and whipping boy. The setting is a small Georgia town; the time is the summer when these three characters, who have been clinging to each other, are torn apart. Adapted from McCullers' 1950 stage success (with the same cast), the film is weak when it tries to "open up" the material, but fortunately Fred Zinnemann's direction respects Carson McCullers' intensity and humor. This remarkable film failed commercially, perhaps for want of a conventional "story;" it is said that in some towns viewers didn't understand the material and, for most of the film, thought that Frankie was a boy. The movie company then cut a crucial twenty-minute segment (which included Ethel Waters' finest scene) and tossed the film into the lower half of double bills. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 10.)

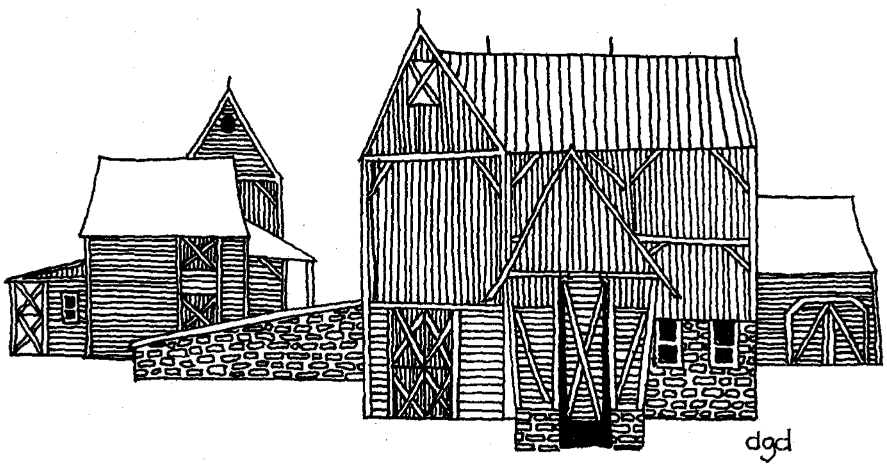
Memories of Underdevelopment (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counterrevolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 10.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Gramercy; starting Feb. 11.)

Murder at the Vanities (1934)—A backstage musical with a murderer loose in the theatre—an unusual mixture of thriller and musical that is moderately effective both ways, though the doubling of the thirties conventions makes it plot-heavy and doubly antiqued. Starring the late, dimpled international idol Carl Brisson (who sings "Cocktails for Two"); with Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle, Victor McLaglen, Gail Patrick, Dorothy Stickney, and some sumptuous footage of Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Mitchell Leisen directed, for Paramount. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 8-10.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Quad Cinema, and Symphony; starting Feb. 11.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's



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wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Cinema I.)

92 in the Shade—With Peter Fonda and Warren Oates, directed by Thomas McGuane. (Gramercy, and Olympia; through Feb. 10.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel-outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

Psychic Killer—With Jim Hutton and Paul Burke, directed by Raymond Danton. (86th St. East; starting Feb. 6.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (New Yorker; starting Feb. 11.)

Rancho Deluxe—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. The self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (12/8/75) (Gramercy, and Olympia; through Feb. 10.)

Raven's End (1964)—Bo Widerberg's simple, unromanticized film (made long before "Elvira Madigan"), re-creating the thirties in Sweden. The picture is about a poor family, headed by an ex-salesman full of hopeless airs. The human detail of the film, with its visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 6.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Cinema Studio; through Feb. 10.)

Report to the Commissioner (1975)—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. With Yaphet Kotto, giving a respectable performance, against all odds, and a twittering blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Symphony; through Feb. 10.)

The Rise of Louis XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 9.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. Directed by Joseph Losey. (12/8/75) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 10.)

Ruggles of Red Gap (1935)—Charles Laughton starred in this justly honored version of the venerable comedy by Harry Leon Wilson. (There were two earlier versions—one in 1918, and one in 1923 with Edward Everett Horton—and a later version in 1950, called "Fancy Pants," with Bob Hope.) The Laughton film, directed in a calm, restrained style by Leo McCarey, is just about irresistible, even with its big scene—Laughton, an English valet in the Old West, reciting the Gettysburg Address in a saloon, as the camera pans across the awed faces of the cowhands. It's a bit much, but it works like magic. The cast could hardly be better: Roland Young is the Englishman who loses the valet in a poker game, Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles are the rich American couple who win him, and ZaSu Pitts is the widow the valet courts. With Maude Eburne, Lucien Littlefield, Leila Hyams, Willy Fung, and Libbie Taylor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 10.)

Scent of a Woman—With Vittorio Gassman, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Paris.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (New Yorker; through Feb. 10.)

Seven Beauties—With Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey, directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Murray Hill, and Cinema II.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Feb. 10.)

The Slap (1974)—Isabelle Adjani playing a charmingly thoughtless, petulant, fibbing teen-ager in a heartwarming French comedy of the sort that generally isn't imported because it's assumed that Americans who go to foreign films won't be attracted by the French equivalent of the Debbie Reynolds and Sandra Dee movies of the late fifties. Claude Pinoteau directs competently, but the movie is contrived out of spun sugar and endless misunderstandings. Lino Ventura and Annie Girardot are the heroine's estranged parents. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 10.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (Elgin; Feb. 7.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Plaza.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams (1973)—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness, unfulfillment, and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (Playboy; through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 5.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Columbia I, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Juliet 2, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Taxi Driver—With Robert De Niro, directed by Martin Scorsese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet; starting Feb. 8.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Elgin; Feb. 4.)

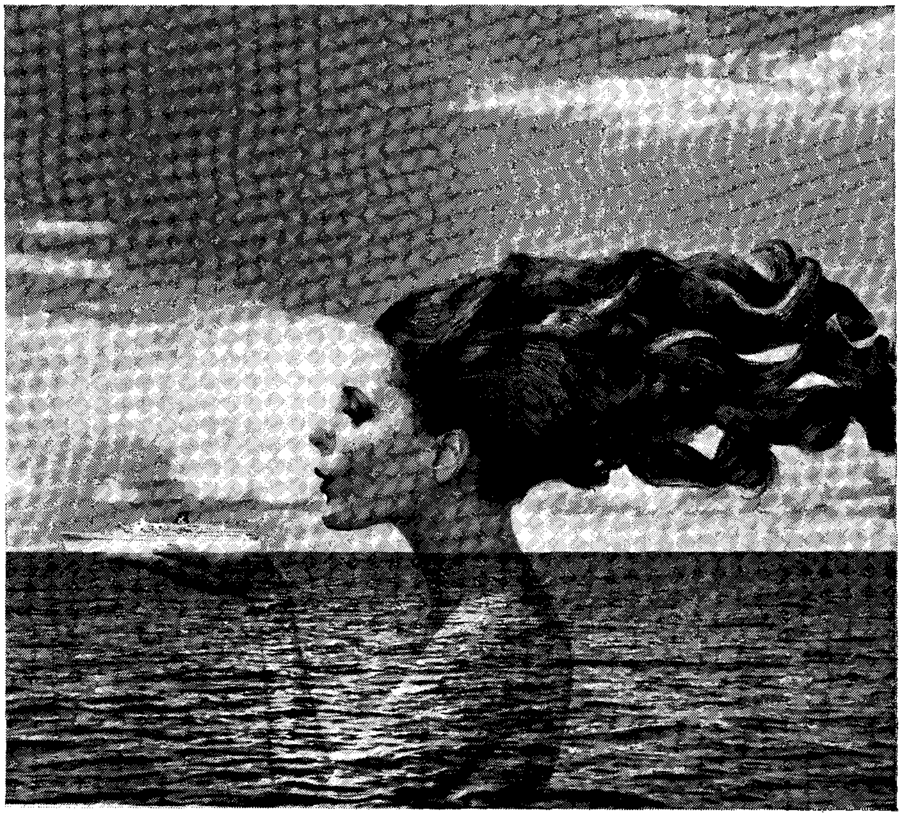
The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (New Yorker; starting Feb. 11.)

Waiting for Fidel—Directed by Michael Rubbo. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 10.)

The Way We Were (1973)—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents's novel. (86th St. East; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Playboy; through Feb. 10.)

The Wind and the Lion—The flamboyance of the writer-director John Milius is initially startling; this film opens with such a bang that the viewer may really expect a beautiful, old-fashioned swords-in-the-desert epic. However, when the actors begin to talk, the ludicrous dialogue and the amateurish acting (especially by the secondary characters) take one back to the low-budget buffoonery of Maria Montez and Turhan Bey. The plot involves Brian Keith as Theodore Roosevelt, Sean Connery as the last of the Barbary pirates, and Candice Bergen as a kidnapped American. Billy Williams did the cinematography. (Olympia; starting Feb. 11. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 11, tentative.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's a beguiling catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Elgin; Feb. 6.)



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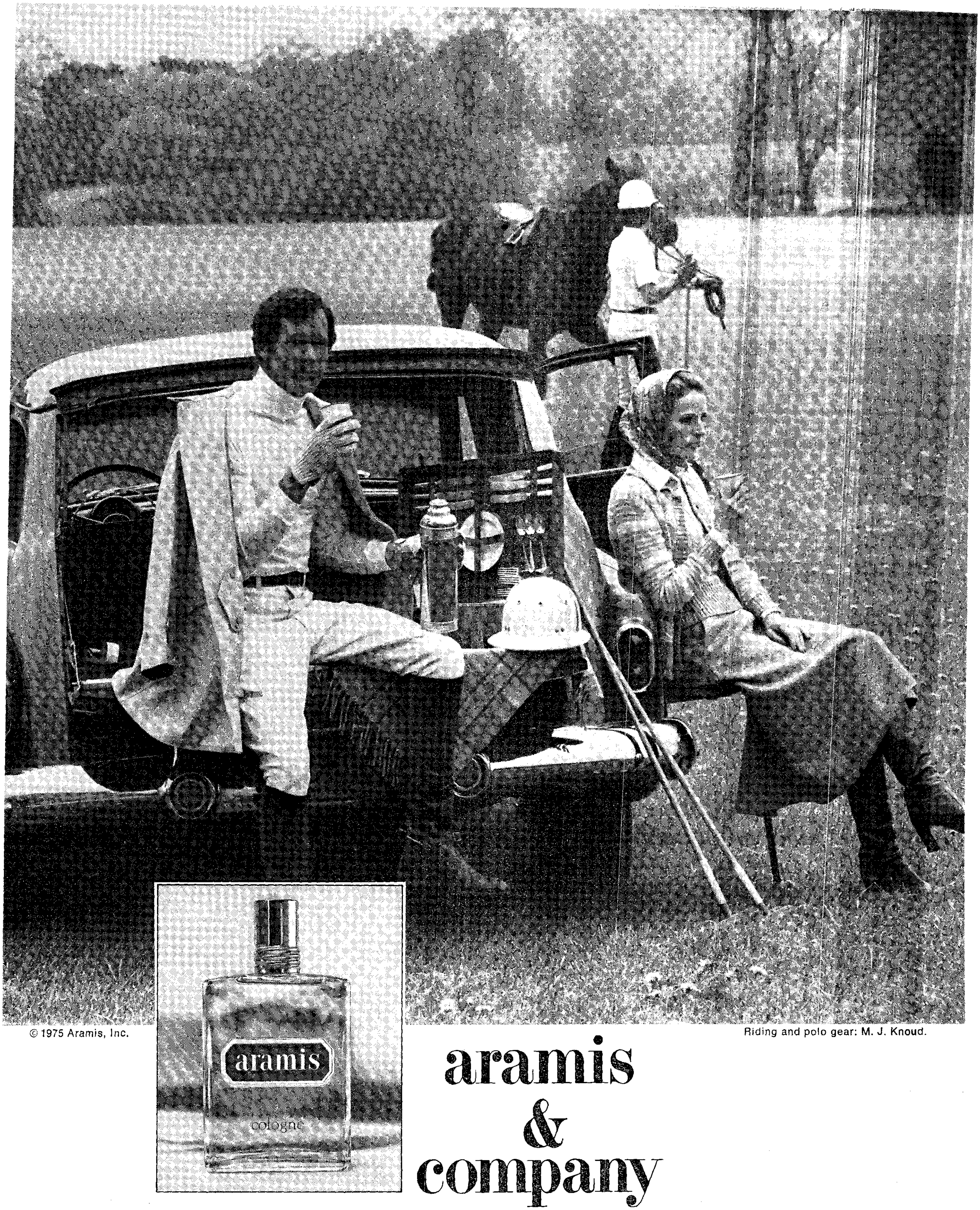

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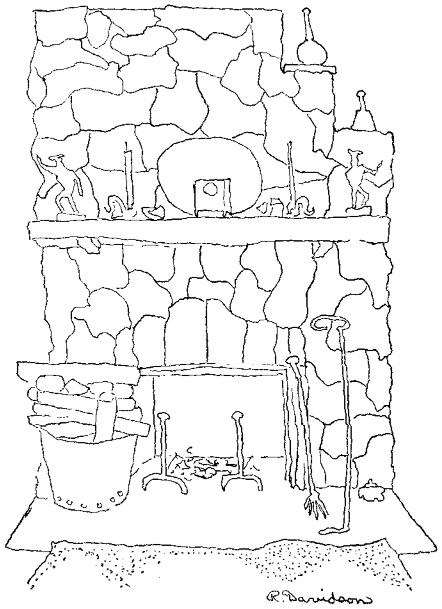
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LATELY, writers, directors, and producers in virtually every medium of communication have been experimenting with new ways of mingling fact and fiction. In the field of books, the most prominent current practitioner may be E. L. Doctorow, the author of "Ragtime," who introduces historical characters into his story and then has them say things that they did not say and do things that they did not do. On television, the mingling has taken the form of "dramatizations" of real events. In a dramatization, the known events of the historical record are filled out with material that is invented by the television writers. In some cases, as in "The Adams Chronicles," words are put in the mouths of historical figures. In other cases, as in "The Missiles of October," a dramatization of the Cuban missile crisis, the actors virtually impersonate the historical figures, and at least some of the words they speak are words that the historical figures are known to have spoken. In either case, the elements that television is able to add—the new words, the new situations, the gestures, the facial expressions—are made up. The special appeal of the dramatizations lies in the apparent opportunity they afford to "actually see" historical figures in action, but the elements of the production which lend the impression of actuality are precisely those that are fictitious. A recent film in the disaster genre, "The Hindenburg," has mixed the imaginary and the real in a slightly different way. At the moment when the audience expects to see a spectacular reënactment of the incineration of the Hindenburg and its passengers, the director instead shows—intercut with fictional footage—newsreel footage of the actual incineration of the Hindenburg. Instead of embellishing fact with fiction, he attempts to embellish fiction with fact, and the result is that the audience is invited to be entertained by a real disaster.

In an atmosphere in which people are asked to regard fictional movies as though they were real and real movies as though they were fictional, it may not be surprising that people are beginning to show signs of regarding real events—things happening to them or around them—as though they were movies. The recent financial crisis of New York City is one of many such events that come to mind. The treatment of the crisis in the news media was distinctly in the new disaster mode. The commonest depiction of the situation was a cartoon drawing of skyscrapers toppling over—a representation that was strongly reminiscent of the advertisements for the film "Earthquake" but had nothing to do with what was going on in the city. Until the very end, the public responses, too—the drawing up of sides, the stereotype of New York as sinful villain or virtuous hero, the indifference to the real economic consequences for the nation—were more those of an audience at a play than those of citizens watching the approach of a catastrophe that could seriously disrupt the lives of all of them. The members of the public, for a moment, seemed to have lost the capacity for believing in the reality of events in their own lives.



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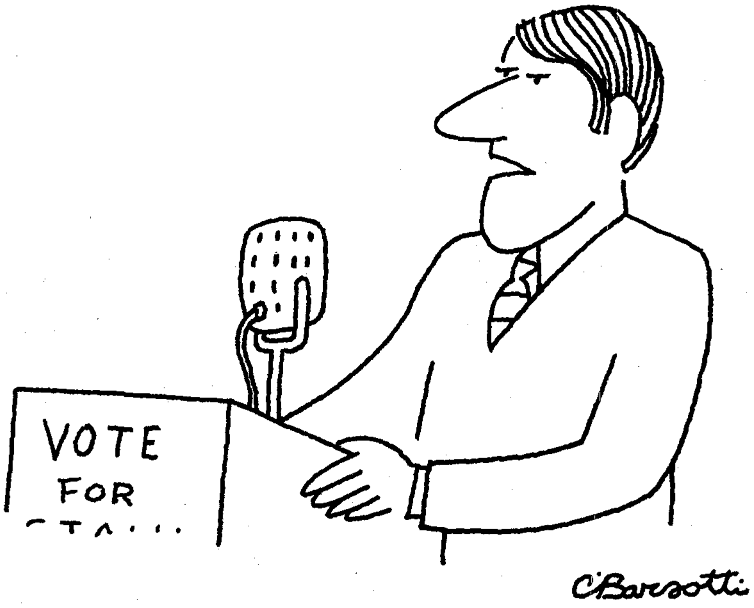
Dawn

THE theme of the 1976 Greater New York Automobile Show, at the Coliseum last week, was, according to the people working to promote the show, "Dawn of the New Automobile Era." "New York City is the one location the world's automotive industry is betting on for its long overdue recovery," one of the publicity releases said. Other descriptive phrases for the "Dawn of the New Automobile Era" included "a now totally-mobilized industry," "this Bicentennial year which is also a vital turning point for the auto industry," and "a car market that's no longer in the doldrums," and there were also the statements "Luxury in automobiles is rising again from the ashes of 1974 and 1975 sales years" and "Sales figures for 1976 and early returns for 1976 indicate that the Bicentennial Year will be the Year of the Luxury Compact." Using these proclamations as a guide, we took a brief look at the Dawn.

One of the officials on duty at the show advised us to keep our sights strictly on the future. "Don't look back at cars like the Bricklin," he said. "The Bricklin made its auto-show début as a new car last year. It was the star of the show. Big star. Big bomb. It had these two hydraulically operated gull-wing doors that pulled straight up to open. Only sometimes you sat and *sat* waiting for them to open. You won't see the Bricklin here this time." The same man steered us to this year's stars. "Compact Luxury," he said. "They stand for fuel economy."

We picked the Cadillac Seville to sit in for a taste of Compact Luxury. The



"I've been called a maverick, and, yes, I plead guilty as charged."

• •

car was a rich chocolate brown (Chesterfield brown, according to Cadillac) outside, and it had nice beige leather seats. It looked a great deal like the four-door Mercedes sedan. Very restful. Through its windows, of "Soft-Ray glass," we could see and hear the Cadillac model—one of many sad-looking young ladies in long evening gowns and lots of make-up stationed at the sides of Fords, Chevrolets, Buicks, and so on—giving her little talk into a hand-held mike. "The last of a magnificent breed," she was saying about her cream-colored Cadillac Eldorado convertible, which looked enticing, but we stayed in the chocolate-brown Seville, where we were joined by Gus Leconte, the manager of the Cadillac Display.

"That one is sold as of half an hour ago," said Mr. Leconte, a compact, economical-looking gentleman with a rasping voice. He meant the Eldorado. "Our biggest cry is we don't have enough stock. Demand is getting stronger than supply."

"Does Mercedes object to this one?" we asked.

"Why not?" said Mr. Leconte, looking proud. "But we have *two* Sevilles. One with, one without the Astroroof—an eight-eighty-five option."

"How much without the Astroroof?" we asked.

"Without *any* options, twelve thousand four seventy-nine, plus a two-hundred-and-thirty-six-dollar destination charge," Mr. Leconte said.

We sat in several other Luxury Compact cars. They had names like Dodge Aspen, Plymouth Volaré, Pontiac Sunbird, and Buick Skyhawk, and they all felt great. To a man, the people in charge of them told us that all these cars were Luxury, all were Compact, all were little on the outside but big on the inside, and all were economy cars only at the gas station. Even the Alfa Romeo people had "fuel-stingy" models, called the Alfetta sedan, the Alfetta GT (sporty), and the Alfa Romeo 2000 Spider Veloce (even sportier).

"Miles per gallon," an Alfa Romeo man said sombrely as he handed us a heavy packet of Alfa Romeo brochures and photographs that would take until the next auto show to mull over. "M.P.G. is the big selling point."

We sat for a while on a strip of what felt like wax grass beside the turntable for the 1976 Ford Granada, where the evening-dressed model was urging us to "notice the gold body side stripes." Every hour on the hour, it turned out, Ford held a drawing for a prize at the Granada turntable. Prize: a Pinto wristwatch. We made a quick check around. There were more different prize-entry forms to fill out and more prizes to win in drawings at the show than there were automobiles. In addition to the wristwatches, the prizes included flashlights, power tools, Jack LaLanne Health Spa memberships, razors, a motorcycle, a motor scooter, at least one car, fire extinguishers, vacations at Holiday Inns, Veedol Motor Oil, driving glasses, electric bicycles, picnic baskets, a sailboat, knit hats with matching scarves, and a player piano.

"This is more than a show, this is a big opportunity," an Oldsmobile man said to us, handing us a form to fill out headed "Win a Special-Edition '76 Olds Cutlass!"

We watched a couple of nine-year-old boys put their own toy Corgi cars on a couple of turntables and then run around following the toys. Other visitors looked at the toys and the big cars with equal interest.

On our way out, we passed the Chevrolet giveaway. A young man stood beside the Caprice on its turntable. He was facing a couple of dozen visitors to the auto show, and he held a lock and three keys dangling on separate strings in one hand; in the other was a brand-new five-dollar bill encased in a see-through plastic case. "Guess which of the three keys opens the lock, and you win the money," the young man was saying, in a fairly successful imitation of a carnival barker.

Founding Fathers

THE United States was discovered and colonized by Prince Madog ab Owain Gwynedd, of what is now Wales, who arrived in Mobile Bay in his ship the Gwennan Gorn with three hundred men in 1170, well ahead of Captain Farragut, who didn't get there until 1864, when he steamed up to confront the Confederate fleet and cried "Damn the torpedoes!" Columbus came somewhere between the two, a poor second. Leif Ericson had nothing to do with the matter. In 1610, a Welsh colony was set up in Newfoundland, and in 1735 someone returning to England from North America reported in *The Gentleman's Magazine* that he had encountered a tribe of Welsh-speaking Indians, to whom he had preached two sermons a day in Welsh for a fortnight. In 1793, the Welshman John Evans set out for the Mississippi River in search of the Welsh-speaking Indians on an expedition equipped by the Spanish governor of New Orleans. In the Dakotas, he came upon the Mandan Indians, who, to his sad consternation, were interested only in juicy fertility rites and would not respond to a single word of Welsh. Sadly, he slipped back down the river. He died shortly thereafter, but his charts and notes were sold by Napoleon, along with Louisiana, to Jefferson, himself a Welshman, who later gave them to Lewis and Clark for their expedition. In 1778, Dr. Richard Price, a Welshman, was made an honorary citizen of the United States for suggesting the concepts embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which was signed by seventeen Welshmen. There is still a Welsh colony in Patagonia, and the Welsh-speaking Indians were last heard of in British Columbia.

All this peculiar information

emerged last week when, in the company of our good pal the old curmudgeon, we called on Wynford Vaughan-Thomas, the Welsh Bicentennial Ambassador to the United States, in his digs at the Drake Hotel, at the beginning of his tour of the United States and Canada to invite all Americans to visit "the land of their Founding Fathers" in 1976. The old curmudgeon maintains that *he* discovered America, in 1904, when he arrived from Liverpool aboard the White Star liner Cymric, whose name derived from the Welsh name for Wales. Mr. Vaughan-Thomas, who is the Executive Director of Programs of the commercial television network in Wales when he is not showing the flag abroad, is sixty-seven and looks only two-thirds of it. He is a cheerful and outgoing man. The curmudgeon, who is neither, asked him if he represented all of Wales or only the Welsh secessionists. Vaughan-Thomas asked the curmudgeon what he knew about the secessionists.

"I was going down to Wales one afternoon several years ago on the South Wales Pullman for a dinner at the Cardiff City Football Club," the o.c. said, "when my train was halted for forty-five minutes at a bridge while some Royal Engineers sappers disarmed a large bomb."

"Oh," said Mr. Vaughan-Thomas. "Well, that was the only incident, and it was the I.R.A."

"When, as a visiting American," continued the curmudgeon, "I get on a bus at Carmarthen to go to Cardigan and ask the driver how long the journey will be, all the people in the bus, who have been speaking English, start speaking Welsh."

"We've been at war with the English ever since we drove out the Roman legions," Vaughan-Thomas said.

"What do you do when *you* get on a bus?" said the curmudge.

"I speak Welsh."

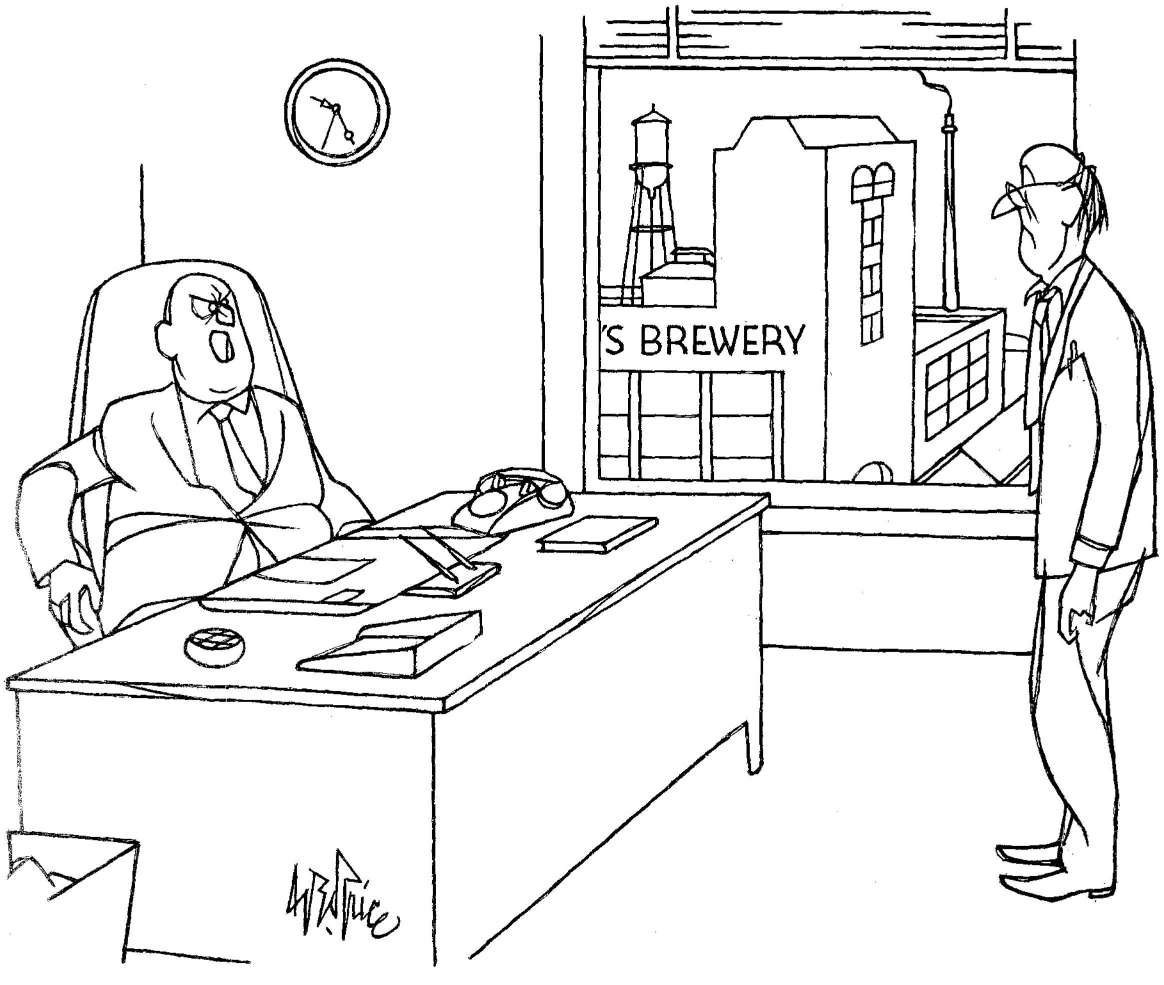
Vaughan-Thomas offered the curmudgeon a Danish pastry. The curmudgeon said he visits Wales every summer and especially likes the country around Brecon, in the mountains. "But what," he asked, "is there to be said for Welsh country cuisine?"

"Have you dined in Miami?" said Vaughan-Thomas, pouring him a cup of coffee. The two did agree on the merits of the Golden Lion inn in Dolgelley, as the English spell it, or Dolgellau, as the Welsh spell it. "Another example of the war between the Welsh and the English," said Vaughan-Thomas. He went on, "Dylan Thomas and I grew up together in Swansea, where his father was our English master—a formidable disciplinarian. How did Dylan ever get through school? He persuaded me one day not to go to French class, which he hated. 'Let's go into the town and play billiards,' he said. As we stole past the headmaster's study, he popped his head out the window and asked us where we were going. 'Oh, you wicked boys!' he said when Dylan told him. 'I hope you get caught.' Oh, that wonderful voice of Dylan's! It wasn't his original voice at all. He didn't have it until he came back from reading his poetry in London for the first time. But the English, when they recite poetry, always seem to be apologizing for it. They have the most wonderful language, mind you, but they shouldn't be allowed to speak it."

Bells and Drells

WE recently got an early-morning phone call from our friend Weldon Arthur McDougal III. He is the energetic promo man for Philadelphia International Records, the Philadelphia-based, black-owned record company, and he reminded us that once in a conversation with him we had said that, along with Brenda and the Tabulations, Jay and the Techniques, and Martha and the Vandellas, Archie Bell and the Drells, the black singers from Houston, Texas, had the best name for a singing group, and that their two hit songs from the late sixties, "Tighten Up" and "I Can't Stop Dancing," had remained in the best-for-dancing category. "Well," McDougal said, "Archie Bell and the Drells are now with us. They have a new album, and I'm bringing them to town tomorrow to meet New York, and then I'm throwing a party for them at Leviticus."

At noon the next day, with McDougal, we hopped over to the Statler Hilton hotel, where Archie Bell and



"Belly up, Bradburn. I want you to hear me, and hear me good!"

the Drells were staying, to get a daylong view of them. McDougal, who was dressed from head to foot in black, introduced us around—first to Archie Bell and then to Willie Parnell, James Wise, and Lee Bell (Archie's brother), who make up the Drells. When we were introduced to Archie Bell, he said "Hey, what's happening, ain't *nothing* to it" in one breath. Later, we learned that this is his favorite way of greeting people. We focussed on Archie Bell, because the Drells deferred to him, and because, while the Drells wore a collection of patchwork-denim and polyester outfits, Archie Bell was wearing a smart-looking leisure suit. It was beige, with deep-brown stripes running down the pants legs, and the jacket had darts and tucks that made it fit snugly. After telling us how glad he was to be in New York, he said, "I would like to mention that we have one of the finest tailors in the country. He's from Houston, Texas, and his name is Johnny Burton. He makes clothes for people like the Temptations and James Brown. He made this suit I am wearing, and he made the suits we are wearing on our album cover—the ones with the little bells all over them." Then Archie Bell said, "We have been waiting so long to come back. When I had those hit songs 'Tighten Up' and 'I Can't Stop Dancing,' I was in the Army, so I couldn't do any entertaining. When I got out, I was cold. James and Willie and me have been working since we were in high school. We lived in the same neighborhood and went to the same high school. My brother Lee joined the group in 1969. But all the time we didn't have any hits we were working. We've been on the road for three hundred and twenty days out of a year. Sometimes three hundred and fifty. We worked the South a lot. My mother always told us that we could do anything. She has seven children, all of them boys. You ever heard of Ricky Bell? He is a top college football player, and he is my brother."

At a quarter to one, McDougal, who had been busy all this time taking pictures, announced that it was time to make the first stop. The first stop was an autographing session at the record store Disc-O-Mat, which was a few blocks away from the hotel, and for the next nine hours this is what Archie Bell and the Drells did: At Disc-O-Mat, they autographed fifty records and about twice that number of publicity stills, and Archie Bell also autographed pictures of Ricky Bell. At a quarter past two, they went to Leviticus for rehearsal. At four o'clock, they left Leviticus and taxied up to the midtown offices of *Cash Box*, the music trade magazine, for an interview with a young reporter, who asked them questions like "Do your producers make you feel comfortable in the studio?" and "I'll confess that I'm a little ignorant about what you guys have been up to, so how about if we kind of clear this up?" On their way out, they met Steve Ostrow, the man who compiles the weekly album charts for *Cash Box*, and he told them that their new album had just débuted on the charts at No. 183. At five o'clock, the Drells took a taxi to their hotel, and Archie Bell went off to a Nunn Bush shoe store to buy a pair of shoes. At half past six, they were back at Leviticus for the party, wearing the same clothes they had been wearing earlier. There were lots of black people at Leviticus. There were even some easily recognizable black people there. We picked out Lou Rawls, the singer; David Ruffin, the former lead singer of the Temptations; Don Covay, the important R. & B. singer from the sixties; and Harold Melvin, of Harold Melvin and the Bluenotes. At eight o'clock, Archie Bell and the Drells disappeared into the dressing rooms at Leviticus to change into their show clothes. At half past eight—show time—they reappeared, and they were quite incredible to see. They were wearing identical white skin-tight jumpsuits that had gold studs and brown bells running down the sides, and tight-fitting white bolero jackets over the jumpsuits, and white platform shoes. They sang most of the songs from their new album, plus "Tighten Up" and "I Can't Stop Dancing." The audience was very pleased, and cheered and danced. Archie Bell was very pleased. He said to us, "I could do this all day, all night."

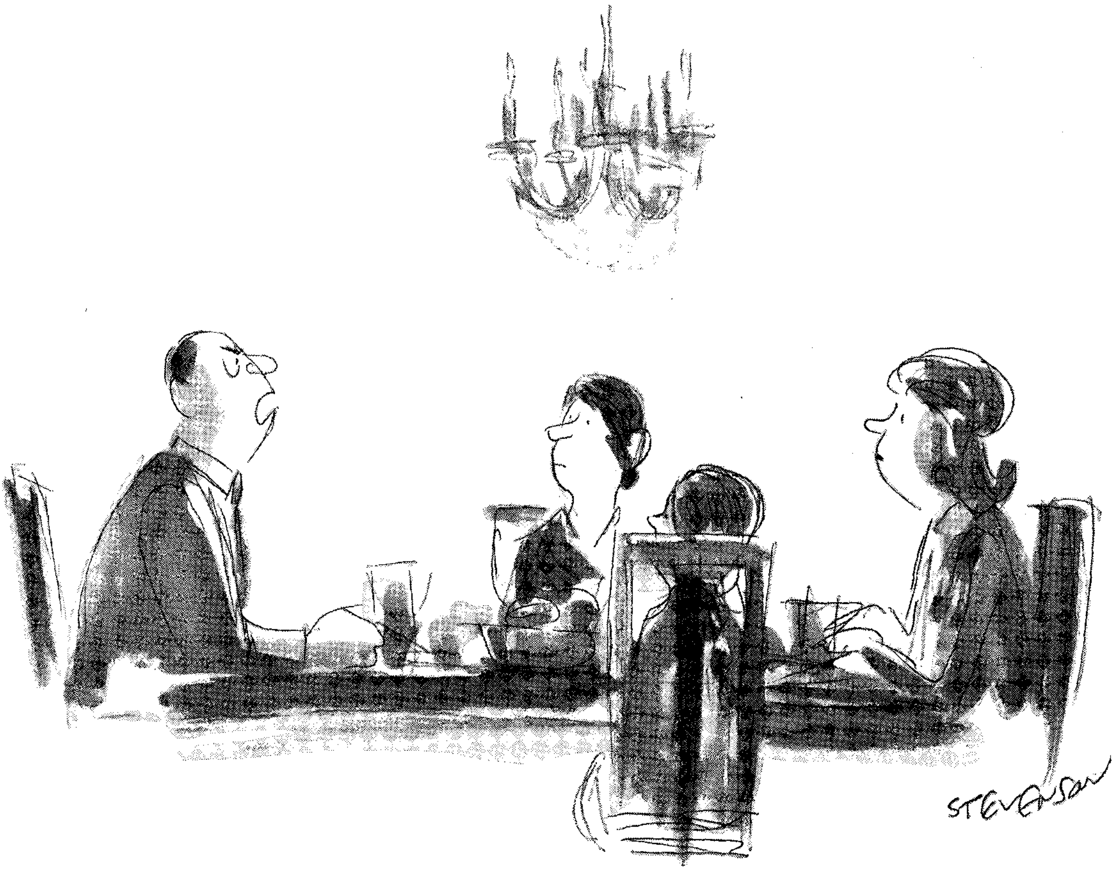
Factor

A FEW days ago, New Yorkers went through a spell of weather so cold that it had the local press and television stations reporting that the big story in town was the weather. On the memorable morning when the temperature dropped below zero and the city became colder than it had been in eight years, wintry clichés assaulted us from every quarter. Frigid winds "punished," the mercury "plummeted," the metropolitan region "shivered in the grip of an Arctic air mass," and—our favorite—"the metabolism of city and suburban life slowed perceptibly." The star attraction in this vignette was, of course, the awesome *windchill factor*.

We have done a bit of research into the canonization of the windchill factor, and have learned that during and shortly after the Second World War the Quartermaster Corps and the Medical Research Laboratory of the United States Army conducted some tricky experiments in which they placed live volunteers inside large refrigerators, adjusted the temperatures to troubling extremes, and then aimed powerful fans at the people to see how their mortal flesh reacted. Depending upon the temperature and the wind speed, the flesh reacted from badly to worse, and when the Army had run enough of these tests it came up with a logarithmic formula—based in part on work done earlier by Dr. Paul Siple in the Antarctic—that is what we now know as the windchill factor. According to this formula, when the temperature is minus ten and no wind blows, the temperature feels like minus ten. But when it is minus ten and the wind blows at thirty miles per hour, minus ten feels like minus sixty-four. And so forth. Eyeballs glaze over, penguins weep. The windchill factor tells people who already know that it is absurdly cold outside exactly how miserable they should feel. It can be a valuable conversation piece in an elevator, but that, we think, is the limit of its usefulness.

At seven-thirty on the fabled subzero morning, when the temperature officially hit one below, a newsman on one local radio station said that the windchill factor made it feel like thirty-four below outside. Armed with that information, we switched stations just in time to hear another announcer agree that it was one below but maintain that it really felt like minus fifty. Sixteen degrees just by changing stations! This sort of thing illustrates the versatility of the windchill factor, and it raises the ultimate question about it, which is "Says who?"

The other day, we made the rounds with Dr. Frank Field, the meteorologist, to find out just how he arrives at WNBC-TV's version of the windchill factor. Three times a day, Dr. Field, whose office is on the seventh floor of the RCA Building, drops by the National Weather Service office, which is on the mezzanine floor of the RCA Building, and gathers the information he needs for his evening weather reports. The National Weather Service has about twenty Teletype machines,



"Damn it! Can't we have one conversation that isn't thought-provoking?"

and they also keep gauges somewhere. Dr. Field rarely bothers with the gauges. In the "NewsCenter 4" television studio he has a radar screen that actually works, but he gets the rest of his data from Irving Pullman and Stanley Krowka, down on the mezzanine floor, who operate the terminals that print out information gathered by the National Weather Service and stored in a computer in Suitland, Maryland. If, on a given day, Dr. Field is interested in the windchill factor, Krowka and Pullman tell him what it is. Dr. Field never has to run outside, lick his finger, and hold it up to feel the cold air rushing against it.

What this means is that, assuming that at no time has New York City experienced a naturally windless minus-fifty degrees, we are at the mercy of the Army and its refrigerated human guinea pigs. In the same way, no one actually *feels* the temperature-humidity index, the warm-weather discomfort standard, which does for masochists in the summer what the windchill factor does for them in the winter. Dr. Field assured us that he never tries to "sell" his weather forecasts, and that he bothers to mention the windchill factor only when it really *means* something—when it is news. The last thing we asked him was how anyone who broadcasts the windchill factor would ever really know what it feels like. Dr. Field said, "He wouldn't."

Line

ON the night of its opening, we walked through "Drawing Now," the Museum of Modern Art's major winter show, with Bernice Rose, the young curator who had put it together. No use to say that Mrs. Rose had "hung" the show; "installations" are more the mood of the day, and Mrs. Rose showed us a number of drawings that had been applied directly to the walls of the museum, without benefit of mat, frame, or any of that. It is one purpose of the show, Mrs. Rose told us, to demonstrate that drawing is not necessarily a conservative medium—that drawing can stand on its own, and is not necessarily a preparation for something else—and she showed us a number of works that made her point. In the long, narrow corridor leading to the ground-floor galleries in which the show was installed she showed us a drawing by Robert Morris, which had been done directly on the wall and on a long piece of paper on the floor (now covered by Plexiglas), and which extended the length of the corridor and echoed the contours of the artist's hands and feet. "He worked in powdered graphite and plate oil," Mrs. Rose told us. "The work was *timed.* He put his hands and his bare feet into the medium and then walked along a section of wall for ten seconds or so, and then went back for more of the medium. An assistant timed him. The sense of the piece is 'keep walking,' which for a narrow corridor is extremely appropriate. And, of course, if you do keep walking you get to the rest of the show."

Mrs. Rose showed us the rest. Mrs. Rose has dark hair, and eyes that are penetrating and intelligent. She told us that the show had been arranged to evoke a sense of the progression in contemporary drawing from the spontaneous and autographic to the deliberative. In the less deliberative galleries, we admired a series of Rauschenbergs illustrating Dante's "Inferno," a series of fantastic monuments conceived by Claes Oldenburg, and a portrait by David Hockney. In the slightly more deliberative galleries, we depended more heavily on Mrs. Rose. She showed us a work by Michael Heizer that had been sandblasted onto a glass window. Through the glass that Mr. Heizer had sandblasted we could see Fifty-fourth Street, and an Audi and a Volkswagen. We admired some titles—especially Bruce Nauman's "My Last Name Extended Vertically 14 Times"—and Mrs. Rose showed us an interesting piece done in wire and pencil by Richard Tuttle. Mr. Tuttle, Mrs. Rose explained, had drawn an irregular line with a pencil directly on the museum wall (not far, in fact, from Michael Heizer's sandblasted window), followed the line with a stiff piece of wire, and fastened the wire lightly to the wall. "You have the pencil line and the wire line and the shadow line," Mrs. Rose said. "What could be more descriptive of drawing?"

There was an optional-black-tie dinner to celebrate the opening of "Drawing Now." It is useful at parties at the Museum of Modern Art to ask people to come in dinner clothes, because the artists won't come in dinner clothes however much you ask, and then you can tell the artists from their patrons. We heard one good line, from a patron. "It's not just quality," this patron said. "It's *about* quality."

WAYS

A NARROW road and the first tentative fall of snow. A light fall that is merely preparatory and does not as yet make life cumbersome for the people or the herds. Around each clapboard house a belt of trees, and around the younger trees wooden V's to protect the trunks from the heavier snow. The air is crisp and it is as if the countryside is suddenly miraculously revealed—each hill, each hedgerow, each tiny declivity more pronounced in the mantle of snow. Autumn dreaminess is over and winter is being ushered in.

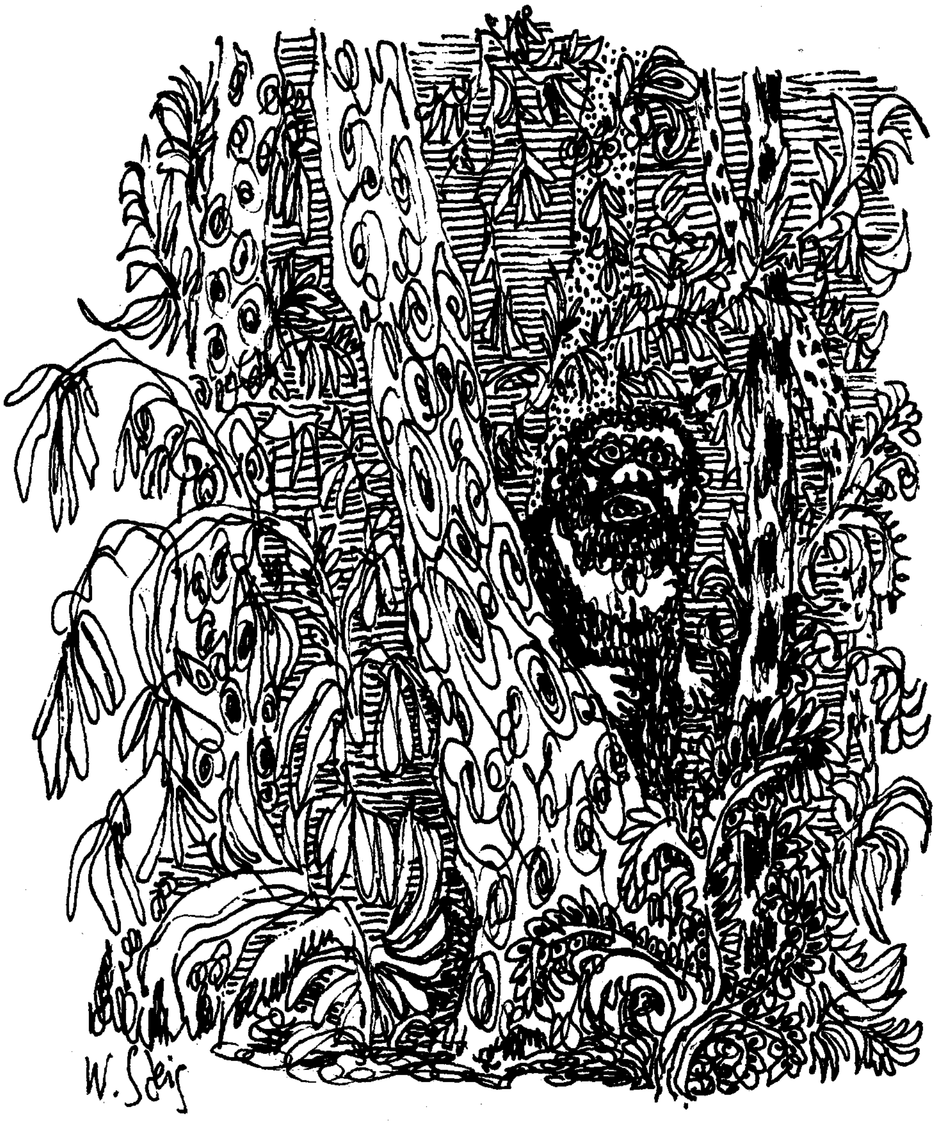
The road could be anywhere. The little birches, the sound of a river, the humped stone bridge, the herds of cattle, the silo sheds, and the little ill-defined tracks suggest the backwardness of Ireland or Scotland or Wales. But in fact it is Vermont. Together they are braving the elements—two women in their thirties who have met for a day. Jane has lent Nell, her visitor, a cape, snow boots, and fuzzy socks. They pass a house where three chained guard dogs rear up in the air and bark so fiercely it seems as if they might break their fetters and come and devour the passersby. Jane is a little ashamed: it is, after all, her neighborhood, her Vermont, and she wants things to be perfect for Nell. She is glad of the snow and points proudly to the little pouches of it, like doves' feathers, on a tree. She apologizes for the dogs by saying that the poor man has a wife who has been mentally ill for twenty years and has no help in the house.

"In there?" Nell says.

"Yes, she's in there somewhere," Jane says, and together they look at a little turret window with its second frame of fresh snow and a plate glass with a tint of blue in it. Together they say, "Jane Eyre," and think how odd to be telepathic, having only just met.

"You were wonderful last night," Jane says.

"I was nervous," Nell says.



The Forest Primeval

"Ironing your dress, I guess I was, too. It was so delicate, I was so afraid."

"Afraid?"

"That it might just disappear."

Nell remembers the evening before—arriving from New York, going up to a cold bedroom and taking out the sheaf of poems she was going to read to the English Department of the university where Jane and her husband teach. Scrambling through her notes in the guest bedroom, searching anxiously for a spare refill for her pen, she was once again envisaging a terrible scene in which her head would be hacked off and would go rolling down the aisle between rows of patient people, while her obedient mouth would go on uttering the lines she had prepared. Always, before she appeared in public, these nervous fits assailed her, and more than anything she longed for a kind hand on her brow, a voice saying "There, there."

Jane had ironed the dress Nell had chosen to wear and brought it up, moving on tiptoe. She asked if Nell wanted to wash and had given her a towel that was halfway between a hand towel and a bath towel. Nell said that she might like a drink to steady her nerves—only one—and shortly afterward, on a tiny little galley tray, there was a glass of sweet sherry and some oatmeal biscuits. As she changed into the dress, taking her time to fasten the little buttons along the cuffs, the bells from three different churches pealed out, and she said an impromptu prayer and felt dismally alone. As if guessing, her hostess reëntered carrying an electric heater and a patchwork bedcover.

They stood listening to the last peal of the last bell, and Nell thought how Jane was kindness itself in opening her house to a stranger. Not only that, but Jane had gone to the trouble of typing out a list of people at the university whom Nell would meet, adding little dossiers as to their function and what they were like.

"And what do you do apart from teaching?" Nell asked.

"I like to give my time to my family," Jane said.

"Social life?"

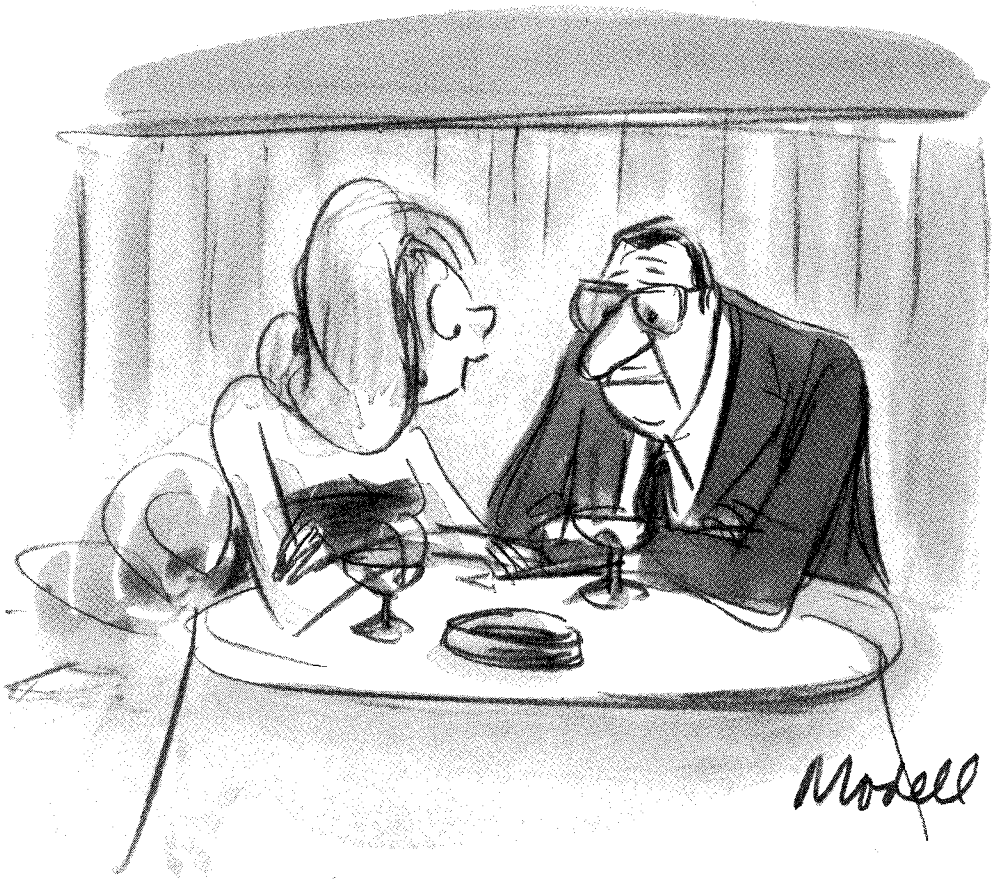
"No, we keep to ourselves," Jane said, following this with a little smile, a smile with which she punctuated most of her remarks.

Jane took her on a tour of the house then, and Nell saw it all—the three bedrooms besides the guest room with the patchwork quilt, the series of identical shells on the little girl's bureau, the Teddy bear with most of its fur sucked bare, four easy chairs in the living room, and the seven new kittens around the kitchen stove, curled up and as motionless as muffs in a shopwindow. Jane explained how two kittens were already booked, three would be taken on loan, and the remaining two would stay with the mother and be part of their family. Pinned to the wall in the kitchen was a list of possible Christmas gifts, and when Nell read them she felt some sort of twinge:

> Make skirt for Sarah
> Grape jelly for Anne
> Secondhand book for Josh
> Little bottles of bath essence

The house and its order made such an impression on her that she thought she would like to live in it and be part of its solidity. Then two things happened. A kitten detached itself from the fur mass, stood on its hind legs, and nibbled one of Jane's slippers that was lying there. Then it shadowboxed, expecting the slipper also to move. Next thing, the hall door opened, someone came in, went through to the parlor, another door was heard to bang, and almost at once Mozart was being played on a fiddle. It was Jane's husband. Jane went to see him, to inquire if he wanted anything, and to tell him that the new guest had come and was very pretty and had brought a wonderful present—a cut-glass decanter, no less. He seemed not to reply. The fiddle playing went on, and to Nell there was something desperate in it.

Soon after, the two women left for the reading and Jane kept a beautiful silence in the car, allowing Nell to do her deep breathing and memorize her poems. Afterward, they went to a party, and during the party Nell went into the bathroom, watched herself in someone's cracked mirror, and asked herself why it was that everyone was married, or coupled—that everyone had a husband to go home to, a husband to get a drink for, a husband to humor, a husband to deceive—but not she. She wondered if there was some basic attribute missing in her that made her unwifely, or unlovable, and concluded that it must be so. She then had an unbearable longing to be at home in her own house, in Ireland, having a solitary drink before bed as she looked out at the River Blackwater.



"You're being silly. If I wanted some young man, would I be here with you?"

• •

"WHAT does your husband look like?" she asks of Jane now as they trudge along the road. It is colder than when they set out, and the snow is pelting against their faces. They have to step aside to let a snowplow pass them on the road, and Jane is smiling as she envisages her answer. It is as if she enjoys the prospect of describing her husband, of doing him justice.

"You two girls in trouble?" asks the driver of the snowplow, and they both say they are simply taking a walk. He shakes his head and seems to think that they are a little mad, then he smiles. His smile reaches them in a haze of snow. They wave him on.

The branches of the birches teeter like swaying children. The icicles are just formed and wet; they look edible and as if they might melt. With her thumbnail Jane flicks open a round locket that hangs from a fine chain about her neck, and there in cameo is a man—gaunt and pensive, very much the type that Nell is drawn toward. At once she feels in herself some premonition of a betrayal.

"He's lovely," she says, but offhandedly.

"'I don't want you lovely' was what he told me," Jane says.

"Not one of King Arthur's knights," Nell says, gobbling a few flakes of snow.

"It wasn't a romantic thing," Jane says.

"What was it?" Nell says, nettled.

"It was me very adoring," Jane says. "I have a theory it's better that way."

"I don't believe you," Nell says, and stands still, causing Jane to stand also, so that she can look into Jane's eyes. They are gray and not particularly fetching, but they are without guile.

"You're prying," Jane says.

"You're hiding," Nell says, and they laugh. They are bickering now. They look again at his likeness. The snow has smeared the features, and with her gloved thumb Jane wipes them. Then she snaps the locket closed and drops it down inside her turtleneck sweater—to warm him, she says.

"How did you catch him?" Nell says, putting her arm around Jane and tickling her lightly below her ribs.

"Unfortunately, I was one of those exceptional women who get pregnant even when they take precautions," Jane says, shaking her head.

"Was he livid?" Nell says, putting herself in the man's shoes.

"No, he said, 'I guess I'll have to marry you, Sarah Jane,' and we did."

It is the "we" that Nell envies. It

MIDSUMMER, ENGLAND

At Henley, the sky-blue striped pavilions
are boathouses, the royal river
beer-bottle green with broken lights,
the legendary landscapes are alive,
palpable air: woods, castles, manors, suns,
pressing their postcards on you as you drive.

Great summer takes its ease,
ankling the shallows, cloudy dresses bloat
and cling clearly round the women's knees
as Christ harangues the indifferent from his boat
by Cookham's river.

Riots of color in the Supplements,
startling bright mustard squares
flare tropically amid
fields trimmed by centuries of reticence;
midsummer's broad abandon will subside
like hills rolling in heat waves; what will not
is the fear of darkness entering England's vein,
the noble monuments spat on by rain,
the imperial blood corrupted, the dark tide.

But summer persists through the pain,
it forces the leaf
and tries, through love-nourishing rain,
to dissolve individual grief,
history, and heartbreak.

Prodigious summer whose black fruit includes—
past this and that great house,
between hills bracketing thunder—
a great cloud's shadow that grows close
as the past, a chill that intrudes
under the heat, under the centuries,
rooks swinging in the wind under great boughs,
lynched crows on a green field.

What hurts most is to think that I was healed.

—Derek Walcott

• •

has assurance, despite the other woman's nonassertiveness.

"I was married in gray," Jane says. "I simply had a prayer book and spring flowers. Dan's mother was so upset about it all that she left during the breakfast. Then we went back to the college, and he read a paper to the students on Mary Shelley."

"Poor Mary Shelley," Nell says, feeling a chill all of a sudden, a knife-edged chill that she cannot account for.

"You'd like him," Jane says, worried by the sudden silence.

"Why would I like him?" Nell says, picturing the face of the man that stared out of the locket. All of a sudden, Nell has a longing not to leave, as planned, at six o'clock, for New York, but to stay and meet him.

"Why don't I stay till tomorrow?" she says as casually as she can.

"But that would be wonderful," Jane says, and without hesitation turns sharply round so that they can hurry home to get the Jerusalem artichokes out of the pit before it has snowed over. She discusses a menu, says that they will have a nice wine, says Dan will play his favorite pieces for them on the phonograph—adding that he never lets anybody else touch the machine, only himself.

Nell's thought is "a prison"—a prison such as she had once been in, where the precious objects belonged to the man, and the dusters and brooms belonged to her, the woman. "He's good to you?" Nell says.

"He's quite good to me," Jane says.

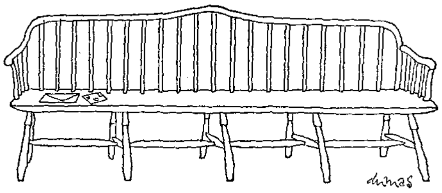
Men are hunting deer up in the hills, and the noise of the shots volleys across the field with far greater clarity because of the soundlessness created by the snow. Again, on their way back, they pass the snarling dogs, and they literally run down a hill and across a stubbled field to take a shortcut home. The menu is decided—artichoke soup, roast pork, fried potatoes, and pecan pie. They both profess to be starving.

They pass through a village on the way home, and Nell stays behind to buy wine and other treats. She lingers outside the one general store, imagining what it would be like to live in such a place—to be wife, widow, or spinster. She thinks again of her own stone house, the scene of occasional parties and gatherings, when her friends come and she and Biddy, a helper from the village, cook for days; then the aftermath, when they clean up.

The three village churches are white and enveloped in snow; the garage is offering a discount on snow tires, and an elderly woman is pushing in the door to the general store, bringing back three circulating-library novels. In the shopwindow are two hand-printed signs:

> We are a family of three sisters looking for a house to rent. We can afford up to $300.
>
> Lost: Harvest table, weathered.

She goes inside and buys rashly. Yes, she is curious. Something in Dan's expression makes her tremble with pleasure. Already she has decided on her wardrobe for tonight, and resolves to be timid, in her best sky-blue georgette dress. She buys a gourd filled with sweets for the little girl, and a storm lamp for the little boy.



The children are in the kitchen when she gets back, and how excited they are at receiving these presents. They gabble outrageously about their school lunch, and how gooey it was; then they sing a carol out of harmony; then the little girl admits in a whisper that she loves Nell and gives her a present of a composition she has just written about King Arthur. Nell reads it aloud, and it is about King Arthur looking for a magic harp for his bride, Guinevere. The little boy says it is soppy and his sister whacks him with his new lamp. What can she do to help, Nell asks. Jane says she can do nothing. After the ordeal of the night before, and the fitful sleep be-

"Now, men, I know morale is low in the Department . . ."

• •

cause of the boiler going on and off, she must be tired and should nap. Jane tells the children that they must be like little mice and do their homework and not squabble.

There is a harness bell attached to the back door, and it trembles a second before it actually rings and by then he is in. He is like someone out of Nell's childhood—an ascetic man in a long leather coat turned up about the neck, and he wears gauntlet gloves, which he immediately begins to remove. His children run to him; he kisses his wife; and, upon being introduced to Nell, he nods. There is something in that nod that is significant. It is too offhand. Nell sees him look at her with his lids lowered, and she sees him stiffen when his wife says that their guest will stay overnight and then points to the wine. He says, "Choice," as he looks at the labels with approval, and the children ask if they can make butter sauce for the pecan pie.

Nell is having to tell them, the children, the size of her house in Ireland, the kind of ceiling, the cornices, the different wallpapers in the bedrooms, the orchard, the long tree-lined drive, the white gate, the lich gate, the supposed ghost, and everything else pertaining to the place. They say they will visit her when they come to Europe. He does not comment but keeps moving about the kitchen. He looks at the thermometer, pushes the kittens to one side with a toe of his shoe, rakes the stove, and then very slowly begins to open the wine. He smells the corks and very carefully attaches them to the sides of the bottles, using the metallic paper as a cord.

Jane is recalling London—springtime there, a hotel in Bayswater, a trip she had made as a girl with a blind aunt—and remarking to Nell how she saw everything so much more clearly simply by having had to describe it to her aunt. She speaks of the picture galleries, the parks, the little squares, the muffins they were served for breakfast, and the high anthracite-colored wire meshing around the London Zoo.

"I like being an escort," she says shyly.

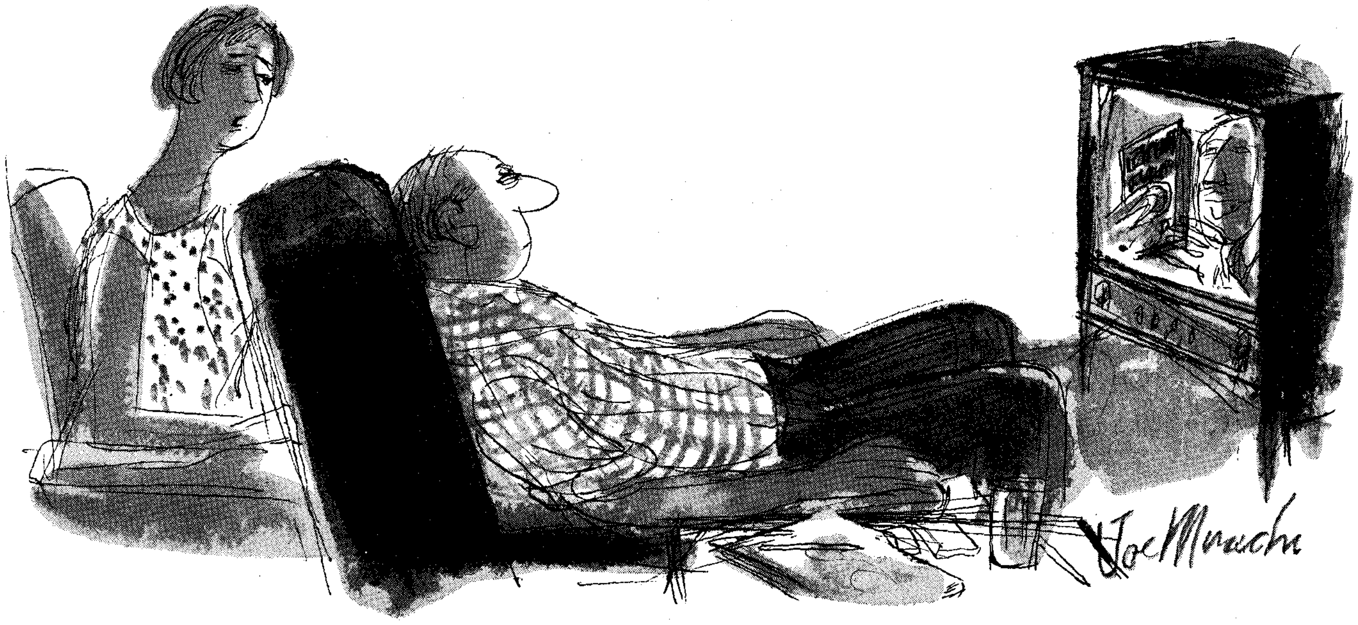
Suddenly Nell has to excuse herself, saying that she must take a last-minute nap, that her eyes feel scorched. "I can't," she says later as she lies coiled on her bed, trying to eat back her own tears. All she wants is for the man to come up and nuzzle her and hold her and temporarily squeeze all the solitude out of her. All she wants is a kiss. But that is vicious. She foresees the evening, a replica of other evenings—a look, then ignoring him, then a longer look, a signal, an intuition, a hand maybe, pouring wine, brushing lightly against a wrist, the hair on his knuckles, her chaste cuffs, innocent chatter stoked with something else. She imagines the night—lying awake, creaks, desire fulfilled or unfulfilled. She sees it all. She bites the bedcover; she makes a face. Every tiny eye muscle is squeezed together. The chill that she felt up on the road is upon her again. She might clench the bedpost, but it is made of brass and is unwelcoming.

"I'm afraid I can't," she says, bursting into the bathroom where Jane has taken a shower. She knows it is Jane because of the shadow through the glass-panelled door.

"Oh, my dear," Jane says, pushing the door open and stepping out.

"I just realized it isn't possible," Nell says, not able to make any excuse except that she has packed and that she must make her plane for New York. Jane says she understands and reaches for a towel to dry herself. Nell begins to help.

"I'm tiny up top," Jane says, apol-



"You never talk to me during the commercials anymore."

• •

ogizing for her little nipples and flat chest. She drags on a thick sweater, slacks, her husband's socks, and then she reaches to a china soap dish and picks up a cluster of hairpins, putting them quickly in her long damp hair.

DAN is in the toolshed, and the two women holler goodbye. The children say, "No, no, no," and, to make up for this sudden disappointment, Jane and Nell carry them to the car in their slippers and put them under a blanket on the back seat. They will come for the drive. In the car, Jane says that maybe next year, when the attic room is ready, Nell will come back and stay up there and write her poetry. Jane's face is faintly technicolor because of the lights from the dashboard, and her hair is gradually starting to fall down because of the careless way she has put in the hairpins. She looks almost rakish. She says what a shame that Nell has not seen one maple tree in full leaf, to which Nell says yes, that she might come back one day—but she knows that she is just saying this.

Does Jane know, Nell wonders. Does Jane guess? Behind that lovely exterior is Jane a woman who knows all the ways, all the wiles, all the heart's crooked actions?

"Are you jealous, or do you ever have occasion?" Nell asks.

"I have had occasion," Jane says.

"And what did you do?" Nell asks.

"Well, the first time I made a scene—a bad scene. I threw dishes," she says, lowering her voice.

"Christ," Nell says, but is unable to visualize it, is unable to connect the violence with Jane's restraint.

"The second time, I started to teach. I kept busy," Jane says.

They are driving very slowly, and Nell wonders if, in the back, the children are listening as they pretend to sleep under the blanket. Nell looks out the window at rows of tombstones covered in snow and evenly spaced. The cemetery is on a hill, and, being just on the outskirts of the town, seems to command it. It is far more impressive than any garage or silo shed that stands like a solitary sentinel beside each farmhouse.

"And now?" Nell says.

"I guess Dan and I have had to do some growing up," Jane says.

"Who's growing up—Daddy?" asks the little girl from under the blanket.

Her mother says, "Yes, Daddy," and then adds that his feet are getting bigger.

All four of them laugh.

"He liked you," Jane says, and gives Nell a little glance.

"I doubt it," Nell says.

"He sure did," Jane tells her, convinced.

Nell knows then that Jane has perceived it all and has been willing to let the night and its drama occur. She feels such a tenderness, a current not unlike love, but she does not say a word.

In the airport, they have only minutes to check in the luggage and have Nell's ticket endorsed. The children become exhilarated and pretend to want to place their slippered feet on the conveyor belt so as to get whisked away.

The flight is called.

"I think you're very fine," Nell says at the turnstile by the passenger area.

"Not as fine as you," Jane says.

Something is waiting to get said. It hangs in the air and Nell recalls the newly formed icicles that they had seen on their walk the day before. More than anything, she wants to turn back, to sit in that house, beside the stove, to exchange stories and become a friend of this woman. Politeness drives her forward. Her sleeve catches in the metal pike of the turnstile and Jane picks it out, in the nick of time.

"Clumsy," Nell says, holding up a cuff with one thread ravelled.

"We're all clumsy," Jane says.

They exchange a look and, realizing that they are on the point of either laughing or crying, they say goodbye hurriedly. Ahead of her Nell sees a long slope of linoleum floor and for a minute she's afraid that her legs will not see her safely along it, but they do. Walking down, she smiles and thanks the small voice of instinct that has sent her away without doing the slightest damage to Sarah Jane.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

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When asked what HAIKU is, Mr. Walter reluctantly described the play as . . . "A story told by an ancient oriental butterfly about things that are. Set in a dream landscape, peopled with ears of corn, pelicans, asteroids and the existential void."—*Press release from Howard Newman, a publicity man.*

And he was *reluctant*?

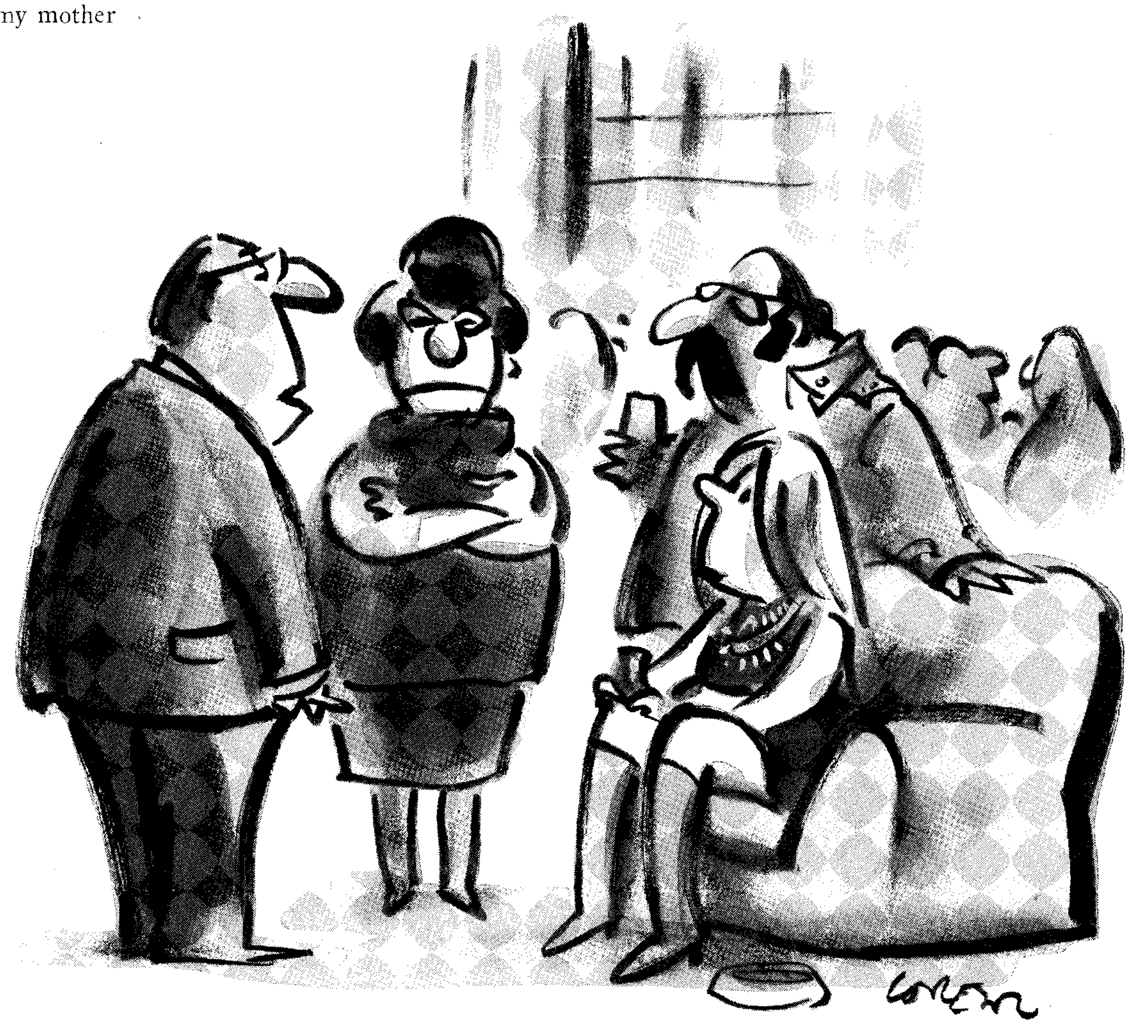
THE WATER BUCKET

I THINK of them at night. I see them through the heavy-lidded lucidity of the late hour: the present is asleep, and through the opened dams the past breaks loose, rushes in, carries downstream my bearded ancestors, the white wings of their prayer shawls spread wide, their women with kerchiefs of silk tied over their wedding wigs, bosoms held tightly by rows of mother-of-pearl buttons blinking into the night. My ancestors come down reclining in the river of darkness, tree trunks floating in water, and, like a salmon at mating time driven by madness, jumping waterfalls and crushing against stones, I leap through the air that burns my blood and fall numbly back. I struggle to reascend time, to plunge into the source of darkness and *know*.

My night visitors do not talk; how should I ever learn about them? My grandmother—the only one of my ancestors I remember—was already half in the haze of old age when I knew her, like a mountain peak wrapped in perennial fog, present but not quite visible. I know only that, like my mother and myself, my grandmother was born in January—a curious coincidence that for a long time led me to believe that all of us, all the women in my maternal lineage, were born in the same month. It could be true. It made us winter people; we were intimate with the snows and the blizzards. Three generations later, I still carry in my bones the thrill of East European winters, with their crackling, high-rising waves of frost that scorched life and blinded windows with ice flowers. I hear the hooves of the sleigh horses crossing frozen lakes, sending blue sparks across the arctic desert. I still warm my hands by rubbing them one against the other like the women in my great-grandmother's village. On blizzard days, a whimpering wolf wakes up inside me (a gentle person in any other season, as all my friends could testify) and I hear him scratching at the door, wanting out, out, to roam the night of the Moldavian countryside again.

From my great-grandmother, the only thing that reached me was a water bucket. I saw it in my old aunt's back yard the summer I was nine; at that time I did not understand what I was seeing. Only years later did I learn that the old bucket came from my great-grandmother's household in the village of Ispas. I came upon it while I was chasing my ball. A curious, large, rusty, and warped bucket with one of the wooden handles missing, the other carved with leaves and vines like the armrest of an old pew. It stood alone in a patch of weeds, with a pair of hot and itchy sparrows on its rim, yet it did not have the melancholy air of old, discarded household tools—that grin of rust, the solitude of verdigris. There was a splendid wild loneliness about it, and it intimidated me. The old bucket was slumping to its death with the dignity of magnificent ruins.

The rains had filled it to the brim, and when I moved closer the surface of the water glinted, called me like a huge green eye winking mysteriously under eyelashes of mint and chicory. I parted the weeds singed by summer and leaned over the bucket. What I saw then was someone else's face, with a dark mouth and shadow in the eye sockets, someone like myself, but older and sterner, staring at me—a face daguerreotyped by the pearly haze of the light. I was and I was not myself—the water hesitated as if the bucket were too old now to reflect clearly what it saw; as if it mingled and confused the new face with the old memories stored at its bottom, the many faces of another woman who had watched herself in its water. A mesmerizing green madness trapped me there, someone lured me down, the smell of the wild weeds and the crickets' song swelled, engulfed the world, and the garden started to turn until, head downward, I was going to plunge into the upside-down green of that world and join that beckoning face—but a door banged, someone called me from the front steps, the garden stood still, and I tore myself away. —MARGUERITE DORIAN



"God is dead, Bird lives, Oswald did it, Humphrey will get it, and New York deserved it. May I go home now?"

THE THREE-MILE HILL IS FIVE MILES LONG

ON Saturday at around noon, Dave and Anne left the ski slopes at Butternut Basin and drove back to Uncle Sol's farmhouse, where they were staying, for lunch, because Dave said he didn't want to pay seventy-five or eighty cents at the ski lodge for a hamburger that looked to him as thin as a buzz-saw blade. Anne said she had known that Dave would say that; he had said it the first time he had brought her to Uncle Sol's, a month ago. So she had made a lunch to take with them before they left the city Friday evening for the Berkshires. She had packed it in with the rest of the groceries for the weekend, and it was now sitting in Uncle Sol's refrigerator.

"What's in it?" Dave said.

"All your favorites," Anne said.

"What are my favorites?" Dave said.

"Peanut butter and jelly on Wonder bread, Canada Dry ginger ale, Pepperidge Farm Milanos, and Cracker Barrel cheese—sharp," Anne said.

With his ski gear on, Dave could barely squeeze in and out of the driver's seat of his car. At the top of the driveway at Uncle Sol's, he heaved his legs out of the car and then popped the rest of his body out from under the steering wheel, feeling like a cartoon character. The rigid plastic ski boots he was wearing made his footing uncertain on the icy driveway, and as he tried to stand, he slipped and fell. He wasn't hurt, but he lay there anyway, staring at the cold, bright-blue February sky and at the black tree branches stacked with snow. When he and Anne were driving up the Taconic the night before, the stars were out. The snow must have started after they went to sleep. When they woke up, a bright sun was shining and the Berkshires were dazzling with three or four inches of new snow. Dave found it disturbing that so great a change—the transformation of an entire countryside—had taken place while he was asleep.

Dave still did not get up. He lay there watching his breath form frost clouds, and he listened to the pulse pumping in his ears, steady and strong, as if it would go on forever. He heard the door to the farmhouse close. She'll go into the kitchen and take off her parka, he thought. She'll wash her hands, and as she washes her hands she'll look out at the driveway to see what has happened to me. She won't be able to see me lying here, so she'll come out to look for me. She'll be slightly worried, but she'll also suspect that I'm just playing another trick on her. She'll find me here, ask if I'm O.K., and when she knows that I am, she'll wait for me to get up. "Come on," she'll say, "it's freezing out here."

He heard the door to the farmhouse close again. After a few seconds, Anne appeared around the front of the car. Dave smiled up at her.

"Did you hurt yourself?" she said.

"No," Dave said. "I'm just lyin' here, groovin' on the ice vibrations and the basic basicness of the cosmos. Can you dig it?"

"Come on, get up," Anne said.

"Aren't you going to say it's freezing out here?"

"It's not bad in the sun. But I'm starving. Come on."

The door to Uncle Sol's house opened directly into the dining room, which had large windows at the far end and cherrywood panelling and a long mahogany table in the center. To the left was the kitchen, and to the right the living room and, beyond that, Uncle Sol's bedroom. Five more bedrooms were upstairs. The original building had been erected in the seventeen-nineties, and as it and the land changed hands over the years, it grew, Dave thought, as if it were alive. Like many other New England farmhouses, it now resembled a telescope set down horizontally on the ground, with the smallest section in the rear and the largest fronting the road.

Dave sat on one of the dining-room chairs, struggling to get his boots off. He stopped for a moment and looked around. The house was quiet. A few days before, Uncle Sol had left for Mexico to nurse his sinuses, so Dave and Anne had the place to themselves.

"Somebody stole our lunch," Anne shouted from the kitchen.

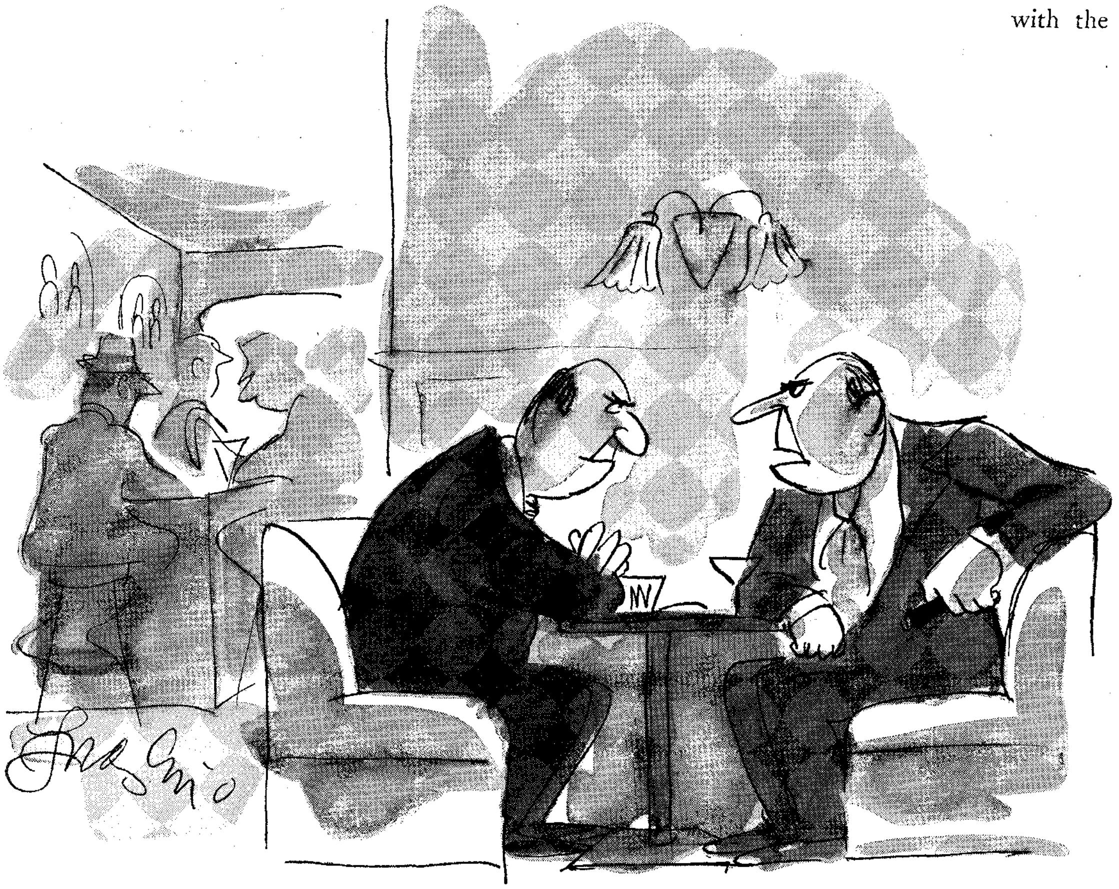
"Who?" Dave said.

" 'Who?' " Anne said. "What do you mean 'Who?' "

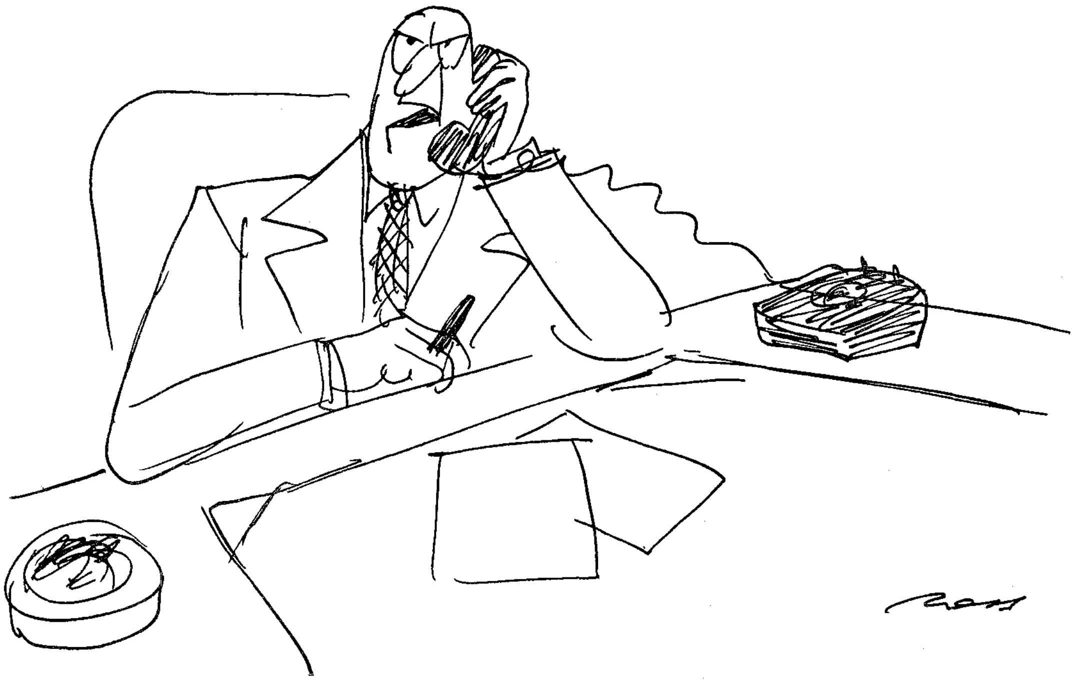
"Well, where is it?" Dave said.

"I'm telling you it's gone. Somebody must have taken it. I put it in a separate bag in the refrigerator last night. It was here this morning when we had breakfast, and now the bag is gone."

"You shouldn't put peanut-butter stuff in the re-



"You're gung ho, Ev, and I'm gung ho, but there are damn few of us left."



“This is Sam Fiske, of Gruenwald, Belweather, Fiske, Ribbin & Neustadter, calling C. Maxwell Sloane, of Sloane, Halloway, Schwab, Wachtel & Heilbrunner. Read that back.”

• •

frigerator,” Dave said. “It gets rigid.” He had finally gotten his boots off, and he went into the kitchen.

“It was right there,” Anne said. She was standing next to the open refrigerator, gesturing toward it like Betty Furness.

“Hello,” said a reedy and tremulous voice behind them.

They both jumped a little and turned around. Standing in the doorway between the kitchen and the dining room was a short, stocky man wearing brown corduroy pants, a soiled plaid shirt, an ancient peajacket, and a blue baseball cap with the New York Mets’ insignia on it. In his hand was an empty ginger-ale bottle. He had blue eyes, a prominent hook nose, and large ears.

“Uncle Nick!” Dave said. “I thought you were in New York. You startled us.”

“Hello, Robert,” the old man said, smiling pleasantly. “I was upstairs taking a nap.”

“I’m Dave—your nephew,” Dave said.

“Why are you shouting?” Anne said.

“He’s almost deaf,” Dave said softly. “I’m Dave,” he shouted again. “Bob is your brother—my father.”

“Oh, yes,” the old man said. “David.” He looked at Anne. “You are the young woman from the South.”

Anne smiled. “What is he talking about?” she whispered to Dave.

“No, Nick,” Dave yelled. “That was someone else. This is Anne Springer.”

“Pleased to meet you, Anne,” said Uncle Nick.

“Uncle Nick, did you eat our lunch that was in the bag in the refrigerator?” Dave boomed.

The old man said, “I have sold a book for seventy-two million dollars. I am already working on a second one. They say they will give me more for the second one. The one they have already bought is about my son’s psychoanalysis. I paid fifty thousand dollars for my son’s psychoanalysis.” He came into the kitchen a few steps and put the ginger-ale bottle that he had been holding in the kitchen sink.

“Uncle Nick,” Dave said, “are you staying at the Chicken House?”

The old man went back and stood in the doorway. “Yes,” he said.

“But you have no heat, I thought.”

“Heat, but no hot water. I’ve been walking up here to use the water.”

“Where’s your car?”

“They took my license away.”

“How did you get up here?”

“I came up from the city last week. I took a bus and then a taxi out from town.”

Dave closed the refrigerator and walked over to where Uncle Nick stood. “Let me drive you back to the Chicken House,” he said, putting his hand on the old man’s shoulder.

“I have to get the camp ready,” Uncle Nick said. “A lot of work needs to be done. I’ve got all the counsellors lined up, and my wife Ruth is recruiting boys in New York.”

“WHY does he live in a chicken house? And I thought you told me that your Aunt Ruth was dead,” Anne said when Dave got back.

“She is. She and Uncle Nick ran a boys’ camp down the road from here, but when she died ten years ago Nick closed the camp. He sold their house but kept the land and renovated part of an old chicken house and moved in there. He also has an apartment in New York. I thought he was there.” He paused. “Don’t ask me,” he said. “I don’t know. Listen, let’s drive into Great Barrington and go to McDonald’s.”

“O.K.,” Anne said. “If you really prefer shredded compressed something or other to buzz-saw blades.”

They put on their coats and went outside.

Dave backed the car out of the driveway. They drove for a mile or so in silence. Dave slowed the car to make a left turn onto Route 23. They started down the long hill that leads into Great Barrington.

“The Three-Mile Hill is five miles long, doo-dah, doo-dah,” Dave sang, to the tune of “Camptown Races.”

“What is that?” Anne said.

“A family ditty about this hill,” Dave said. “When Uncle Sol sings it, he always says, ‘Doo-dah, singee doo-dah.’ ”

“I don’t understand your family,” Anne said.

“Neither do I.”

“Tell me what you know,” Anne said.

“Someday,” Dave said.

They drove past Butternut Basin.

“The slopes,” Dave said. “Did you see how beautiful it was at the top today?”

“But who takes care of him?” Anne said.

“He had a hernia operation last summer. His mind hasn’t been right since then, Uncle Sol told me. Nobody takes care of him, I guess. Who knows? Perhaps he is fiercely independent. With seventy-two million dollars, he can certainly afford to be.”

“Don’t make fun of him,” Anne said.

“Listen,” Dave said, “when I drove him to the Chicken House, he made me guess how much his shoes cost. It turned out he bought them at a thrift shop and they cost a quarter. In the very next breath, as they say, he told me he had made them himself—out of doeskin."

"Why do you try to make all this into a joke?" Anne said.

"Who's laughing?" Dave said.

Dave turned into the McDonald's parking lot. "The golden arches," he said. "An oasis of sanity." He parked and turned off the motor. "Don't get out yet," he said. "Listen, it's just that the whole thing makes me feel a little on the precarious side."

"I could tell that," Anne said. She put her hand on his shoulder and leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

THEY skied again in the afternoon until the lifts shut down, at five. At the end, Dave took one of his gloves off and put it in the inside pocket of his parka. He and Anne skied over to the main chair lift, where the operator had just started turning people away. The lift was still running, however, so that the last people aboard could get to the top. Dave told the operator that he had lost one of his gloves, and couldn't he please go up to look for it. The operator said O.K. Anne decided she was too tired for another run, and said that she would wait for Dave in the car.

After Dave got off the lift, he put on his other glove. Then he turned left and skied slowly down a gentle, narrow trail that went across the top of a ridge and fed into the slope he wanted. At the top of the slope, he paused. He was alone, and everything was still. Below and in the distance he could see small towns and clusters of houses, and tiny, bright-colored automobiles that scooted like bugs along roads that looked like thin, gray scars. The hills were white, and the pines stood up from them like green armies. Closer by, he heard a mountain stream rushing. An owl hooted.

He started down the slope. He pretended that he was a soldier in the Finnish ski troops during the Second World War. He was on his way to rescue a wounded comrade lying at the foot of the mountain. If he didn't get there fast, the Russians would cut him off, which would spell certain death for both of them. He skied much faster than he did ordinarily, and took some dangerous risks. When he reached a large mogul that he usually avoided, he went directly over it and flew for a few yards in the air. He slapped his skis down on the snow harder and louder than he needed to when he landed, and he bent his knees more than was necessary to cushion the impact.

THE LICHEN PAINTER

They were pale,
gray green,
or underlip pink
bared like a grin
on rocks and oak bark.
Adhering like a fur
of dry glass bubbles,
or lilac buds pressed flat
to drab pieces of forest,
they scabbed old wounds
from the sun.

If yellow
they seemed to patch
those parts of her known world
punctured by cold and gloom.
Ancient acridities—
oak leaf brown against the snow—
scattered the rusts of creation.

Even before she knew what to call them
she loved finding lichens.
Their insubstantial holds
on a fallen branch, or boulder,
were miniature cities
for manufacturing images.

Once she tried eating some.
Slightly bitter, like ash,
they left the aftertaste
of a puckering, peeling world
to be harvested with cameras,
conté crayons, and water colors,
in Nova Scotia, New Hampshire,
the Sea Islands of Georgia,
until certain stuffs enlarged
with oil and turpentines
seemed almost palatable.

—RICHARD ELMAN

• •

Then the trail bent and the parking lot appeared below. Dave came to a stop. It was unlikely that the Russians would have arrived in a fleet of Volvos.

WHEN Dave and Anne got back to Uncle Sol's, Dave searched the house.

"He's not here," he reported to Anne, who was lighting the fire in the living-room fireplace. "But what if he comes back?"

"What if he does?"

"To use the water," Dave said.

"Just forget about him," Anne said. "Listen, will you cook? I want to take a shower."

"I would be glad to," Dave said. "Provided my grandfather hasn't come back from the grave and stolen our supper."

They ate in front of the fire, and after that they watched what Anne called "the programs"—Mary Tyler Moore and Bob Newhart—on the TV set that Dave had taken out of Uncle Sol's bedroom. Dave rated all the jokes. "*That's* funny," he said. Other lines he rated as "Average" or "Fair" or "Weak, very weak." Anne kept telling him, "Hush. Keep still."

" 'Hush. Keep still,' " Dave said. "Nobody says that anymore."

As it got later, Dave felt more and more relaxed. He and Anne had nearly finished a bottle of wine that Dave had found in Uncle Sol's room behind the TV. He cleared away the dishes. He came back to the living room, put a log on the fire, and sat down next to Anne on the couch. Bob Newhart was trying to convince his wife that flying was nothing to be afraid of.

"Let's do something," Dave said.

"I don't know if I can resist you when you are so romantic," Anne said.

"Come on," Dave said.

"I want to watch the programs," Anne said.

"Why doesn't Suzanne Pleshette do something about her hair?" Dave said. "It's a question that is now on the lips of many Americans."

Anne laughed and put her head on his shoulder.

Dave heard the front door open.

"Oh dear," Anne said. "Listen, just try to ignore him."

Uncle Nick appeared in the doorway between the dining room and the living room. His baseball cap was on backward. "Hello," he said. "I need to take a bath."

"Go ahead," Dave shouted.

The old man stood in the doorway for a minute or so, looking at the fire and the television and Dave and Anne as if, Dave thought, he were a tourist. Then he crossed in front of them and went into the small bathroom between the living room and Uncle Sol's bedroom. They heard the water start to run in the bathtub.

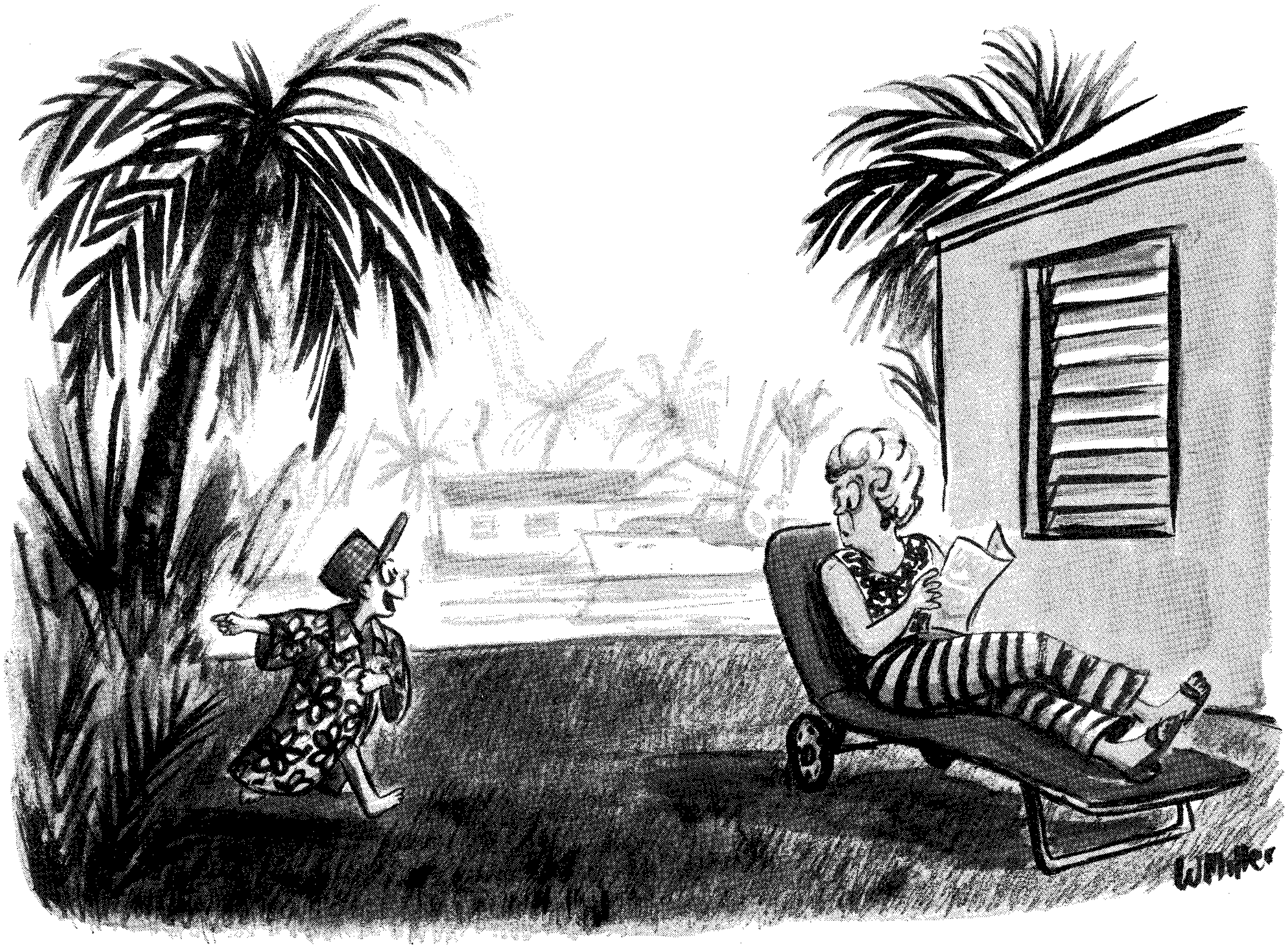
"Why couldn't he have gone upstairs?" Dave said.

"It won't take long," Anne said. "Finish the wine."

After a few minutes, the water stopped running. A few minutes later, mumbling sounds started coming out of the bathroom. Then the old man started shouting. "Give me back that money!" he yelled. "I did not give you ten dollars, I lent it to you. You won't get away with this! You owe me ten dollars."

"Jesus," Dave said.

"Robert!" the old man called.



"Wifey! Wifey! I've found the fountain of youth!"

• •

"Come in here and help me. This man is trying to steal my ten dollars."

Dave got up and went into the bathroom. The old man sat in the bathtub gripping the wooden rim that went around the top.

"Nick, you must have gone to sleep and had a dream," Dave said.

"What?" the old man said.

"I'm Dave—your nephew. Everything is O.K. You must have dozed off in the water. Nobody took any money."

"David," the old man said. "I thought he stole ten dollars from me." He pointed toward his pea jacket, which was hanging on top of the rest of his clothes on a towel rack.

"Nobody's in here but you and me," Dave said. "Why don't you dry off and get dressed." He looked at his uncle, who had now calmed down. His body was very white in the tub, but he seemed in remarkably good shape. Only his face looked old. Tears came to Dave's eyes. "You get dressed," Dave said. "I'll be right outside." He went back out into the living room.

"Jesus," he said to Anne. "He thought his coat was a person."

"He'll be gone soon," Anne said, "and he won't be back tonight." She took Dave's arm. "Sit down," she said.

After a few minutes, the bathroom door opened. Uncle Nick stood in the doorway, fully dressed except for his cap, which he held in his hands.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "I can't imagine what came over me."

Dave felt a great sense of relief. "Don't worry about it, Uncle Nick," he said. "I told you: You were just dreaming."

"I simply didn't realize that he was colored," the old man said. "If I had seen that he was colored, I would have let him keep the ten dollars. I don't care about money."

It started to snow that night when they were halfway down the Taconic. The flakes were big and ragged, and looked to Dave like flakes of paint scraped from an immense ceiling. The snow made it hard to see the road, so he had to slow the car down.

"I told you we should have waited till tomorrow to drive home," Anne said. "The skiing would have been fantastic tomorrow, and the driving is dangerous tonight."

"If he had gone back to the Chicken House, if he hadn't fallen asleep in that chair, I would have stayed."

"Why couldn't we just go to bed and pay him no attention?"

"You know, he always claimed to be a Marxist. He was embarrassed about how successful the camp was. At the end, he had a hundred and fifty rich Jewish boys from New York at about fifteen hundred dollars a throw. Along with a few token blacks. When I was a kid, I used to hear him say things like 'Every cent goes back into the land,' and 'Ruth and I live on thirty-three hundred dollars a year.' "

"He would have just slept there," Anne said. "I think he liked our company."

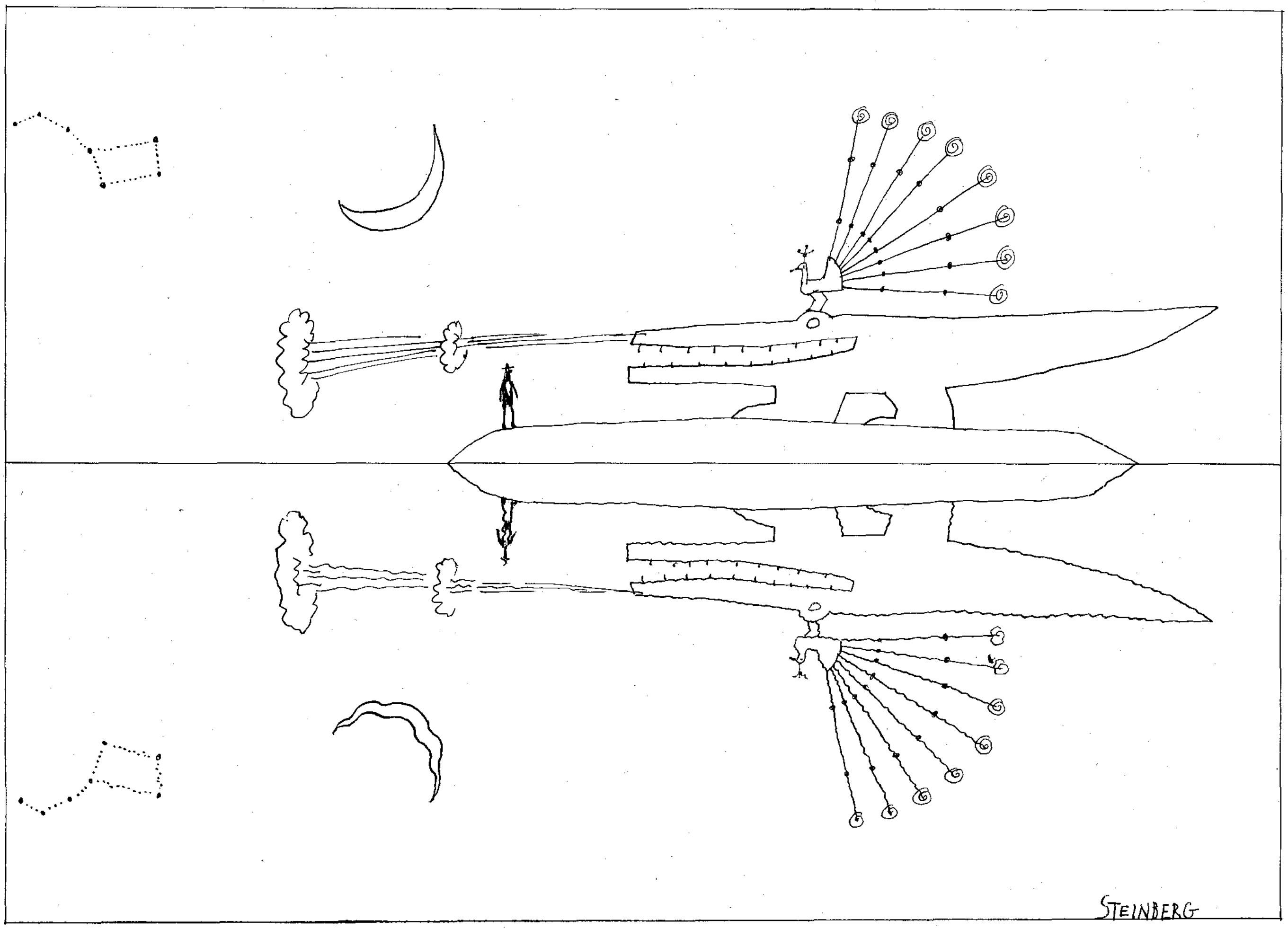
"Oh, I'm sure plenty of people will be dropping in on him."

"There you go again," Anne said.

"Listen," Dave said, "if we had gone to sleep, what if he started shouting downstairs? What if he went chasing thieves through our bedroom? No, thanks." He paused. "I don't like things creeping up on me when I'm not looking." —DANIEL MENAKER

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ENERGY—II



IF the United States government can be said to have any single solution for the energy crisis, it is that we will be saved by nuclear power. At present, nearly twenty years after the completion of the first nuclear-power plant in the United States, the existing fifty-eight nuclear-power plants provide only eight per cent of our electricity and about two per cent of the nation's energy demand. Nevertheless, according to a fact sheet issued by the Federal Energy Administration in July of 1975, "the atom is expected to account for about 15 per cent of demand by 1985 and about 30 to 40 per cent by the year 2000." Presumably, the government believes that the nuclear industry is sound enough to carry this greatly increased portion of the nation's energy burden. Yet this statement appeared in one of the energy industry's leading journals at about the same time: "The nuclear industry was described last week by one of its titans"—Richard McCormack, executive vice-president of the General Atomic Company—"as a sick institution teetering on collapse."

The sharp clash between the government's view of the nuclear-power industry and McCormack's is but added evidence of the conflict that has troubled this industry since its ambiguous conception and birth. The creation of the United States nuclear-power program was motivated less by the need for energy than by the hope of covering the frightening prospect of nuclear war with a peaceful façade. Until President Eisenhower launched the Atoms for Peace program, in 1953, the Atomic Energy Commission paid little attention to the development of nuclear power, concentrating nearly all its effort on weapons. The genesis of the government's active interest in commercial nuclear power was marked by President Eisenhower's speech to the United Nations on December 8, 1953, in which he said that "to hasten the day when fear of the atom will begin to disappear from the minds of people" there should be a program, based on military stocks of uranium, "to devise methods whereby this fissionable material would be allocated to serve the peaceful pursuits of mankind." He added, "A special purpose would be to provide abundant electrical energy in the power-starved areas of the world."

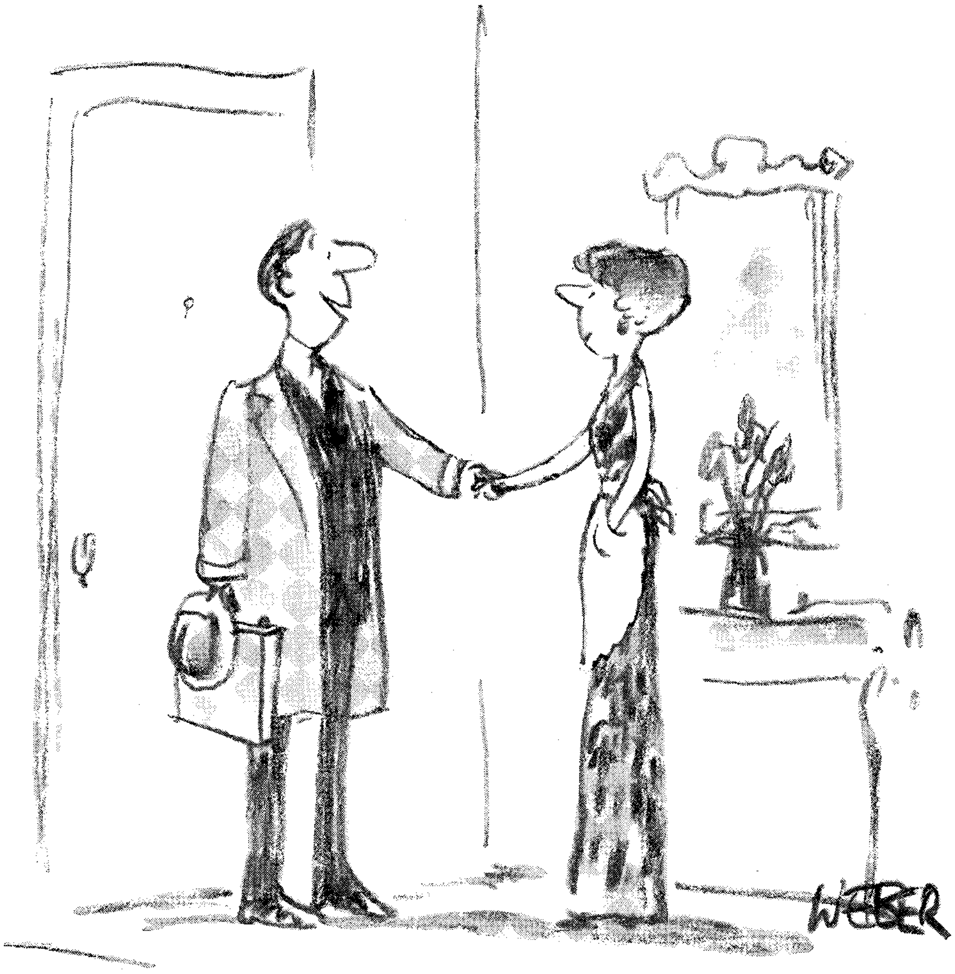
In responding to this mandate, the A.E.C. turned over increasing amounts of nuclear material, previously under the exclusive control of the A.E.C. and the military, to civilian use by power companies. The A.E.C. also had a statutory responsibility "to strengthen free competition in private enterprise," and it transferred to private corporations as much of the government's nuclear-power program as the corporations were willing to accept. Until the development of the nuclear-power industry, however, most of the activities required to support the complex operations involved were under integrated government control. This control was lifted by the A.E.C. in 1957, and since then, in several important sectors of the program, private operations have faltered and failed. As a result, the nuclear-power program is now an uncertain mixture of public and private interests.

A NUCLEAR-POWER station produces electricity from energy released by the splitting, or fission, of certain types of very heavy atoms—in typical American reactors, chiefly the isotope of uranium known as uranium-235. Like any other atom, uranium-235 consists of a heavy core—the nucleus—surrounded by a cloud of much lighter electrons. In uranium-235, there are ninety-two electrons in the cloud that surrounds the nucleus. They are held there by attractive forces between their own negative electrical charges and the nucleus's ninety-two positive charges. The nucleus is made up of ninety-two positively charged protons and a hundred and forty-three neutrons (a neutron has the same mass as a proton but carries no charge); the atomic weight, 235, is the sum of the protons' and neutrons' weights.

Most atomic nuclei contain neutrons, which can be ejected from them by the impact of sufficiently energetic radiation. The earth receives such radiation from space in the form of cosmic rays, which on striking an atom produce showers of neutrons; in turn, these can collide with the nuclei of other atoms. The response of the uranium-235 atom is rare among natural atoms; when a slow neutron collides with it, there is a good probability that the neutron will split the uranium-235 nucleus. The fission products are two atomic fragments, each roughly half of the original atom, plus two or three free and fast neutrons. All these fission products, in their sum, are slightly lighter than the uranium-235 nucleus from which they were formed. The slight difference represents mass that has been converted to energy, in accordance with the famous Einstein equation $E = mc^2$, which states that the amount of energy (E) is equivalent to the mass (m) multiplied by the square of the speed of light (c). Since the speed of light is a very large number, its square is enormous, so a vast amount of energy is given off when a uranium atom is split.

If some of the free, fast neutrons produced when the uranium-235 atom split get slowed down for some reason and collide with and split other uranium-235 atoms, a chain reaction that can quickly spread through a lump of uranium is set off, releasing large amounts of energy in a short time. In a nuclear bomb, matters are arranged to maximize this effect, and the intense, sudden release of energy causes a huge explosion. Although uranium-235 is present in many ores, and showers of neutrons regularly occur on the earth, such explosions do not naturally happen. The uranium-238 nucleus contains three more protons than the uranium-235 nucleus, but the two isotopes exhibit the same chemical behavior, because that is governed by the atoms' electron shells, which are identical. Uranium ore contains 0.7 per cent uranium-235, almost 99.3 per cent uranium-238, and a trace of a third isotope, uranium-234. Unlike the atoms of uranium-235, the more common uranium-238 atoms are not readily split by neutrons but avidly capture them, and, after some intervening steps, are transformed into plutonium-239.

In order to establish a chain reaction—without which no nuclear energy could be released—two features are built into the design of a nuclear reactor. The fuel is made from material in which the uranium-235 has been enriched, its concentration increased from 0.7 per cent to about three per cent. This cuts down the chance of a collision between a neutron and uranium-238, which would arrest the chain reaction. (Enrichment is carried out in one of three government plants, where a gaseous uranium compound diffuses through numerous delicately designed porous membranes that gradually hold back the slightly heavier gas molecules containing uranium-238.) In addition, in the reactor, the uranium fuel is embedded in material—the moderator—that slows down the neutrons emitted in the splitting of the uranium atoms. One of the peculiarities of the collision of neutrons with uranium-235 is that, unlike the collision with uranium-238, it is favored if the neutrons are slow. In a typical reactor, the uranium is in the form of long, thin rods that are submerged in water (the moderator), the entire assemblage making up the reactor core. When uranium-235 atoms split, the fast neutrons they emit pass through the thin rods into the water, where, following a series of collisions with the water molecules, the neutrons slow down to about a thousandth of their original speed. These slow neutrons find their way back into the fuel rods, where they are likely to



"Hi, darling. Say! I see Raoul has done something marvellous with your hair. By the way, I'm dying to see the new bedspread fabric, and did the upholsterer deliver the settee—I hope? Hey! For dinner, if you'll make a little salad, I'll whip up my famous chicken Divan. Then, after I help Jeffrey with his math, let's sit by the fire and read some Keats."

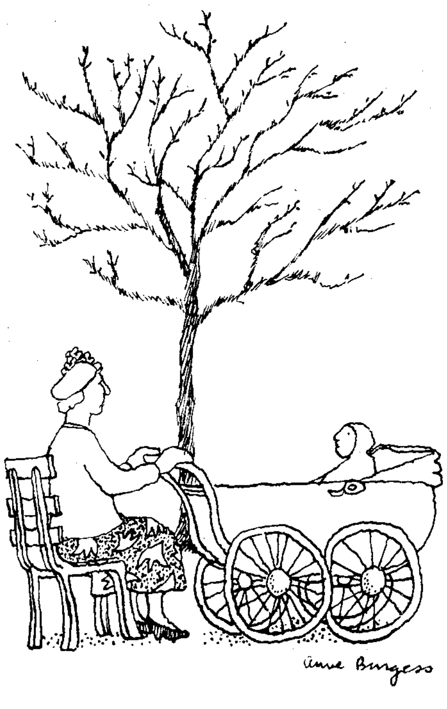
collide with uranium-235 atoms and split them.

When fuel rods are installed in the reactor's moderator bath, a self-sustaining fission chain reaction becomes possible. Like every self-propagating chain reaction, such as an ordinary fire, the process must be controlled or it will get out of hand. In a nuclear reactor, control is a delicate problem. One reason is that the nuclear reactions are so fast the chain reaction can propagate itself very quickly; to avoid a runaway reaction, an excessive rate must be corrected within one-tenth of a second. In the reactor, the chain reaction is controlled by inserting rods of a metal such as boron in the core. Boron is a good absorber of neutrons, so by cutting down the number of free neutrons in the core it will reduce the overall rate of the chain reaction. The speed of the chain reaction and the reactor's rate of energy production are regulated by varying the length of the control rod that is inserted in the core.

As the fragments of the split uranium atoms fly apart, their kinetic energy is converted to heat. In present American reactors, water is used both to slow down (moderate) the neutrons and to absorb the heat generated by the fission process. In one type of reactor, the fuel rods are bathed in water that is under pressure, so that it becomes quite hot (600°F.) without boiling. The hot water is circulated in pipes that pass through a secondary boiler, turning the water already in this boiler to steam, which is used to drive a conventional turbine electric generator. In another type of reactor (called a boiling-water reactor), the water that bathes the fuel rods itself boils to produce the steam that is fed into the turbines. The steam is then condensed, and the water returned to the reactor vessel. In both cases, the water that bathes the fuel rods becomes highly radioactive, and people and the environment must be protected from it.

After the reactor has operated for a time, the fuel becomes "spent;" the accumulated fission products take up enough neutrons to block the fission chain reaction, which gradually slows down. At this point, the fuel rods must be replaced—a task that is extremely hazardous because they have now become highly radioactive. (The various nuclear reactions that occur in the fuel rods produce a mixture of radioactive elements.) In practice, the spent rods are stored temporarily in a well-shielded container, under a deep layer of water. In this country, the plan is that, sooner or later, the spent fuel will be reprocessed. (By various chemical means, different atomic species are separated from the radioactive mélange.) One product of the reprocessing is leftover uranium-235, which can be reused in new fuel rods. Another valuable product is the plutonium-239 formed when a uranium-238 atom captures a neutron, for this is also a fissionable fuel. The rest of the material is useless waste that must be scrupulously contained for many thousands of years as its intense radioactivity slowly decays.

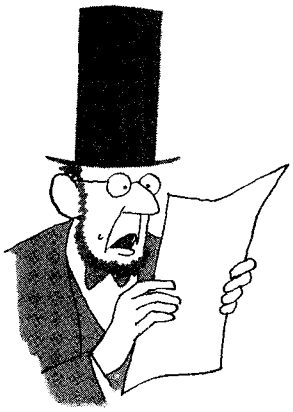
The different operations that make up the nuclear-power system in the United States are scattered across the entire country. The uranium mines and refinery operations are in various Western states. From there, the uranium is shipped to one of two plants in Illinois and Oklahoma, where it is converted into the gaseous form—uranium hexafluoride—that is used in the enrichment process. The enrichment plants are in Oak Ridge, Tennessee; Paducah, Kentucky; and Portsmouth, Ohio. Once enriched, the uranium is shipped to about a dozen fuel-rod-fabrication plants that are spread across the country, as are the fifty-eight reactors themselves. The only plant for reprocessing reactor waste that has operated so far is in upstate New York. The plant is now closed because of safety problems; if it reopens, the uranium and plutonium recovered there are to be shipped back to the fuel-rod-fabrication plants and so reënter the cycle. Permanent waste-storage facilities do not exist. Thus, the materials involved in the nuclear-power system—uranium in its natural and enriched states, and highly radioactive spent fuel and waste—are moved about a great deal, in trucks and railroad cars. (They were also moved by aircraft until recently, when the practice was forbidden.)



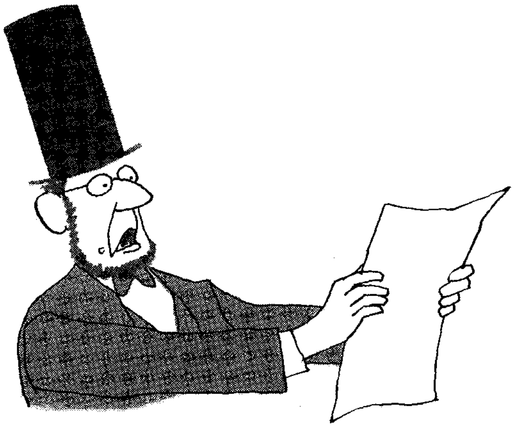
The economic structure of the nuclear-power system is equally complex. Much of the ore lies on federal lands and is publicly owned; mining rights are leased to private firms. Mining, milling, and conversion of the ore to uranium hexafluoride are now in private hands; but the next step, enrichment, is carried out at government-owned plants. Fabrication of fuel rods is done by private firms, although, until a few years ago, the uranium legally remained the property of the government. (Now it may be privately owned.) Most of the reactors are owned and operated by private power companies. Reprocessing facilities for spent reactor fuel are to be privately owned, but all the proposed systems for permanent waste disposal, if they come to pass, are to be publicly owned. It should be added that the large and expensive research program that lies behind the entire nuclear-power system has been operated almost entirely at public expense; so has the regulatory part of the system, and it still is.

Although most nuclear-power plants are privately owned, government decisions strongly influence their economic feasibility. The cost of the electricity that the system produces has in the past depended on the cost of reactor fuel, which has, in turn, been largely determined by the government's charge for enrichment. Since most of the cost of enrichment is the huge capital investment of government funds in the enrichment plants—several billion dollars—the price of this service can be quite arbitrarily determined by choosing a particular rate of capital amortization. The price of nuclear fuel, and therefore the cost of electricity produced from it, has been kept down by such government decisions. Further, the government has made large amounts of technical information—the results of its vast research program—freely available to industry, which saves industry major development costs.

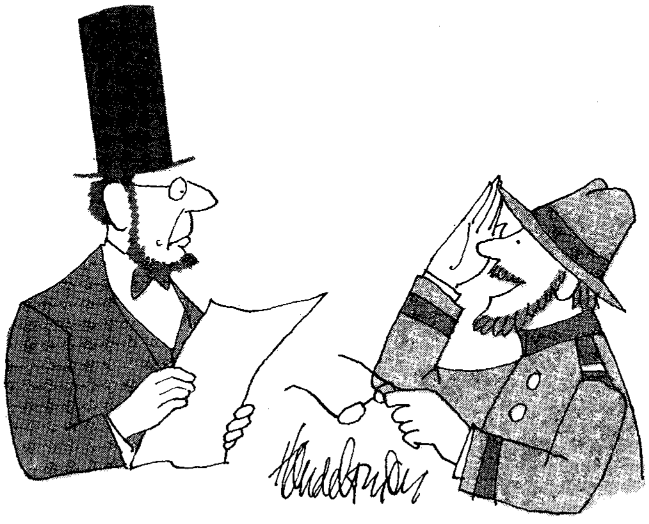
The United States nuclear-power system, as it exists today, is a one-way process: Uranium ore goes in, and electricity, highly radioactive waste, and the waste heat inevitably emitted by any power plant come out. Nuclear-power plants produce more waste heat than most conventional plants of equal size, and therefore cause more serious thermal-pollution problems. The problem of permanently disposing of the radioactive waste—somehow keeping the damaging radiation away from people and the environment—has been studied for a number of years but has not yet been solved. The difficulties involved in finding some final resting place for this hideously dangerous material can be judged from the fact that the waste produced by a billion-watt nuclear-power plant (the typical size of recent plants) is equivalent in radioactivity to about twenty-five hundred tons of radium, whereas the total amount of radium used thus far in the world for medical and scientific purposes—all of it handled in very small amounts and elaborately contained and shielded—probably comes to a few pounds. Another sobering comparison is that if the radiation from the waste produced by a city's nuclear-power plant were to be released into the environment, it would be sufficient to kill a hundred times the city's population.



"Foursquare and several beers ago . . .



our fatheads brought froth upon this continent—"



"Found them, sir! Your reading glasses."

In bulk, this radioactive waste does not amount to much—a circumstance that can readily point to a highly misleading conclusion. Thus, in a recent speech, Frank G. Zarb, the head of the Federal Energy Administration, attempted to support his conviction that "the facts are reassuring" about the nuclear-waste problem by offering this evidence: "A single aspirin tablet has the same volume as the waste produced in generating seven thousand kilowatt-hours, which is about one person's share of the country's electric output for an entire year. Compared to large quantities of other harmful materials, the volume of nuclear waste is minuscule." What Mr. Zarb fails to mention is that, unlike a real aspirin tablet, his radioactive one is sufficiently toxic to kill a hundred people.

Nuclear wastes are persistent. Their radioactivity will remain at a harmful level, and so will need to be meticulously isolated from people and the environment, for about two hundred thousand years. This fact provokes a melancholy question: Who is to stand watch over this radioactive legacy? What social institution can promise to last that long? One reply, from perhaps the most thoughtful proponent of nuclear power, Alvin M. Weinberg, who is the director of the Institute of Energy Analysis, at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, is that the task must be assumed by a kind of nuclear priesthood:

> We nuclear people have made a Faustian bargain with society. On the one hand we offer—in the catalytic nuclear burner [the breeder reactor, which has not yet been fully developed]—an inexhaustible source of energy. . . . But the price that we demand of society for this magical energy source is both a vigilance and a longevity of our social institutions that we are quite unaccustomed to. . . . In a sense, we have established a military priesthood which guards against inadvertent use of nuclear weapons. . . . Peaceful nuclear energy probably will make demands of the same sort on our society.

This concept—which cloaks the Devil in a laboratory coat and the soldier in a cassock—is almost as forbidding as the situation to which it seeks to respond.

The current status of the waste-disposal problem is described in the latest government report on the nuclear-power industry—issued in 1974. A diagram in the report depicts the movement of uranium from the mines through the successive phases of the nuclear-power system. A final arrow, marked "High-Level Solid Waste," points to a sturdy-looking building labelled "Federal Repository." The possible contents of such a repository are described in three accompanying diagrams, but the effect of the diagrams is spoiled by the notation that they are an "artist's concept." In reality, there is no federal repository for the permanent storage of highly radioactive waste. The final disposition of this enormously dangerous material indeed remains an "artist's concept." With no acceptable outlet for its radioactive waste, the nuclear-power system's facilities for temporary storage have become heavily overloaded. Temporary storage is provided next to each reactor, so that the spent fuel can be removed and safely stored during its initial cool-down period. In the absence of an operational fuel-reprocessing system, these facilities have gradually been filled with spent fuel. There are enough temporary storage facilities for about nine hundred and thirty metric tons of spent fuel. A recent survey shows that the storage space for all but fifty metric tons of fuel is now occupied; many reactors

"As my late husband used to say—or was it you, Willis . . ."

• •

have been deprived of their entire temporary fuel-storage space. Our nuclear cup runneth over.

In a nuclear-powered generator, the core is surrounded by a heavy shield to protect workers from emitted radiation. The entire reactor is sealed into a containment vessel—a concrete hemisphere a hundred and fifty feet in diameter. Inside the vessel are spray systems to drain off radioactive materials if the core should rupture into it. A complex system is provided for cooling down the core if the normal water-circulating system should fail. There are elaborate control and warning devices, often in multiples, to reduce the risk of failure. Safety and environmental-control measures account for a large part of the cost of a nuclear reactor. All this is to avoid the consequence of a failure that might cause the core to overheat. If it became hot enough to melt, the core could burn a hole through the bottom of the container after a day, and release huge amounts of radioactive material into the environment.

Such possible reactor accidents and their effects have been very much on the minds of nuclear engineers, and the A.E.C. has devoted a good deal of effort to studying them. In 1957, a report on reactor accidents was prepared for the A.E.C. by its Brookhaven National Laboratory. This showed that a "credible" large-scale nuclear-reactor accident might kill thirty-four hundred people immediately, severely injure forty-three thousand others, and cause seven billion dollars' worth of damage. A revised report was prepared by the same laboratory in 1964, taking into account a fivefold increase in the average size of reactors. It concluded that forty-five thousand people would be killed, with injuries and damage increased proportionally. This report was suppressed by the A.E.C., and became available only recently, through the intervention of the Union of Concerned Scientists—a group based in Cambridge, Massachusetts—under the Freedom of Information Act. A memorandum attached to the report, also suppressed until recently, noted, "The results of the study must be revealed to the Commission and the J.C.A.E. [Joint Committee on Atomic Energy] without subterfuge although the method of presentation to the public has not been resolved at this time."

The A.E.C. subsequently asked for a new study, this time choosing a group at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to assess the probability of a reactor accident and the expected damage. After two years of work and an expenditure of three million dollars, the Rasmussen Report, named for the director of the study, Professor Norman C. Rasmussen, was issued in draft form in August of 1974. This report, consisting of thirteen volumes, was much more optimistic than the earlier ones. It estimated that a reactor accident that had a one-in-a-million chance per year per reactor of taking place would cause seventy deaths, a hundred and seventy injuries, and two billion seven hundred million dollars in damage. An accident that might cause twenty-three hundred deaths and fifty-six hundred injuries had a one-in-a-billion chance of occurring. The Rasmussen Report has been severely criticized by individual scientists and by two groups of specialists. One group, organized by the Union of Concerned Scientists, concluded with a detailed critique of the report's methodology that an accident killing about fifty thousand people had a one-in-a-hundred-thousand chance of happening. Another group, organized by the American Physical Society, in a separate critique of the report, pointed out that the draft version took no account of the thousands of deaths from cancer which would occur for years after an accident. The final report was revised to include these figures.

The A.E.C. had asked that the Rasmussen Report not only estimate the risks to the public from possible reactor accidents but also compare these risks with the risks from hazards to which people are ordinarily exposed. In response, the report includes a table showing the chances of fatalities from various kinds of accidents. The risks encountered per person per year range from one in four thousand for automobile accidents, through one in a hundred thousand for aircraft accidents, to one in two and a half million for tornadoes. The computed risk of a fatality from a nuclear-reactor accident is one in three hundred million. The former head of the A.E.C., Dr. Dixy Lee Ray, has compared this risk with the chance of being bitten by a poisonous snake while crossing a street in Washington.

Apart from deciding which of the risk estimates to believe, the basic problem is how to judge, from any estimate, whether the risk should be taken. To begin with, it makes sense to compare reactor risks with the risks of other voluntary, man-made activities. Next, it seems appropriate to note that building a reactor, unlike taking an auto trip, is not an individual decision but a social one. And the consequences of a reactor accident—let us say five thousand to fifty thousand possible deaths in a single event—also represent a social rather than an individual issue. It should be noted as well that the extremely low probability relates only to whether or not the accident will occur, and not to its consequences. However improbable an accident may be, when it does happen it may be highly destructive. When all this is taken into account, it seems to me that the reactor-accident question that must be asked is: Shall we build nuclear reactors that, with a very low probability, may cause an accident resulting in, say, five thousand to fifty thousand deaths and many more injuries and billions of dollars of damage? With the issue stated this way, its uniqueness becomes clear. There is only one other man-made device that has the physical capacity for causing such a catastrophe in a single event—a nuclear bomb.

Despite the A.E.C.'s protestations that nuclear reactors are safer than most of life's hazards, the government and the A.E.C. have acted as though the opposite were true. Congress has acknowledged that the risk of huge losses from a reactor accident is so great as to require insurance backed by the wealth of the United States Treasury. When the first reactors were built, no private insurance companies—or combinations of companies—were willing to provide the amount of insurance that the power companies wanted. As a result, Congress in 1957 passed the Price-Anderson Act, which authorizes the government to insure against the costs of a reactor accident up to the sum of five hundred and sixty million dollars.

For its part, the A.E.C.—or, rather, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, which since January of 1975 has carried on its regulatory functions—has licensing guidelines that prohibit the building of reactors close to cities. These guidelines, which are intended to limit the casualties and the property damage from a reactor accident, cost the country an appreciable benefit in energy savings. A power plant necessarily rejects as waste, in the form of low-temperature heat, a good deal of the energy that enters it. Nuclear reactors have a particularly low thermal efficiency, so they reject more heat than do fossil-fuelled plants of the same capacity. To maximize the thermodynamic efficiency with which energy is used, this waste heat should be distributed as hot water or low-pressure steam for heating or cooling buildings. But this can be done only if the power plant is in or near a city. Because nuclear-power plants risk a catastrophic accident and have therefore been exiled from the cities, this kind of energy-conserving arrangement is impossible.

Apart from the difficulties of disposal and possible accident, nuclear power represents a kind of thermodynamic overkill. Various forms of radiation make up a spectrum of energetic effects. These range from the mild to the intensely destructive: from the molecular agitation stimulated by infrared radiation, through the chemical changes induced by visible and ultraviolet radiation, to the random breakage of molecules resulting from the ionizing radiation emitted by radioactive materials. In a power plant, the basic task of the energy source is to boil water to produce the steam that drives the generator. If this task is to be accomplished with thermodynamic efficiency, it will require temperatures in the range of 1,000 to 2,000°F. At such temperatures, fossil fuels produce chemicals (such as sulphur dioxide and nitrogen oxides) that cause pollution problems. The pollutants, and the cost of controlling them, constitute the unavoidable price that is paid to achieve the necessary thermodynamic linkage between the energy source and the energy-requiring task.

In a nuclear reactor, the price is much higher, for the extreme energy of the ionizing radiation of the nuclear reaction is well beyond the range appropriate to the task of generating steam. Expressed in terms that are equivalent to the temperature scale, the energy associated with the nuclear-fission process is in the range of a million degrees. All the difficulties and dangers that are due to the radiation associated with a nuclear reactor are, in this thermodynamic sense, unnecessary, since the task of generating steam can be achieved by the much lower energies of ordinary fuels. The use of nuclear radiation for the relatively mild task of producing steam violates the familiar caution against attacking a fly with a cannon. The task of killing the fly is likely to be accomplished, but at the cost of considerable unnecessary damage. Thermodynamics tells us that a flyswatter and a fuel-burning plant would be more suitable for their respective tasks.

The nuclear-power program is completely dependent on the availability of fissionable fuel. The present, one-way fuel system uses uranium ore, which, like fossil fuels, is a nonrenewable resource. The amount of ore in different deposits—which is to say their quality—varies a great deal. The richest ores, which are now being mined, are the least plentiful, but while they last they are the cheapest source of uranium for nuclear fuel. A number of surveys have been made of the future availability of uranium resources in the United States. Since the cost of recovering uranium from ores of progressively lower quality rises steeply, the amount of uranium that can be produced depends on its sale price. If uranium sold at fifteen dollars a pound, about a million and a half tons of uranium oxide, or "yellow cake," could be recovered from American mines. At a price of thirty dollars a pound, about two and a half million tons is recoverable. (Until the 1973 oil crisis, uranium sold at about eight dollars per pound. In 1975, it reached a price level of twenty to twenty-four dollars, but this may be temporary.) If present plans for

WHAT NEXT?
McCALLISTER

building nuclear reactors are actually carried out, the amount of uranium that will be needed to operate them would be about two and a half million tons by the year 2000.

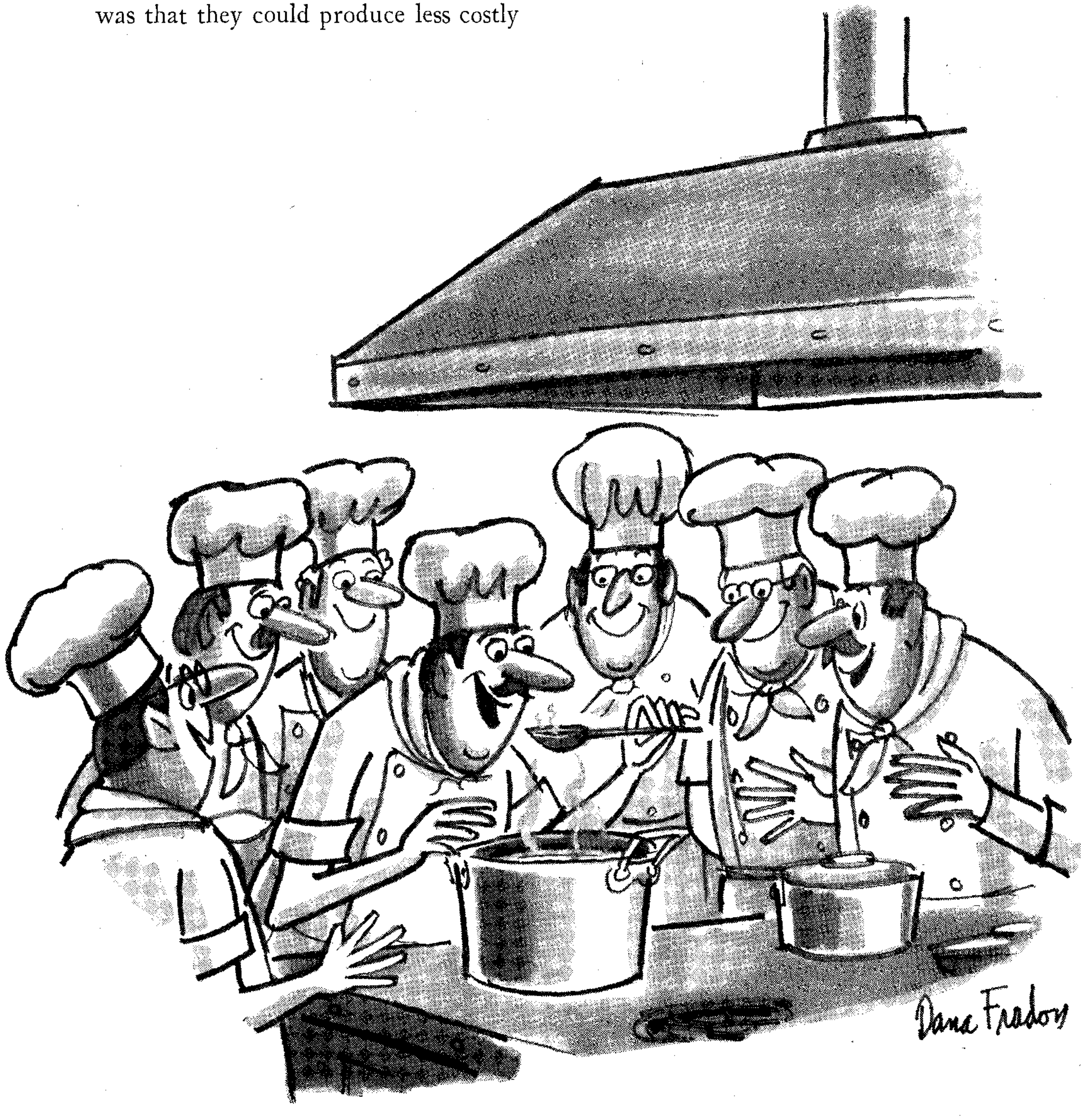
UP until 1965, plans called for a nuclear-power system based on light-water reactors, so named because they use ordinary rather than "heavy," or isotope-enriched, water as a moderator. These reactors were developed by the A.E.C. between 1953 and 1965 and were gradually turned over to private industry. Then the A.E.C. decided to cut back its development work on light-water reactors and to concentrate on a new, considerably more complex type. The new reactor was designed to produce more fissionable fuel than it used—a breeder reactor. Development of the breeder has since taken up most of the A.E.C.'s research funds; it is expected to cost about eleven billion dollars by the time the first experimental plant is built. The reason for the expensive move was economic. To the power companies, the most persuasive fact about nuclear reactors was that they could produce less costly electricity than fossil-fuelled plants. This advantage depended a great deal on the cost of uranium fuel, which in 1962 was expected to account for about thirty-four per cent of the total cost of nuclear-power production. The A.E.C. expected the resources of easily mined—and thus relatively inexpensive—uranium to be exhausted before the end of the century. It was reasoned, therefore, that if the nuclear-power industry were to be economically viable, fissionable fuel would have to remain plentiful and cheap.

The breeder promised to assure such a fuel supply by turning uranium into a recycled source of nuclear fuel. The breeder could greatly expand the fissionable fuel that could be produced from uranium ore. On that basis, the A.E.C. calculated that a breeder-based power system could sell electricity at competitive prices even if uranium cost up to a hundred dollars per pound. And at that price enough domestic uranium (about twenty-five million tons) could be mined profitably to support breeder-based power production at a rate sufficient to meet the country's power needs for hundreds of years. The breeder program promised a nearly unlimited supply of power—if it worked.

The breeder would produce fissionable fuel by converting the common uranium-238 isotope into plutonium-239—as a fast neutron does when it collides with uranium-238. Like uranium-235, plutonium-239 is fissionable; colliding with a neutron, it splits, releasing energy and two or three fast neutrons. Some of these neutrons can collide with another plutonium-239 atom and split it, continuing the energy-producing chain reaction. The rest of the neutrons are available to produce more plutonium-239 by combining with uranium-238. The breeder reactor under development in the United States is supposed to produce about three new plutonium-239 atoms for every two atoms that are split and burned as fuel. It would literally produce more fuel than it uses.

The most serious difficulty relates to the breeder's special product—plutonium-239, the fissionable fuel that accumulates in the fuel rods as the breeder operates. When the spent fuel rods are reprocessed, the plutonium is separated from the other highly radioactive waste materials. It can then be made into new fuel rods and used in reactors to produce power. In effect, this would establish a fuel-recycling system in which plutonium rather than uranium circulates. Such a "plutonium economy," in which fissionable fuel is recycled between reactor and reprocessing plant, is essential to the operation of the breeder; without it, the breeder cannot save the nuclear-power industry from the impending shortage of fuel. However, the plutonium economy creates new problems that threaten to halt the breeder program itself.

Plutonium-239 is much more toxic than uranium; it is widely regarded as the most dangerous of the many radioactive materials that the nuclear age has bestowed on us. Plutonium emits a particular form of radiation—alpha particles, which consist of helium nuclei. An alpha particle is so



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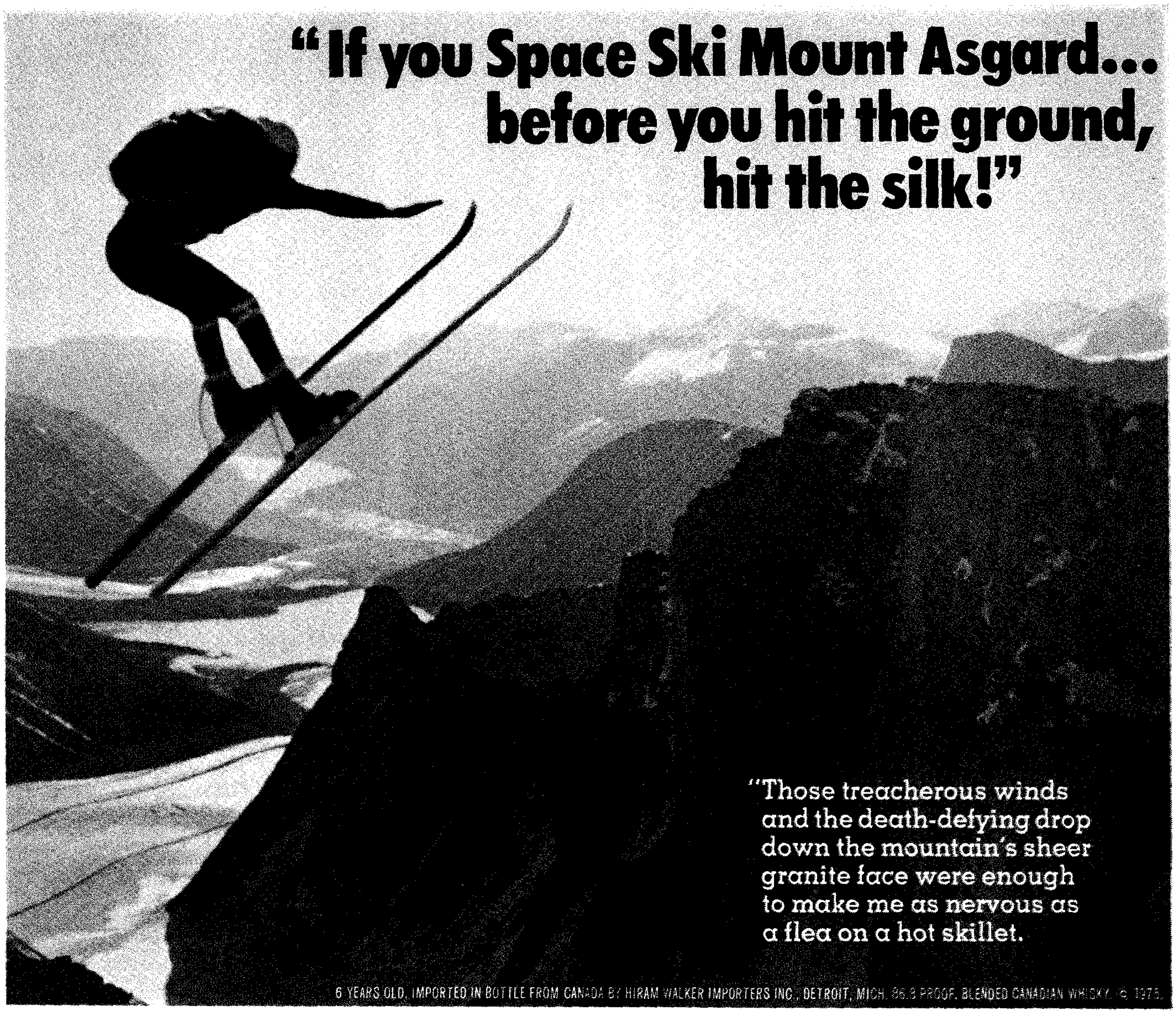

"Those treacherous winds and the death-defying drop down the mountain's sheer granite face were enough to make me as nervous as a flea on a hot skillet.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.

"Shari made doubly sure my chute was secure. And triple-checked my skis. Then schuss! From my launching pad on the frozen mesa, I was on the way to my space walk. 4000 feet over the Turner Glacier in the Canadian Arctic.

"P-o-o-o-of! My chute billowed out. And none too soon. Because I still had some tricky maneuvering to do. Those deadly downdrafts almost collapsed my chute. But a little body English luckily prevented it...and it was happy landings.

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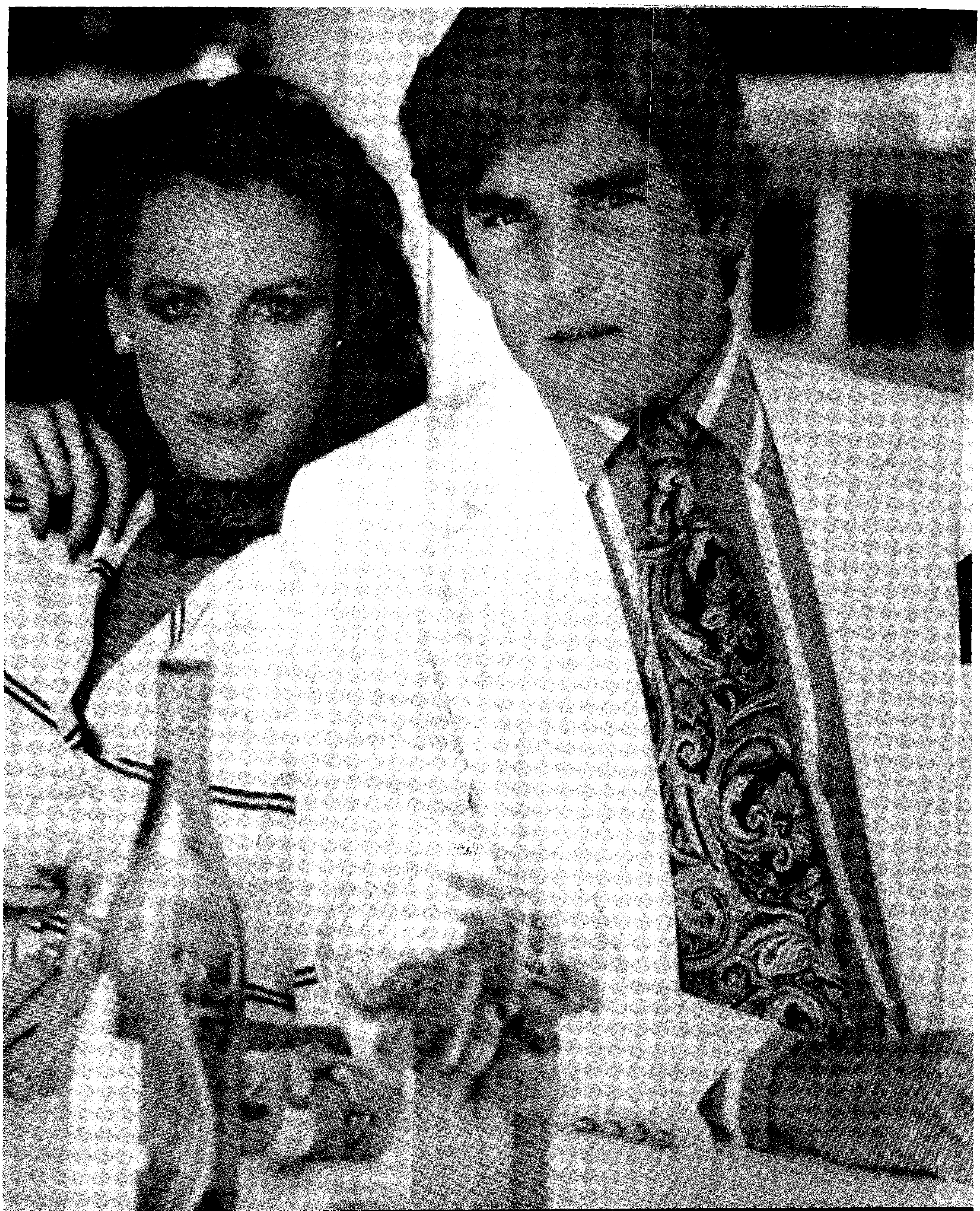

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massive that it is stopped by living tissue after penetrating only a very short distance into it. Because the particle's energy is released in a short distance, its effect is intensely localized and is highly damaging to the cellular material. If extremely small particles of plutonium-239 should become embedded anywhere in the body, their radiation effects would be exceptionally destructive. Unfortunately, plutonium released into the environment tends to form into extremely small particles, and these readily become permanently trapped in the tiny air spaces of the lungs.

The greatest danger to health from plutonium-239 radioactivity is cancer, and an extraordinarily small deposit of plutonium in the lungs carries with it a significant risk of that disease. One set of computations, based on the number of cases of cancer that plutonium in fallout from nuclear tests can be expected to cause, indicates that each pound of plutonium-reactor fuel, similarly scattered into the environment, might cause some six hundred cases of cancer over a fifty-year period. If the nuclear-power program is based on the breeder, current projections of power production indicate that it will eventually involve about a hundred and thirty million pounds of plutonium. If only one-millionth of this material were to escape into the environment as it circulated through the intricate steps of the plutonium economy, some seventy-eight thousand cases of cancer would result, or about sixteen hundred per year. If four ten-thousandths of the material were lost to the environment, about six hundred and fifty thousand cancers per year might result. The present annual incidence of cancer in the United States is also about six hundred and fifty thousand cases. If we are to avoid the risk of doubling the present cancer rate as plutonium is carried through the far-flung network of the nuclear-power system, we would need to avoid losing as much as .04 per cent of it.

These figures are based on a particularly high estimate of the toxicity of plutonium-239—a value about which there is a great deal of controversy. Experts differ by as much as ten thousand to one hundred thousand in their estimates of the cancer-inducing effect of a given dose of plutonium—a degree of uncertainty that is itself chastening. Nevertheless, it appears that when experts are confronted with a personal choice most of them actually make about the same judgment of the plutonium-239 hazard. A staff member at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, at the University of California, one of the government's leading nuclear-research institutions, performed an instructive and relevant experiment. A brief questionnaire was submitted to thirty-eight staff members regarding their attitude toward soil contaminated by plutonium to the level of about six-and-a-half-millionths of a gram per square metre. To the question "Would you allow your child to play in this soil?" eighty-six per cent said no. Now, this level of plutonium contamination on the entire surface of the United States would amount to a total of about sixty million grams. This is about one-thousandth of the amount of plutonium that would be involved in the projected nuclear-fuel-recycling system. In other words, if one-thousandth of that material were to escape and become distributed evenly over the soil of the United States, most knowledgeable experts would not want their children to play outdoors. Since the plutonium-239 radioactivity would persist for tens of thousands of years once the plutonium cycle was in operation, the American people would confront this risk—and its consequences—for many centuries.

Another special problem is the breeder's heat-transfer system. Unlike conventional reactors, the breeder operates on fast neutrons, so a neutron-slowing medium such as water cannot be used. Instead, the heat that the fuel rods produce is transferred by bathing them in molten sodium, which is pumped through a heat-transfer system that eventually generates the steam that drives the turbines. Unlike the other elements that are encountered in the glossary of nuclear power—uranium, plutonium, radium—sodium has a familiar, comforting ring to it. After all, sodium chloride is on the dining table and is the salt of the sea. Uncombined sodium metal, however, is not so benign. Unlike most metals, sodium is never found as such in natural ores. The reason is instructive. Sodium metal reacts so strongly, even at ordinary temperatures, with two very common environmental constituents—water and oxygen—that it is always found in nature in a combined chemical form. The reaction of sodium metal with water is violent; a thimble-size fragment accidentally dropped into a laboratory drain causes a quite destructive explosion. In the breeder reactor, the sodium is molten, circulating at a temperature of 1,150°F. The slightest leak that might bring it into contact with the air or with the water of the steam circuit could result in a serious explosion.

Thanks to the National Environmental Protection Act of 1970, the A.E.C. was required to prepare an environmental-impact statement defining the effect of the breeder on the environment in comparison with alternatives that might yield a better benefit-cost ratio. The A.E.C. prepared such a statement, which covered only the two demonstration breeder reactors that the government plans to build. Since the demonstration reactors are pointless except as the basis for the large-scale development of a breeder program to extend the life of the fissionable-fuel supply, this action failed to satisfy environmentalists. The Scientists' Institute for Public Information went into federal court, represented by lawyers from the Natural Resources Defense Council, in order to force the A.E.C. to prepare an impact statement on the entire breeder program. One of the editors of *Science* noted at the time, "The SIPI suit asks, in effect, that the federal government put its national energy policy on a rational and explicit basis so that Congress and interested citizens can have a say in its formulation. It is a modest but nonetheless revolutionary request, and if successful it may provide the information needed for a proper assessment of the breeder program."

The request succeeded. In 1973, the United States Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C., ruled in favor of the Scientists' Institute, and the A.E.C. was required by the court to prepare an environmental-impact statement on the entire breeder program. While the resulting document did not lay out a rational energy policy, it did open the breeder program to criticism. The Institute found the draft statement so faulty that in hearings

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before the A.E.C. it urged that the statement be withdrawn and rewritten. The impact statement was also evaluated by the Environmental Protection Agency, which reached a similar conclusion, and which later suggested that the breeder program should be delayed.

By then, serious technical difficulties plagued the program. This is evident from the rapid escalation of the projected cost of the two demonstration plants. Originally budgeted at two billion dollars a few years ago, the two plants are now expected to cost ten billion seven hundred million. The increase greatly exceeds the effects of inflation, and can mean only that appreciable and expensive modifications have been made in the original design. This is not surprising, for breeder technology is considerably more complex than the technology of conventional reactors. The use of plutonium makes radiation protection more difficult, and the problem of reactor control is more critical than it is in conventional reactors. The breeder program has run into unprecedented delays due to safety and environmental considerations.

The most serious technological failure in the proposed breeder program is described in a report recently issued by the A.E.C.'s successor, the Energy Research and Development Administration. This report summarizes the status of the fuel-recycling process essential to the operation of the breeder reactor. The report takes note of the government's stated goal for the development of nuclear-power plants—a more than thirtyfold increase, from the present capacity of thirty billion watts to about eleven hundred billion watts in the year 2000. However, according to the report, two as yet unsolved problems—how to find financial support to increase the capacity for uranium enrichment, and how to activate the currently paralyzed program for reprocessing fuel and disposing of the resultant waste—"will limit the total nuclear electric capacity to the approximately 220 [billion watts] already on order." Even if these problems were solved, the report continues, there are "insufficient known or projected supplies of uranium to support projected growth of the LWR [light-water reactor] industry beyond about 1990-1995." This uranium shortage would freeze overall capacity at about four hundred billion watts and would mean that the price of fuel would rise rapidly as the readily accessible supplies diminish.

The government has planned to overcome this restraint by developing a system for recycling plutonium fuel, and so put into effect a commercially operable breeder-reactor program that would produce fuel as it generates power—the so-called "back end" of the fuel cycle. But the ERDA report says:

> It is improbable that industry on its own will be able to carry through with commercialization of the "back end" of the fuel cycle. Some aspects of reprocessing have not been demonstrated commercially, fabrication of plutonium-bearing fuels has not been demonstrated on a full-scale production basis, *the economic attractiveness of plutonium recycle has not been proven*, acceptable safeguard systems for the separated plutonium are yet to be established, and permanent disposal of the radioactive waste has not been demonstrated.

It is illuminating to document ERDA's circumspect statement that "some aspects of reprocessing have not been demonstrated commercially." The relevant fact is that after commercial firms spent many millions of dollars to build several reprocessing plants, not one of them is now in operation. The plant in upstate New York—at West Valley, near Buffalo—did operate from 1966 to 1972. However, after a series of violations of radiation-safety standards, it was shut down "for modification." A new license must be issued by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission before it can reopen, but since the license will be issued only if acceptable methods of recycling plutonium have been devised, and since no such acceptable methods are known, no one can say when the plant will actually reopen. A sixty-four-million-dollar reprocessing plant completed by General Electric at Morris, Illinois, in 1973 is a total failure. After several years of trying, the company has concluded that the plant simply will not work. A reprocessing plant has been nearly completed by Allied-General Nuclear Services at Barnwell, South Carolina. It was designed to produce and ship reprocessed plutonium in the form of a solution of plutonium nitrate for further processing into reactor fuel. However, a recent ruling of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission requires that all commercial shipments of plutonium be in solid form, and the commission has been unwilling to issue a permit for the construction of the plant addition needed to convert the nitrate solutions to a solid form. The entire commercial reprocessing operation, then, is in a state

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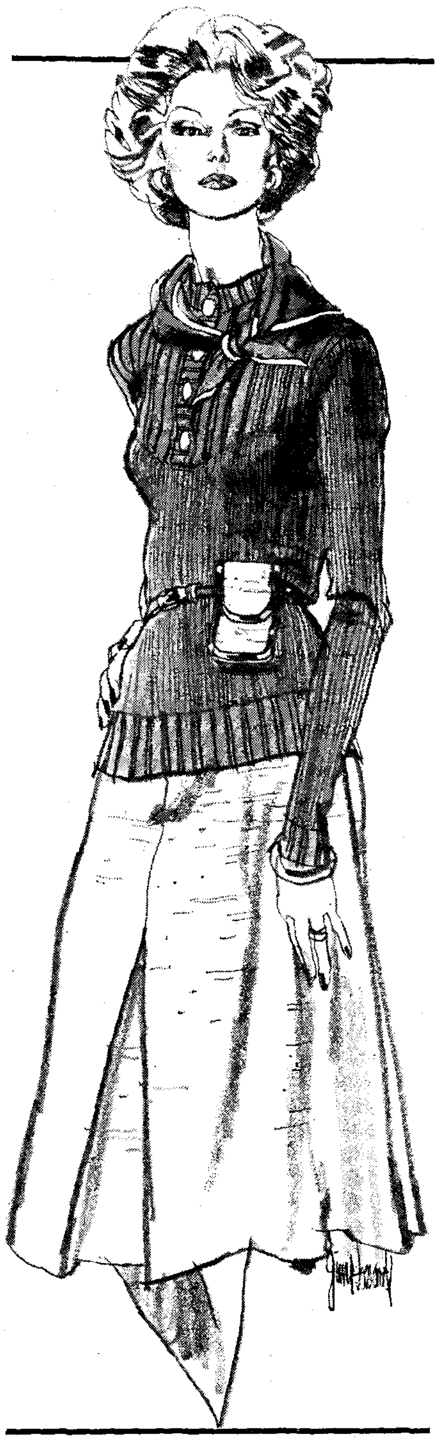

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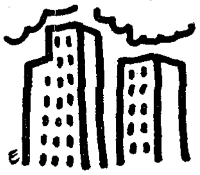
of paralysis. In sum, there is no way at present to close the loop in the one-way nuclear-fuel cycle, for the breeder reactor can operate only with plutonium. This failure means that the nuclear-power industry must continue to operate at the expense of a dwindling (and increasingly expensive) supply of uranium ore, and to accumulate spent fuels that, for lack of reprocessing facilities, must be stored at temporary sites.

THE impending failure of the "back end" of the new fuel cycle, which is necessary to extend the life of the nuclear-power program, has now been certified by two important, if inconspicuous, government actions. Last June, Secretary of Commerce Rogers Morton announced that the breeder program had been demoted from a demonstration of commercial feasibility to the status of "research." This effectively reverses the government's commitment—implicit in the establishment of the breeder-demonstration program—to subsequent commercial development. The second action was a decision by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission to delay by at least eighteen months the preparation of an environmental-impact statement on plutonium recycling. This action acknowledges that many of the basic issues are still too poorly understood to support an estimate of the environmental effects of this complex and enormously dangerous operation. Until the statement is prepared, and adequately defended against public criticism, no reprocessing plant can operate, and the waste-disposal problem remains unsolved. In the absence of an acceptable method for handling plutonium, the breeder approach to fuel recycling is inoperable.



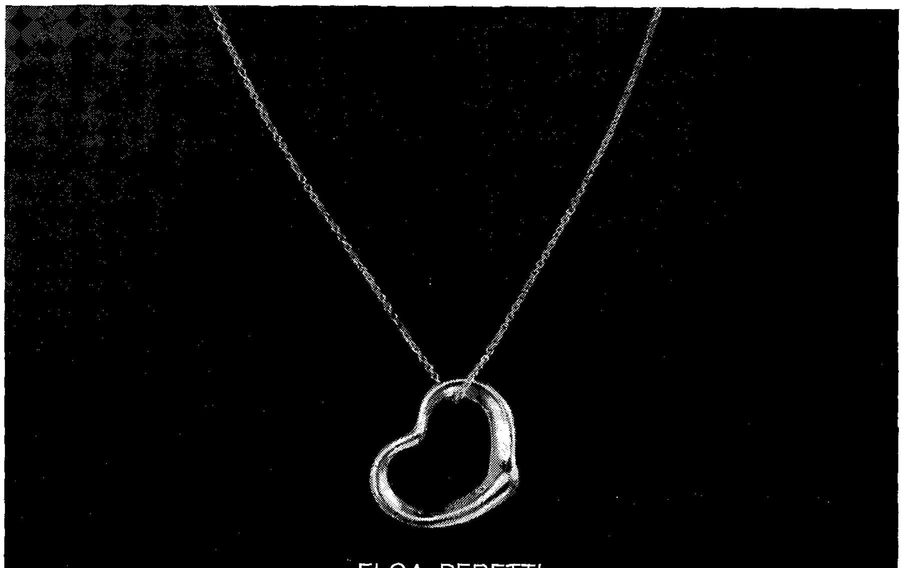
In effect, these government actions acknowledge that the breeder—although it is still in an extended and expensive period of gestation—has outlived its usefulness. The purpose of the breeder was to stretch out the supply of uranium that could be mined at a price that would enable nuclear generators to sell their power in competition with coal-fired plants. It was reasoned that because in the economy of conventional reactors the cost of nuclear fuel represented a large part of the cost of producing nuclear power (about thirty-four per cent in 1966) it would be impossible for the industry to remain competitive as the easily mined, cheap uranium ore became exhausted. Only the breeder, it was believed, could save the nuclear-power industry from stagnation and probable collapse by 1990 or 2000.

This reasoning seemed sound in 1957, when the decision to base future nuclear technology on the breeder was made, and even in 1962, when the decision was confirmed by the A.E.C. In 1966, however, the situation changed drastically, and since then the cost of uranium fuel has become a progressively smaller part of the cost of producing electricity. In 1966, of the total cost of producing electricity from nuclear power, 34.2 per cent was fuel costs, 49.9 per cent capital costs, and the remainder operation and maintenance costs. By 1975, capital costs represented 77.1 per cent of the total, and fuel costs had decreased to only 18.2 per cent. This change did not occur because the price of nuclear fuel declined, for in fact it rose about 19 per cent. Rather, there was a sharp rise in the cost of constructing nuclear reactors—about 244 per cent. The trend continues. Orders placed in 1965 for a nuclear-reactor system to be in operation about ten years later resulted in average plant capital costs of three hundred dollars per kilowatt of electrical capacity; for orders placed in 1968 the cost had increased to four hundred and thirty dollars per kilowatt. (These costs are given in 1973 dollars, to eliminate the effect of inflation.) The continuing steady increase in the capital costs of nuclear reactors has now considerably reduced the significance of fuel costs, so the original argument for developing the breeder has lost its validity. The breeder has been rendered obsolete by the escalating capital costs of conventional nuclear-power plants.

The reasons for this dramatic and unexpected increase (at least, it was unexpected by the A.E.C. and the nuclear industry) in the cost of constructing conventional nuclear-power plants have been analyzed by a group at the M.I.T. Center for Policy Alternatives. This group, headed by Irvin C. Bupp, of the Harvard Business School, has made a detailed study of the rapid rise in the capital costs of nuclear plants by evaluating mathematically the influence of a series of relevant factors. They report that the factor that correlates most significantly with the increase in capital costs is the length of the period in which the A.E.C. and state agencies consider whether to license the construction of the plant. On its surface, this might appear to validate a common complaint voiced by the industry and by government officials. They argue that environmentalists have delayed the licensing procedure by raising questions about the safety and the environmental effects of the plant, and that capital costs increase because of interest charges and the costs of inflation incurred during the added time. However, Bupp's group rejects this explanation, for its members have found that the lengthening of the period of construction, which would also incur these economic penalties, does not correlate well with increased capital costs. They explain the effect of the licensing hearings on capital costs by pointing out that often, in response to environmental complaints voiced at the hearings, the power company is required by the A.E.C. to make design changes. It is these changes—not the extended time of the hearings—that raise construction costs. Naturally, the longer the hearings, the more changes that are likely to be called for.

That environmentalists can in fact claim credit for most of the newly introduced changes in the design of nuclear plants is evident from a list of such changes required by the A.E.C. since 1957. A number of design changes have resulted from the adoption of increasingly rigorous radiation-exposure standards—a result of long battles in the nineteen-fifties and sixties between independent scientists and the A.E.C. Several changes involve restrictions concerning the reactor site, especially with respect to the possible effects of earthquakes. This is a legacy of a successful effort that environmentalists made to block the construction of a reactor at Bodega Bay, California, by introducing, for the first time, the need to take the earthquake hazard into account. Another major impact on reactor design results from the enactment of the 1969 National Environmental Policy Act. A federal court's decision on a reactor at Calvert Cliffs, Maryland, forced the A.E.C. to adhere to the provisions of the act—again, an outcome of environmental concerns. All this demonstrates that environmentalists have managed to convince the A.E.C. of a need for major and costly changes in reactor design. The Administration's response to this situation is rather odd: the A.E.C. and now the Nuclear Regulatory Commission have been ordered to hasten the licensing procedure, in the apparent hope that the safety issues and their costly consequences will go away if no one mentions them.

Another argument that has been advanced to explain the increasing cost



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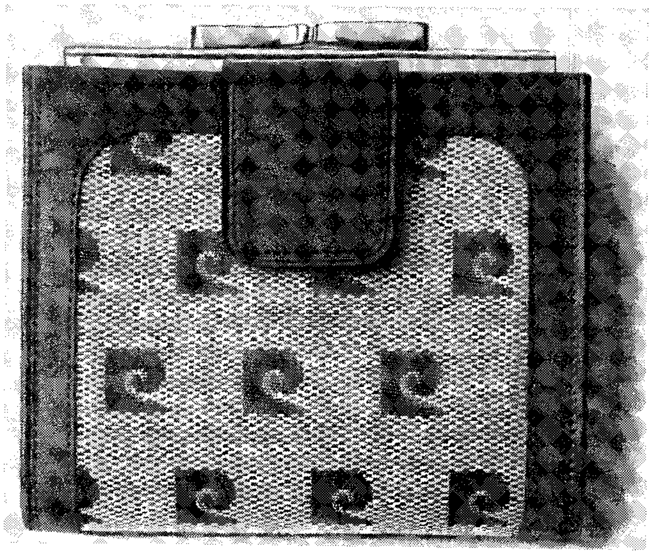

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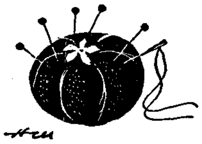
of constructing nuclear plants is that construction workers have become less efficient. Bupp's group has supplied the relevant data by comparing the rise in capital costs of nuclear-power plants with other construction—petroleum refineries and coal-fired power plants—involving similarly skilled workers. For plants constructed to operate in 1976, compared with those that went into operation in 1970, capital costs increased by ten per cent for refineries, by sixty per cent for coal-fired power plants, and by a hundred and fifty per cent for nuclear-power plants. Clearly, the problem is not the declining efficiency of construction workers but something unique to the nuclear plants.



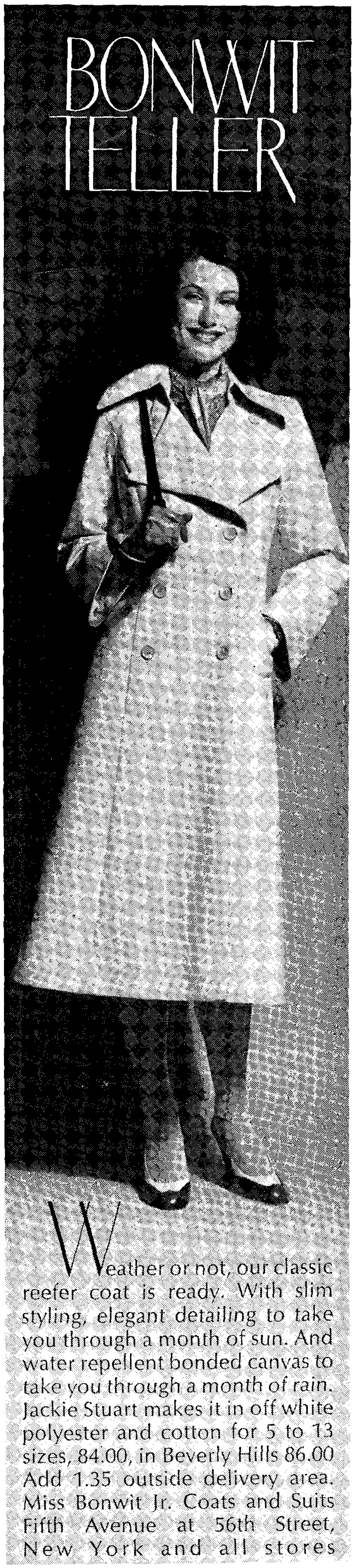
Thus, the need for the breeder reactor—a far more complex machine than the conventional reactor—has been removed by a kind of technological irony: the conventional reactors have themselves become so much more complex, and therefore so much more expensive, that the reduced cost of fuel which the breeder was supposed to achieve is much less economically significant. The cost of electricity produced by nuclear reactors now depends more on capital costs than on fuel costs, and the breeder is hardly the kind of power plant that can serve in this situation; compared with a conventional reactor, the breeder would reduce fuel costs but greatly increase capital costs. And so the breeder has been rendered obsolete.

NOW that the conventional reactors appear to have successfully resisted displacement by the breeder, what is the competitive position of the conventional reactors relative to coal-fired plants? With respect to social costs, proponents of nuclear-power plants point to several advantages over coal-fired ones. One claim is that nuclear-power plants are "clean"—that they have a lesser impact on the environment than coal-fired plants. Coal-burning plants that use high-sulphur coal are largely responsible for the often unacceptable levels of sulphur dioxide in urban air; in contrast, nuclear plants produce no chemical pollutants. They do produce some radioactive emissions, but certain of the recent design changes are intended to reduce these. In coal plants, sulphur dioxide and most of the other combustion wastes can be kept out of the air by suitable smokestack devices, but such anti-pollution devices add to the cost of the power plant and to the price charged for the electricity it produces. Nuclear plants also avoid the noise and dust often associated with the heavy movement of coal at coal-fired power plants, and while these, too, might be reduced, it would be at a price. In general, in both nuclear and coal-fired plants the social cost represented by environmental degradation can be minimized by increasing the cost of the plant and its product.

The main justification for building nuclear-power plants, and certainly the one that motivates power companies, is, of course, economic: nuclear reactors produce electricity more cheaply than coal does. Since power companies are public utilities, they receive a rate of return on investment that is fixed by state regulatory agencies, so any reduced cost in the production of power results in a lower price of electricity to consumers. At present, in certain parts of the United States (for example, in the New England area), electricity is produced more cheaply by nuclear-power plants than by coal-fired ones. However, costs change rapidly, and the real question is whether the competitive economic position of nuclear power can be maintained in the future.

It is possible to estimate the future cost of producing electricity from expected changes in the cost of the several relevant factors: capital, interest charges, fuel, and labor. Trend lines can then be computed, projecting the expected cost of electricity produced by nuclear-power plants and by coal-fired plants some years into the future. If the costs of the two types of plants rise, year by year, at about the same rate, the present cost advantage of nuclear power will be maintained. On the other hand, if, as expected, the cost of producing electricity in coal-fired plants increases at a slower rate than the cost of nuclear power, then there will be a "break-even point," at which the costs will become equal. Thereafter, if the trend continues, the competitive advantage will pass over to coal. Though such extrapolations are difficult to make, they are necessary. It may take ten years before the decision to build a power plant is converted into reality, so estimates of future costs are essential, uncertain though they may be. Such computations have been made by the group headed by Irvin Bupp and have been brought up to date by Robert Scott, one of my colleagues at the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems, at Washington University, in St. Louis.

In the analysis carried out by Bupp's



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group and in Scott's modification of it, a number of assumptions within a reasonable range of expectations were made about future changes in the factors that influence the cost of producing power. Computations were then carried out to define the time trends for uranium-based and coal-based operations. Bupp's group made a detailed analysis of the comparative rates of increase in capital costs of nuclear-power plants and coal-fired plants. A statistical analysis of the costs of eighty-seven nuclear-power plants ordered between 1965 and 1970 shows that the capital costs have been increasing at the rate (in uninflated dollars) of thirty-one dollars per year per kilowatt of electrical capacity, whereas an analysis of a hundred and six coal-fired plants built during the same period showed that their capital costs increased at the rate of only thirteen dollars per year per kilowatt of electrical capacity.

If these capital costs per kilowatt of power-plant capacity continue to rise at the rates of increase that they have exhibited since 1965, and coal continues to cost about twenty-six dollars per ton and uranium about twenty-five dollars per pound (in uninflated dollars), then the break-even point will be reached between 1979 and 1980. At that time, the cost of electricity produced by the two methods will be equal—about 23.2 mills per kilowatt hour. Thereafter, the cost of uranium-based power will exceed that of coal-based power. For example, by 1984 electricity from nuclear-power plants will cost an average of 26.5 mills per kilowatt hour, while the cost of electricity sold by coal-fired plants will be 24.6 mills per kilowatt hour. If, in order to eliminate the disadvantage of coal-fired plants with respect to air pollution, about a hundred dollars per kilowatt is added to the capital costs of these plants to pay for sulphur-control devices (this will increase the plant's capital costs by about twenty-five per cent), the break-even point will be delayed to 1983. Again, thereafter the economic advantage lies progressively with coal. By 1986, nuclear-power plants will sell electricity at 29.2 mills per kilowatt hour, and coal-fired plants at 27.4 mills per kilowatt hour.

In these computations, it was assumed that the uninflated costs of the fuels would remain constant; that is, that their prices would rise in consonance with the general course of inflation. However, since 1973 the price of oil has begun to rise faster than general inflation, carrying with it the price of all other fuels, including coal

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and uranium. It is useful to consider, then, what the trends will be if the uninflated prices of uranium and coal continue to increase in the future. If it is assumed, judging from present trends, that the uninflated price of uranium will increase five per cent per year and that of coal an average of four per cent per year, then the break-even point will be reached in 1982, and coal will have the economic advantage, progressively, thereafter. Taking into account the necessarily low precision of these estimates, we can nevertheless conclude that sometime before 1985 the average price of electricity produced by nuclear-power plants will probably catch up with the price charged by coal-fired plants, and will exceed the price after that.

According to Scott's analysis, there are only two ways to escape the eventuality that the economy of coal plants will overtake the economy of nuclear plants. One way would be to effect a striking improvement in the nuclear-power industry's capital-cost figures, so that these costs would no longer increase at three times the rate of coal plants. The other way would be to increase the price of coal abruptly by fifty per cent. This alternative—that nuclear power can be made economically viable by arbitrarily imposing a sharp increase in the price of coal—should not be lightly dismissed just because it seems absurd. After all, the Administration has already taken the position that the price of oil must be kept high enough to make investments in coal conversion and shale-oil production attractive to investors. To this end, President Ford has used his tariff-regulating authority, has proposed levying other taxes on crude oil and gasoline, and has vetoed a bill to continue the regulation of oil prices. Once it becomes plain that the nuclear-power industry will collapse in the next decade or so unless the price of its chief competitor, coal, is arbitrarily increased, Mr. Ford's philosophy mandates the imposition of a "coal tax." In the light of recent experience with the spreading effects of increased energy prices, it appears that such a move might save the nuclear industry and at the same time might well destroy the economy.

What emerges from these considerations is that the entire nuclear program is headed for extinction. It will leave us with a monument, which people will need to care for with vigilance, if not affection, for thousands of years—huge stores of radioactive wastes, and the powerless, radioactive hulks of the reactors that produced them.

BY now, everyone is aware that we cannot depend indefinitely on our present energy sources—fossil fuels and uranium. The supplies of oil, natural gas, and uranium are limited, and rapidly become more demanding of capital and higher in price as the readily exploited deposits are depleted. While coal is more plentiful, converting it to liquid and gaseous fuels that can substitute for oil and natural gas demands large capital investments, and the products are very costly. Expanding the use of these fuels would worsen environmental deterioration, and expanding the use of nuclear power would create new and unmanageable hazards. It is now accepted as inevitable that future energy supplies, unlike present ones, must be renewable, and that they must be less harmful to the environment.

The only renewable source of energy is the sun—which, after all, comes up every day and will continue to do so, its radiant energy essentially undiminished, for billions of years. As the energy crisis has developed and people have become more acutely aware of the importance of renewable energy sources, some attention has been paid to this basic fact, but, until recently, not much. For years, the only research on solar energy in the United States was done by a handful of poorly supported scientists and engineers. Progress was made but was given little notice. Few people were aware that more than ten years ago Farrington Daniels—who, until his death, in 1972, was perhaps the leading solar scientist in the United States—summarized in these words what was then known about solar energy: "There is no gamble in solar energy use; it is sure to work. It has been demonstrated that solar energy will heat, cool, convert salt water into fresh water, and generate power and electricity."

Since the 1973 oil crisis, interest in solar energy has increased sharply, first among private citizens and then—apparently in response—among government agencies and commercial firms. But just as the sun itself has generated a powerful mythology, solar energy has become clouded by a set of firmly held but poorly founded beliefs: solar energy is too diffuse to achieve the power needed by a modern, energy-intensive society; it is impractical because it is unavailable at night and on

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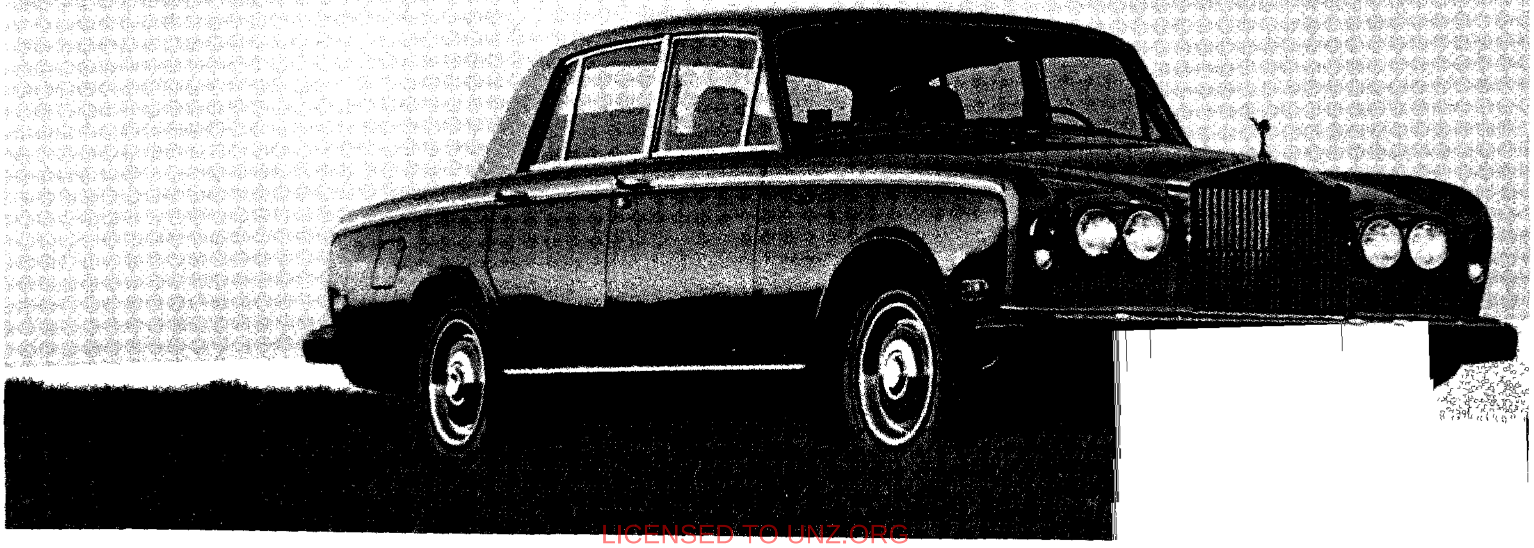

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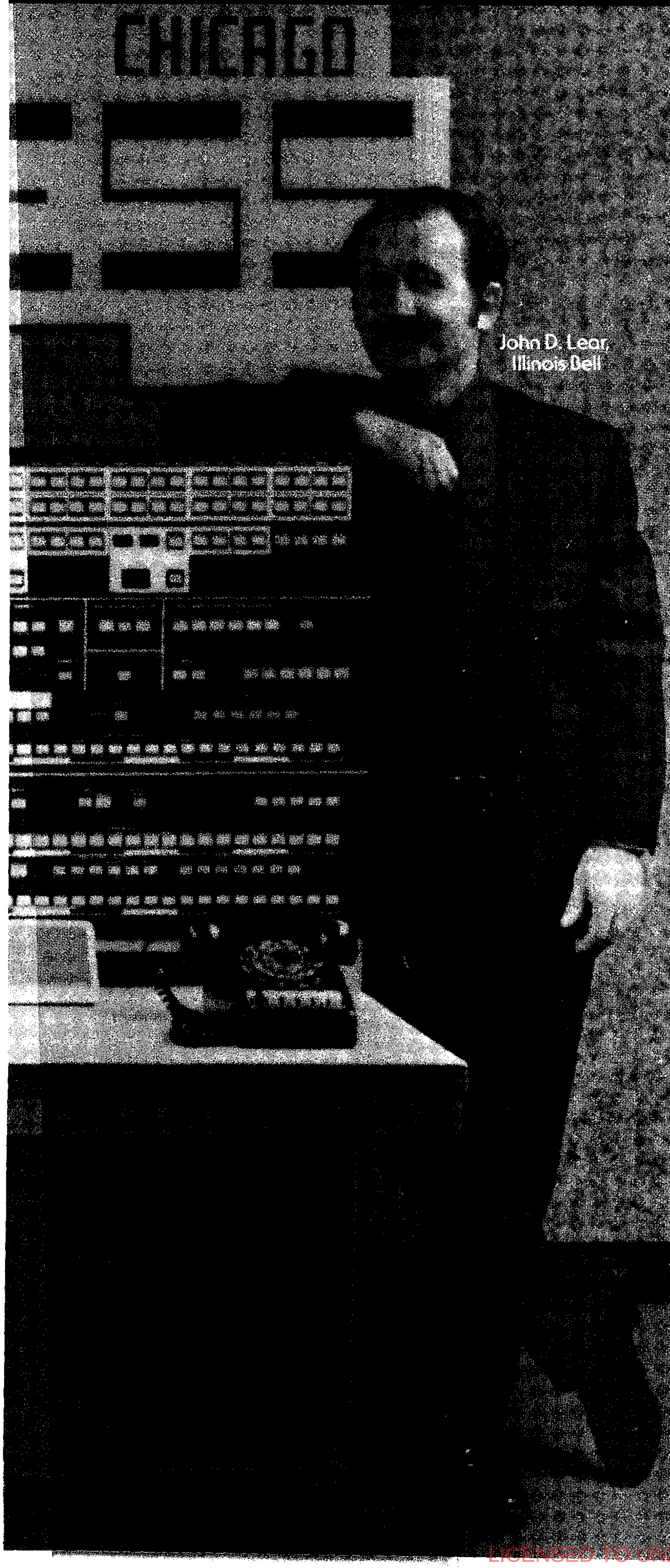

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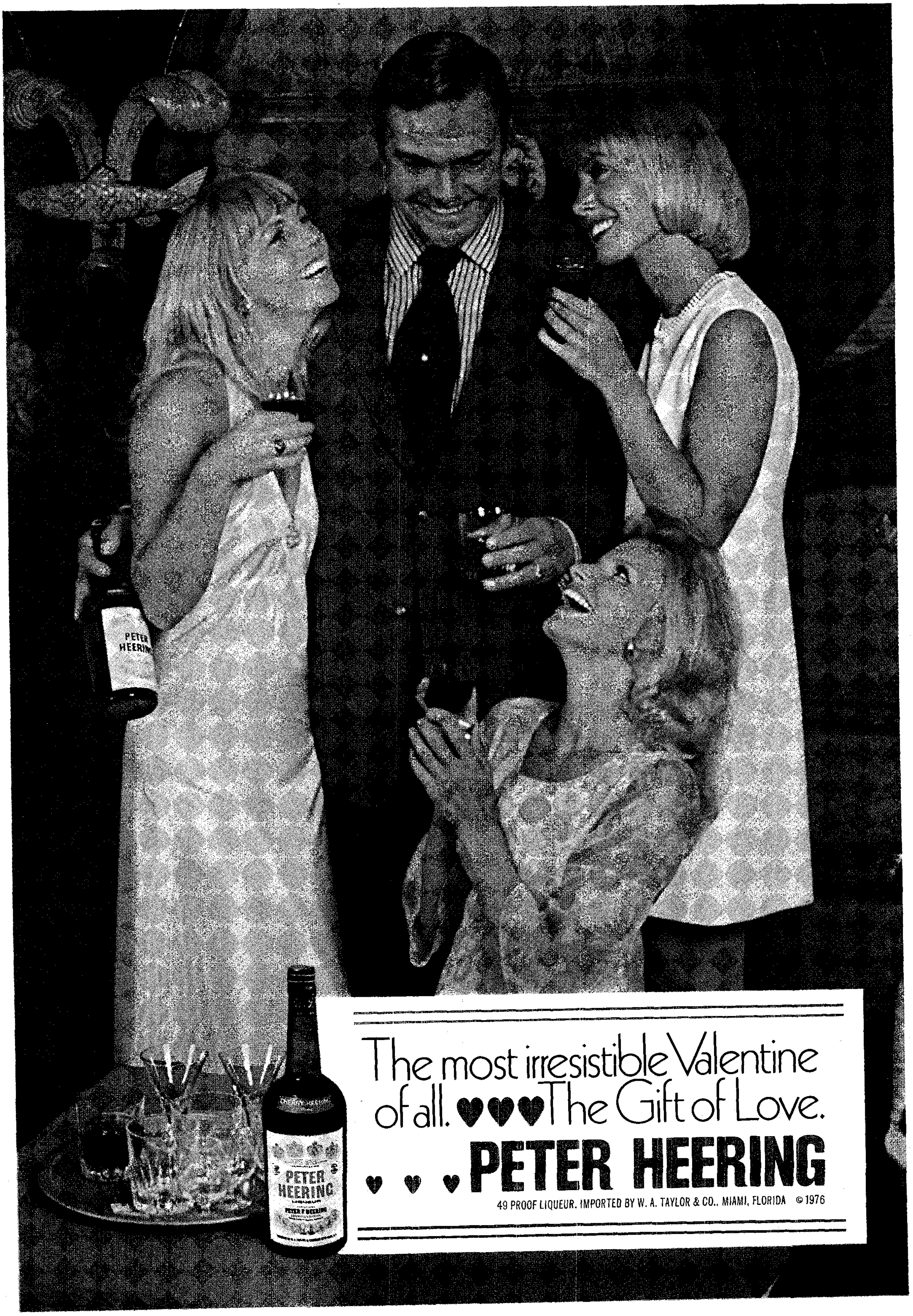
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cloudy days; the equipment is too expensive. Such objections have long provided a plausible excuse for the nearly total lack of government support for research on solar energy. As late as 1973, federal expenditures for the development of practical uses of solar energy amounted to less than one per cent of the total energy-research budget.

Solar energy has been largely ignored in the debate over national energy policy—usually dismissed as only a faint, distant hope, irrelevant to current concerns over the price and availability of fuel. When the facts are known, however, it turns out that solar energy can not only replace a good deal—and, eventually, all—of the present consumption of conventional fuels, and eliminate much environmental pollution, but it can also reverse the trend toward rising energy costs which is so seriously affecting the economic system.

The sun bathes the earth with a huge amount of energy, which reaches the planet by an enormously rapid passage through essentially empty space, traversing in about eight minutes the ninety-three million miles that separates us from the sun. All the forms of energy that we have considered thus far—mechanical motion, chemical energy, and nuclear energy—are transferred in close association with matter. The sun's energy is of a different sort; it does not travel in company with matter but as "pure" energy—radiation. Some of it is invisible ultraviolet and infrared radiation, but most of the sun's radiant energy is visible light.

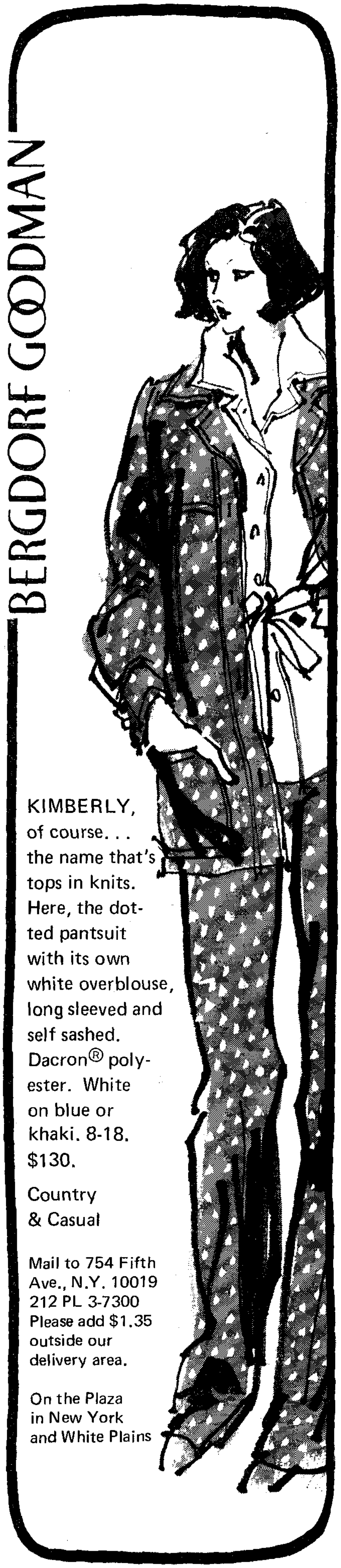
Less than one-billionth of the energy radiated by the sun falls on the earth. Here it interacts, first with the constituents of the atmosphere that surrounds the planet and then with the material on its surface: water, land, and vegetation. Most of the solar ultraviolet radiation is absorbed at the outer edge of the atmosphere by a layer of ozone, whose molecules happen to be so constructed as to avidly trap such radiation. The ozone layer thereby shields the living things that inhabit the earth's surface from the damaging effects of ultraviolet radiation, such as skin cancer. In the past few years, it has been discovered that this protective layer of ozone is being threatened by pollutants from supersonic aircraft and by chemicals used to pressurize aerosol cans.

Infrared radiation is well absorbed by molecules of water and of carbon dioxide, which occur in the lower atmospheric layers. The infrared radiation that these molecules absorb increases their general molecular agitation and so heats up the atmosphere. Some of the solar radiation that approaches the earth is scattered in different directions by dust and other particles in the atmosphere. Clouds reflect solar radiation; over a cloud-covered part of the earth eighty per cent of the solar radiation may be reflected into space.

These processes prevent most of the sun's ultraviolet and infrared radiation from reaching the earth's surface, so that the radiant energy that does get through is mainly in the visible part of the light spectrum. What happens to the light energy that reaches the earth's surface depends on the color of the material it strikes. A substance's color is an indication of which wavelengths of light radiation, if any, it absorbs. White materials, such as snow, absorb almost none of the light that falls on them, reflecting it instead. A green leaf absorbs red and blue light, reflecting green wavelengths. A red rock absorbs blue and green wavelengths, reflecting red ones. Black soil (or an asphalt street) absorbs almost all the visible wavelengths, so that almost no light is reflected from it.

When a molecule absorbs radiant energy, particularly in the ultraviolet and visible parts of the spectrum, it may be stimulated to react chemically. On the earth, the only chemical reaction that is driven by energy absorbed from the sun is photosynthesis, which converts some of the radiant energy absorbed by the green leaf into the potential energy of the organic substances that the leaf produces. The potential energy in foodstuffs, cotton, and wood is therefore derived from solar energy; agriculture and lumbering are the main ways in which solar energy is captured and put to use at present.

Except for photosynthesis, the radiant energy striking the earth's surface simply raises the temperature of whatever absorbs it. Thus, black soil or an asphalt street efficiently converts the light that strikes it into heat. As a result of such absorption processes, most solar energy does nothing but heat up the earth's surface and the atmosphere. At night, this heat is reradiated, as infrared photons, back toward



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space. However, not all of it gets out, for the carbon dioxide in the atmospheric layer around the earth acts as a valve. During the day, it lets the sun's visible radiation in, but when that energy is transformed into heat on the earth's surface and reradiated as infrared energy, the carbon-dioxide layer absorbs a good deal of it. This resembles the way in which glass helps to warm a greenhouse on a cold winter day, for although glass, like carbon dioxide, is transparent to visible light energy, it absorbs infrared energy. The global "greenhouse effect" tends to keep the earth a little warmer than it would be otherwise.

The earth is not heated uniformly by the sun. Wherever clouds are overhead, a good deal of the incoming solar energy is reflected into space. The amount of solar energy that is scattered and reflected also depends on the thickness of the atmospheric layer that the sun's rays must traverse. That thickness varies with the latitude, the season, and the time of day. For example, near sunrise or sunset at a particular longitude, the sun's rays come slanting through the layer of air around the earth, and they must go through more of it than they do when the sun is directly overhead. The same effect governs the intensity of solar radiation at different latitudes. Because of these variations and the random drift of clouds, the atmosphere is warmer in some places than in others, and warmer at some times than at others as well. These differences drive the movement of air. Where the air is hot, it will tend to rise, and cooler air will move in to replace it—the origin of winds. Wind is therefore a form of solar energy, and a windmill is a device for capturing it. As surface waters absorb solar energy, they become warmer, and some of the water molecules evaporate. Water vapor is carried upward by heated air, and on reaching the cooler upper layers of air it may condense into the droplets that make up clouds. Eventually, rain forms and falls to the earth, where it may collect for a time in, let us say, a mountain lake. The kinetic energy of the water in the streams that rush down the mountain is therefore also a form of solar energy, which can be captured by a waterwheel or a hydroelectric plant. Solar energy is the richest resource on earth, and the least used. If all the solar energy reaching the earth were converted into electricity and sold at current prices, it would be worth more than five hundred billion dollars a day. Yet we use only a few hundredths of one per cent of that

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energy, chiefly to raise crops for food, fibre, and lumber. What can be done to make better use of this resource? Can it reasonably be expected to replace the dwindling, expensive, and environmentally hazardous non-renewable fuels on which we now depend?

As late as 1973, the conventional answers to these questions—the answers usually provided by government agencies—were uniformly negative. A summary of the potential value of solar energy in a 1973 report of a task force of the National Petroleum Council's huge study on the "U.S. Energy Outlook" is typical:

> Because it is so diffuse and intermittent when it reaches the earth, solar energy can be put to no foreseeable large-scale use over the next 15 years, even with appreciable improvements in technology. The large area over which solar energy must be collected and the cost of the collection and conversion equipment prevent the widespread use of such devices as solar evaporators, solar desalinators, solar heaters, solar cookers, solar furnaces, solar cells, solar houses, etc.

For a long time, this view has dominated the government's attitude toward the development of solar energy and has contributed to the general public impression that solar energy is some sort of visionary, faintly ridiculous idea that might—or might not—turn out to be helpful sometime in the next century. What is unfortunate about such evaluations of solar energy is not that they are pessimistic putdowns, perhaps conditioned by the self-interest of the purveyors of oil, coal, and uranium. (The chairman of the task force that drew up the 1973 report was an official of the Gulf Research & Development Company, the research subsidiary of a corporation engaged in producing all three non-renewable fuels.) Much more distressing is the fact that the supposed disadvantages of solar energy—its diffuse nature and the economics of constructing solar devices—when properly understood turn out to be precisely the reverse. Just because it is diffuse, solar energy has certain major thermodynamic advantages over conventional sources of energy. And the economics of solar installations are uniquely free of the devastating effects that conventional energy production has on the economy—in particular, on rising capital costs and inflation.

TO understand these remarkable and unexpected advantages of solar energy, we need to recall a basic

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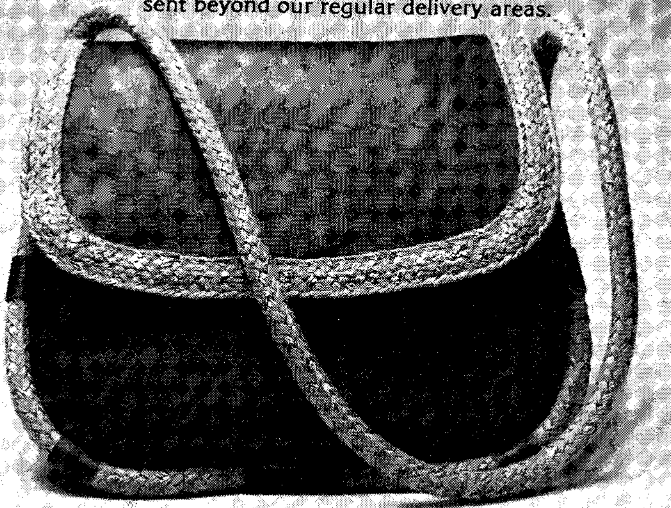

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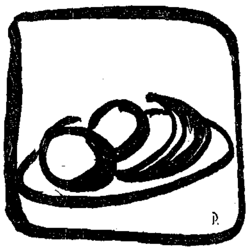
consequence of the principles of thermodynamics. From the Second Law of Thermodynamics, we learn that the value of energy lies in its capacity, upon being transferred, for doing work; that this capacity is always reduced when work is done; and that the efficiency with which work can be obtained from the flow of energy depends on how well the thermodynamic properties of the energy source are matched to the properties of the energy-requiring task.

The thermodynamic properties of a task can be conveniently characterized by the temperature at which the energy must be applied to it. Some common examples of such tasks and their required temperatures (in Fahrenheit degrees) are: space heating, 70° to 80°; hot-water heating, 140° to 160°; air-conditioning (heat-driven), 180° to 200°; cooking, 250°; efficient steam generation of electricity, 1,000°; operation of an internal-combustion engine, 3,000°; operation of a metallurgical furnace, 1,000° to 2,500°. We can also roughly characterize the thermodynamic "quality" of an energy source by its temperature. For example, energy delivered at high temperature—that is, as compared to the general ambient temperature—has a high capacity for doing work. (It is low in entropy.) Very low Second Law efficiencies characterize many of the ways in which energy is now used, and the chief reason is that high-quality energy, such as electricity, is used for low-quality tasks, such as producing hot water. Similarly, when oil is burned in a furnace at 500°F. to warm up a room to 70°, we are using high-quality energy to accomplish a task that could just as well be accomplished by a low-quality energy source, such as the waste heat rejected by a power plant. In many of its present conventional uses, energy is produced at a high source temperature and then applied, inefficiently, to processes that require a lower quality of energy. Conventional energy sources usually operate, so to speak, downward in quality, and are therefore, in thermodynamic terms, inefficiently coupled to the tasks to which they are applied.



Perhaps the most remarkable feature of solar energy is that it can operate just the other way around. We know from personal experience that solar energy is delivered to the earth at a rather low temperature, compared to conventional energy sources, and so is suitable for tasks that require low-quality energy, such as producing hot water or space heat. What is much less widely appreciated is that, nevertheless, solar energy is intrinsically of very high quality and can readily be applied to tasks that require high-quality energy. Solar energy is therefore thermodynamically suited to any energy-requiring task, and can substitute for the present sources of energy in any of their uses.

The reason for this surprising situation is that the thermodynamic quality of radiant energy is determined by the temperature of the source that emits it. In this case, the source is the luminescent surface of the sun, which has a temperature of about 10,000°F. Solar radiation is therefore inherently of very high thermodynamic quality. The low temperature that direct sunlight produces when it is absorbed at the earth's surface (about 100° to 120°F.) does not mean that the quality of the energy has been degraded en route. Rather, it means that the energy has spread out enormously in its long journey from the sun. To demonstrate that the intrinsic high quality of solar radiation is retained when it reaches the earth, we need only perform a familiar experiment. If sunlight is sharply focussed with a lens, it will set paper or wood aflame, at ignition temperatures of 400° to 450°F. All that one needs to do to deliver solar energy at any desired temperature, up to the 10,000° temperature of the solar source, is to concentrate it from a sufficiently large area. A three-inch lens will gather enough light to produce a temperature of a few hundred degrees, and the huge parabolic mirror of a French solar furnace in the Pyrenees will gather enough to melt tungsten, at a temperature of nearly 6,000°F.

Thus, there is a sharp contrast between the thermodynamic consequences of using conventional fuels and those of using solar energy. Conventional fuels usually generate energy at temperatures much above those needed for most energy-requiring tasks, so that the thermodynamic quality of the energy is wastefully downgraded in the process. In contrast, solar energy can be readily brought up to any desired temperature by being concentrated, and in this way precisely matched, thermodynamically, to any given task. And this feat can be achieved without chemical combustion and its inevitable release of noxious chemicals into the environment. Nor is destructive ionizing radiation involved—all that having been safely left ninety-three million miles behind, in the sun's interior.

It is precisely the fact that solar radiation is spread so diffusely across the surface of the earth that makes it uniquely capable of being thermodynamically matched to a wide range of tasks by being concentrated to the degree desired. The practical value of concentrating solar energy is nicely illustrated by the only solar-power technology that is now in regular use—hydroelectric power. The energy that drives the giant turbines at hydroelectric power stations is, of course, generated by water falling from a height to which it has been raised by solar radiation.

Like sunlight, the energy of falling rain is widely diffused across the earth, and its gentle force might seem to hold no promise of delivering power sufficient to perform the energy-hungry tasks of modern society. Yet it is this seemingly ineffectual force that generates the considerable amounts of high-quality electric energy produced by hydroelectric plants. What transforms the diffuse, "impractical" energy of the rain into the eminently useful power of the hydroelectric plant is the process of concentration. The flow of water that drives hydroelectric turbines is the collective result of rain falling over a large watershed, which, like a vast funnel, gathers the water in the impoundment that feeds the power plant. The hydroelectric plant at Hoover Dam, which has a capacity of one billion three hundred and fifty-four million watts, achieves this output with a flow of four trillion two hundred billion gallons of water per year. This is the amount of rainfall collected by about a hundred and sixty-eight thousand square miles of watershed.

What emerges from these considerations is an exceedingly simple and quite practical principle for delivering solar radiation to an energy-requiring task at whatever temperature is most appropriate to it thermodynamically: light is gathered and concentrated from an increasingly large area as the required temperature becomes greater. The temperature that can be achieved when solar radiation is absorbed in a collector—the absorbing device—depends on how intensely the collector concentrates the energy. The simplest type of collector does not concentrate the radiation at all. Such a collector is a flat plate painted black and encased in an insulated, glass-covered box. As the black

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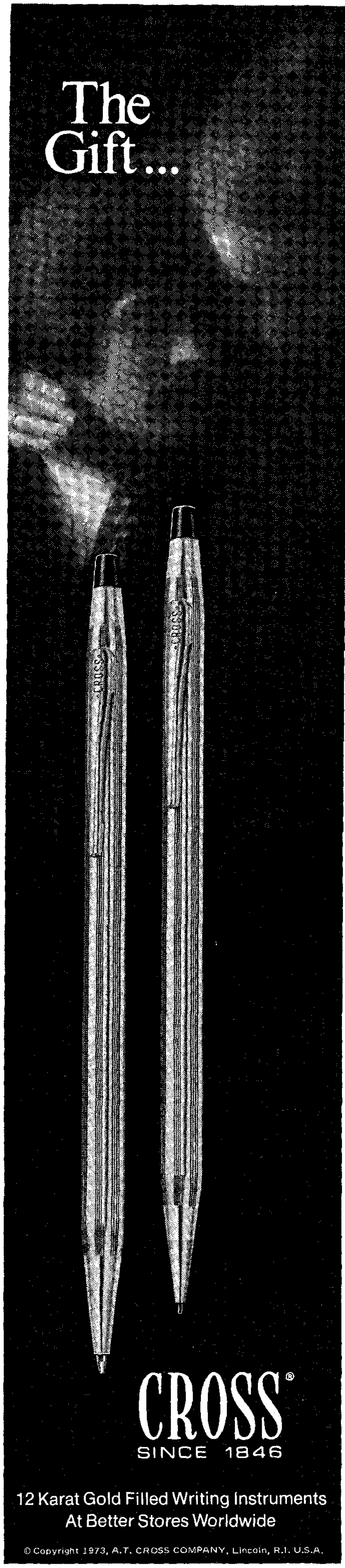

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plate absorbs light and heats up, it tends to lose some of its heat as infrared radiation. The glass cover prevents this loss (through the "greenhouse effect") without impeding the entry of light energy. Such a collector can reach temperatures up to about 200°F. Equipped with a suitable method of transferring the heat (by circulating water through a pipe attached to the black plate, or by passing air over it), it can readily provide space heat and hot water.

For somewhat higher temperatures—to drive a heat-operated air-conditioner, say—the light is concentrated by means of a curved mirror, and the device is rotated by means of a clockwork motor, for example, to track the daily movement of the sun. Such devices can reach temperatures up to about 1,000°F. To generate high-pressure steam and, from it, electricity, light can be further concentrated—for example, by focussing an array of mirrors on a central tower containing the boiler. Temperatures in the range of 4,000°F. can be achieved in this way; a steam turbine can operate quite efficiently at 1,000° to 2,000°F.

The amount of energy absorbed from solar radiation (as distinct from the temperature achieved) is determined only by the overall area of the collecting surface and by the angle between the plane of the surface and the direction of the sun's rays. Maximum energy is absorbed when the surface is at right angles to the direction of the sun, so that the collector squarely intercepts a beam of light of a cross-section equal to the collector's area. If the collector is tilted off the perpendicular, it will intercept less than its own area and receive correspondingly less solar energy. This means that for maximum absorption a collector should track the daily and seasonal movements of the sun so that it constantly faces directly toward it.

The amount of solar energy received by a given area of collector varies, of course, with the time of day, the season, and the weather. As a general worldwide average, about eleven and eight-tenths watts of power (expressed in terms of electricity) is received per square foot, year-round. The relation of this amount of power to the amounts needed for, say, household tasks can be judged from the following facts. An average American household uses about sixty-four hundred watts of power—about fifty-seven per cent (or thirty-six hundred watts) of the total for space heat, about fifteen per cent (or nine hundred and sixty watts) for heating water, and the rest

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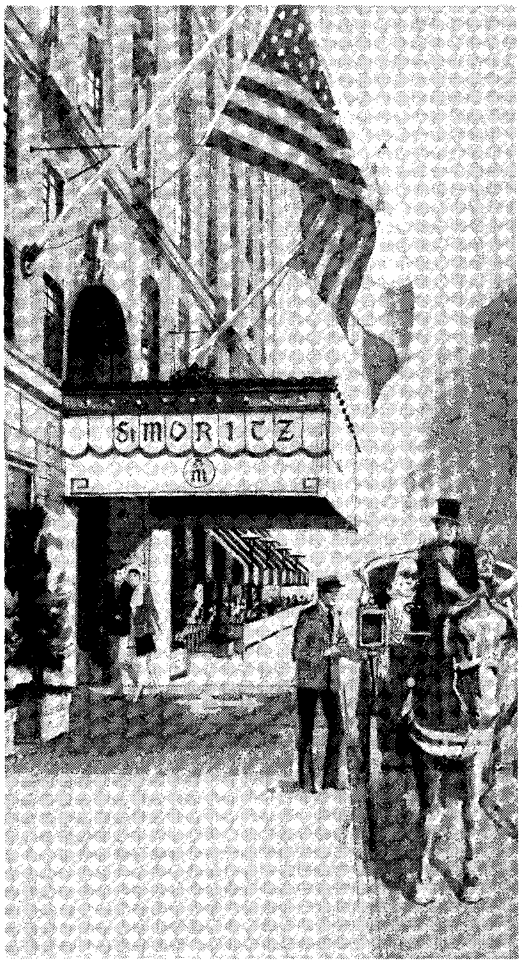
for other household tasks. A flat solar collector will readily provide energy of the quality (temperature) suitable for space heat and hot water. To provide enough power for the household's space heat under the most demanding conditions (December in the central part of the United States), W. E. Morrow, of M.I.T., estimates that thirteen hundred square feet of collector would be needed, or a square about thirty-six feet on edge. This is slightly more than the roof area of a typical suburban two-story home.

Of course, the situation is complicated by the shape of the building and its position relative to other buildings, to trees, and to nearby obstructions. Nevertheless, these numbers tell us, in general terms, that for most present-day one-story or two-story residential and commercial buildings there would be sufficient space available on the roof, on the south walls, and on surrounding areas to install solar collectors capable of supplying the low-quality energy needed for space heat and hot water. Tall buildings that are suitably designed can be provided with a good deal of their low-quality energy needs by installing collectors on the south walls. This is true on the average, but ignores the problem of storing heat for nighttime use or when the sky is cloudy.

The remaining household energy needs are largely for tasks involving mechanical motion (washing machines and so forth) and therefore require energy of a high thermodynamic quality. This is most effectively supplied as electric power. It is of interest, therefore, to determine the collector area that would be required to meet the nation's need for electric power. According to Morrow, if the entire present United States output of electric power were to be produced by solar-powered steam-electric generators of the central-tower design, operating at thirty-per-cent efficiency (an attainable figure), about fifty-two hundred square miles of collectors would be needed. This represents about three-hundredths of one per cent of the land area used for farming, or about two per cent of the land area used for roads. There is room enough.

The objection is sometimes raised that such large areas of collectors would use vast amounts of materials, such as glass and metal, which themselves demand considerable energy in their production. Several points are relevant here. First, it should be noted that light can be effectively reflected by a mirror made by depositing a film of metal no more than a few molecules



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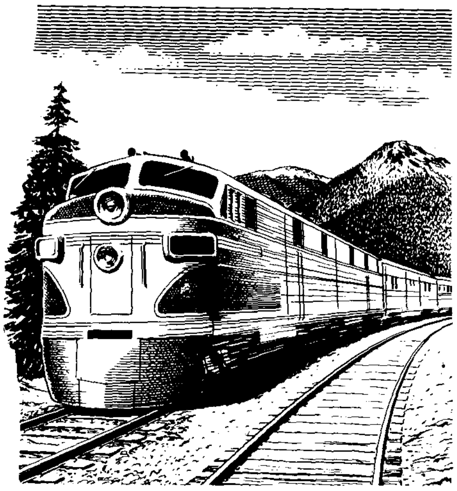

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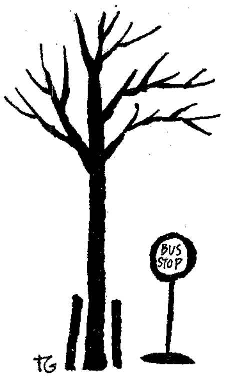
thick. Such a film, supported on a plastic base and protected from the weather by a glass or plastic covering, would make an extremely lightweight reflector that could be used, in numbers, to concentrate considerable solar energy—on, for example, a steam boiler. Flat-plate collectors that are suitable for space heat and hot water are readily made from aluminum and glass. So are the huge numbers of throwaway containers produced in the United States. If these were replaced by returnable glass bottles, enough glass would be made available each year to equip eight per cent of the nation's homes with solar collectors and enough aluminum would be made available for about one and a half per cent of the homes. With additional metal obtained by, say, reducing the size and number of cars in use, material for solar collectors for all American homes could be available over a fifteen-year period, even without any increase in the total output of aluminum and glass.

I have refrained from describing in even slight detail the design and construction of actual solar devices for supplying space heat, hot water, and steam-generated electric power, because there is really nothing novel about them. In these applications, all that is done is to link up a suitable solar collector with an already well-known device—a hot-water plumbing system, a forced-air home-heating system, a heat-operated air-conditioner, a steam-driven electric generator. The engineering problems that need to be solved are straightforward, and involve no insuperable technical barriers. In the setting up of one experimental installation, in which an array of mirrors is used to focus light on a steam boiler for electric-power generation, the most difficult technical problem faced was how to keep the mirrors clean; it was solved by designing a tank truck that intermittently travelled around the array and sprayed the mirrors with a cleaning solution. In general, the most difficult task in developing such devices is to keep the price of manufacturing the mirrors low enough so that the cost of the system is within competitive reach of present power plants. Morrow has understated the case this way: "It is fair to say that the engineering problems to be solved in making solar energy practical are considerably simpler than those of the breeder reactor."



It appears, then, that rather uncomplicated devices could take care of the national energy requirements for space heat, hot water, and, if the devices were built on a sufficiently large scale, electric power—a total of perhaps thirty-eight per cent of the entire national energy budget. But the remaining energy-requiring tasks could not be easily accommodated by such devices, for these tasks largely involve transportation, which, except for electrified railroads, requires a portable, preferably liquid fuel. With greater engineering effort, this need, too, could be met by solar energy.

HYDROGEN is the key to converting solar energy into a widely useful transportable energy source. Solar-generated electricity can produce hydrogen when it is passed through water in which a relatively small amount of sodium chloride is dissolved. The water molecules are split, and hydrogen and oxygen are produced. Hydrogen has a number of advantages as a fuel: it can be made from water, which is everywhere available; compared with other fuels, it has a high energy content; when it is burned in air, the only waste product is water; it can be used to drive various types of engines. (In the National Urban Vehicle Design Competition of 1972, two of the winning entries were designed for hydrogen fuel.) On the other hand, the Hindenburg disaster is a reminder of the serious hazards involved in handling hydrogen. However, according to one recent engineering analysis, with suitable precautions hydrogen used as a fuel "should not be more hazardous . . . than conventionally applied fossil fuels." Hydrogen is usually stored as a gas or a liquid; in either case, storage facilities may be expensive. However, experimental methods of storage based on the reversible formation of an easily stored hydrogen compound are being developed.

The conversion of solar power into a liquid fuel also helps solve the problem of storing solar radiant energy to provide for energy needs during times when the sun does not shine. Hydrogen stores can be built up when the sun shines, and used to maintain power production when light is not available. This can be done with the aid of a remarkably simple and efficient device—the fuel cell, which, if it is supplied with

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streams of hydrogen and oxygen gas, produces electricity, with water the only by-product. The fuel cell has no moving parts and is simply constructed. It is also the most efficient means of converting fuel energy into electricity. Conventional systems (using diesel engines or turbines) can convert fuel energy into electricity with a maximum efficiency of about thirty-eight per cent, as described by the First Law of Thermodynamics. The maximum efficiency practically attainable with a fuel cell is about sixty per cent. Conventional power plants can achieve their optimal efficiency only when they have a high power output. For that reason, there is a tendency to build large power stations, and their size places a serious limitation on their location. While the efficiency of fuel cells also falls at lower output, the effect is less marked than in conventional systems. Fuel cells therefore promise a way to operate small-scale power stations efficiently, thereby enhancing the organizational flexibility of a power system.

Other ways of storing solar energy once it has been converted into electricity are known, and some are in use: Water may be pumped to an elevation during daylight hours and allowed to run downhill to produce power when it is needed. (Several such "pumped storage" plants are now used to store conventionally produced electric power for periods of peak demand.) Other suggested power-storage devices include the compression of air in underground cavities and large flywheels. For the storage of solar energy as low-temperature heat, insulated tanks of water or piles of gravel or rock are often used.

In the common methods of converting heat into electricity, the power is derived from the difference between a high input temperature and a lower output temperature, which is achieved by cooling the generator with ambient air or water. What is crucial in determining the amount of work that can be got out of such a system is the difference between the two temperatures. Thus, if a temperature reservoir that is colder than ambient temperature can be found, it is possible to construct a heat engine to convert that difference into work. The impact of solar radiation on the ocean creates such an opportunity by heating the surface water to a temperature well above that of deep water. In the Caribbean Sea, for example, water at two thousand feet is about 40°F. colder than the surface water—a difference sufficient to power a heat engine. Designs of such devices have been proposed; they would float in the sea and generate electricity that could be used to produce hydrogen (and oxygen) for shipment to shore. A study by the physicist Clarence Zener points out that the temperature differences in the Gulf Stream are enough to generate a hundred and eighty million billion watts of power per year, or about six times the total amount of energy that the United States is expected to use in 1980.

All this gives substance to Farrington Daniels' claim that the technical means for converting sunlight into useful work exist. Examples of most of the different kinds of solar devices have been built and successfully operated—some of them a long time ago. A solar still for producing fresh water from salt, covering fifty thousand square feet, was built and operated in Chile in 1872; a solar steam engine ran a printing press at a Paris exhibition in 1878; a four-and-a-half-horsepower solar steam engine was operated in Pasadena, California, in 1901; a twenty-horsepower engine was operated in St. Louis in 1908; and a fifty-horsepower engine pumped irrigation water from the Nile in 1913. Solar collectors for home heating have been common in many places (including Florida and California in the United States) for a number of years, and research to improve them was going on at M.I.T. and the University of Colorado in the nineteen-forties.

Such accounts are often regarded as quaint sidelights on the history of industrial technology—a kind of museum of devices that have been left behind in the march of energy technology because they were not commercially feasible. However, with the economics of energy production changing rapidly, these devices or their technological descendants do become practical. That functioning examples already exist is an important step toward making them so, for they give the engineer something to work on—to modify and improve.

THE usual reason advanced for the remarkable failure to make practical use of what we already know about solar energy is that the devices are so expensive as to be uncompetitive with conventional sources of energy. (It might be noted that this argument has never been advanced relative to nuclear fusion, although it is clear from theory alone that the capital costs of fusion devices—if they ever work—will be much greater than the costs of solar devices of the same ca-

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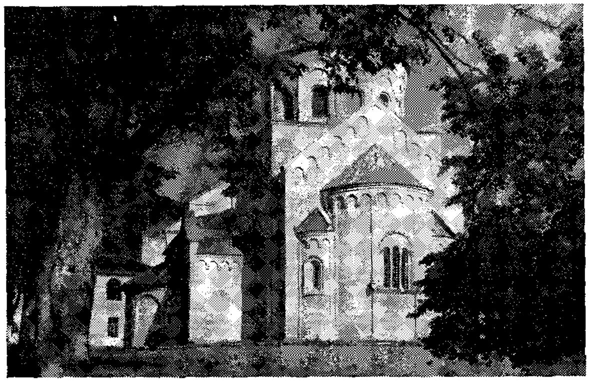

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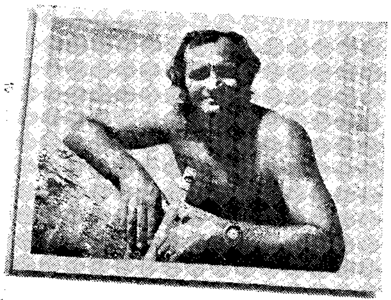

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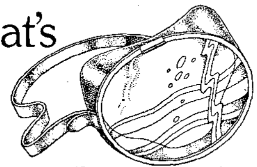

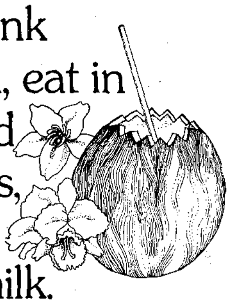

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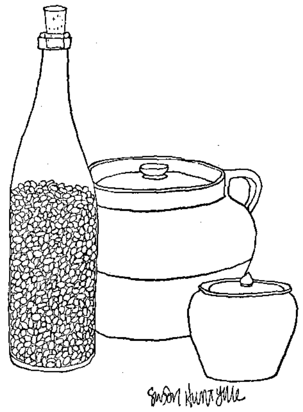
pacity. Fusion depends on the release of energy when two atoms of a heavy isotope of hydrogen fuse; it would, if it worked, provide an essentially inexhaustible source of energy.) However, unlike physical realities, the realities of economics, particularly as they apply to energy, are far from eternal. For example, the overall price of energy in the United States has increased by more than a hundred and twenty-five per cent since 1970. And economic changes have rapidly altered the competitive positions of nuclear and coal-fired power plants. Thus, it would seem worthwhile, given the fact that solar-power devices do exist and can perform useful tasks, to find out what it would cost to bring them into commercial operation.

Such an assessment has been made by a panel of government experts assembled in the summer of 1973, and headed by Dr. Alfred Eggers, of the National Science Foundation, in order to conduct a study on "The Nation's Energy Future," under the direction of Dr. Dixy Lee Ray (head of the A.E.C. at the time), in response to a Presidential directive. The results of the study, which were published in December of that year, recommended a five-year, ten-billion-dollar research program, of which two hundred million dollars, or two per cent, was to be devoted to research on solar energy. One billion four hundred and fifty million dollars was assigned to research on fusion, and the breeder reactor received two billion eight hundred and forty-four million dollars, or twenty-eight per cent of the entire budget. Nuclear energy as a whole received forty-one per cent of the total research budget. The study was supposed to plan a research program to develop new sources that might alleviate the energy crisis. It is appropriate, therefore, to examine the research priorities assigned to the breeder, to nuclear fusion, and to solar energy (as indicated by the proposed expenditures) with a view to what the contribution each of these three new sources of energy might make to the nation's future energy budget—if the research actually succeeded.

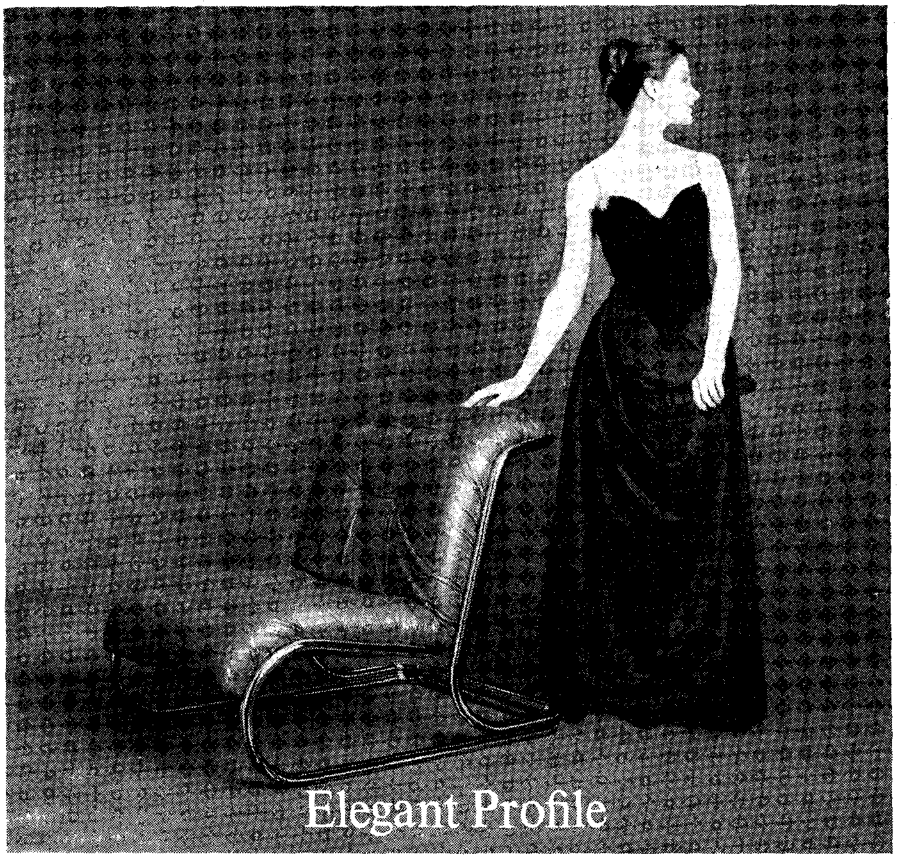


To begin with, we can dismiss nuclear fusion from this evaluation. Since no one knows whether or not it will work, no one has had the temerity to assign any part of a future energy budget to this source. On the other hand, the A.E.C. has made such an estimate of the expected contribution of the breeder program in its environmental-impact statement, which it prepared in support of the breeder program, published in 1974. The A.E.C. estimated that in the year 2000 the breeder program would produce four hundred and thirty-four million kilowatts of electric power, or 23 per cent of the projected demand for electricity in that year. According to the Ray study, the investment of ten billion dollars in the proposed research might be expected to increase the total amount of energy available from all sources from the equivalent of about thirty-four million barrels of oil per day to the equivalent of about fifty-seven million barrels per day. The investment of 41 per cent of the research funds in nuclear power (largely for the breeder) was expected to account for 32 per cent of this increase. Solar energy (together with geothermal and hydroelectric power) was expected to contribute 1.7 per cent of the anticipated increase in domestic energy. Since solar energy was assigned 2 per cent of the research budget, there seemed to be a reasonable match between the study's research priorities and the expected results.

When the report appeared, I was surprised and troubled by the smallness both of the proposed solar-research budget and of the expected results. Accordingly, I attempted to obtain a copy of the report of Solar Subpanel IX, which, I knew, comprised a list of ten distinguished experts in the field, assisted by fifty-six equally distinguished consultants. In response to my first inquiries, I was told that there was no such thing as a subpanel report. Since such an omission would have meant a revolution in bureaucratic procedure that was hardly credible in the Washington of 1973, I asked for help from someone whose inquiries might perhaps receive a more precise response from the A.E.C.—Senator James Abourezk, of South Dakota, who is vitally interested in solar energy. His efforts also failed. When the White House, at Senator Abourezk's request, asked the A.E.C. for the subpanel report, all that that supremely powerful institution (Richard Nixon was President at the time) received and sent on to Senator Abourezk (and eventually to me) was another copy of the basic report, to add to my own. Finally, the Senator was informed that the solar report did indeed exist and that a copy was available in the A.E.C. document room. This turned out to be a dim photocopy of a hazy carbon, but it has brilliantly illuminated the obscurities of solar energy.

The subpanel report describes in meticulous detail what it would cost in research expenditures to bring the various types of solar devices into practical operation and how much they could contribute to the national energy budget. If the various solar technologies were developed according to the subpanel's recommendation for "an accelerated, orderly program having a high probability of early success," at a cost of a billion dollars, they would contribute a total of twenty-one per cent of the nation's electrical demand, or about five and a half per cent of the total energy budget, in the year 2000. Dr. Ray's report recommended an expenditure of two hundred million dollars, or half the amount that the subpanel recommended for a "minimum viable" research program.

The contrast between the A.E.C.'s attitude toward solar energy, revealed in the Ray study, and the subpanel's conclusions is worth some further consideration. A particular solar device, the solar cell, is a good testing ground. This device (technically known as the photovoltaic cell) is remarkably simple in its operation but has thus far been difficult and costly to produce. It consists of a thin slice of a crystal of treated silicon (the element that, together with oxygen, makes up the chief chemical constituent of sand—silicon dioxide) sandwiched between two electrical connections (electrodes), the upper one an open grid. When light strikes the upper layer, the photons (units, or packets, of radiant energy) raise certain electrons in the crystal to higher energy levels, allowing them to move through the crystal. As a result, an electric current flows from one electrode to the other. Large arrays of such solar cells are used to power space satellites; a panel a few inches square will drive a toy electric motor and whirl a small propeller. These cells have been made by a series of rather delicate hand operations and have been so expensive to produce that it would cost about twenty thousand dollars for one kilowatt of electric-generating capacity, compared with present costs of four hundred and sixty dollars per kilowatt for nuclear reactors and three



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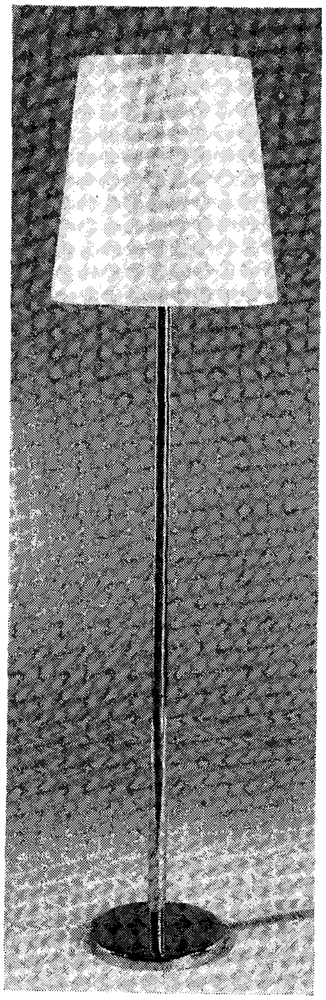

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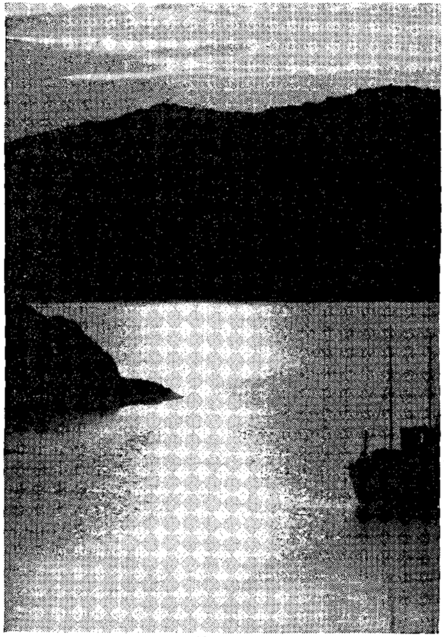

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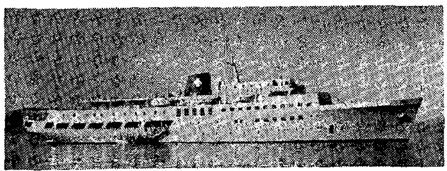

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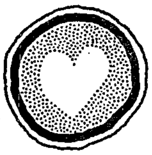
hundred dollars per kilowatt for coal-fired plants. Citing such disparities, the A.E.C. assessment of solar energy as an alternative to the breeder claimed that useful solar electric power could not be achieved in "the foreseeable future."



The subpanel approach to the potential of the photovoltaic cell was to investigate how much effort would be needed to reduce the manufacturing costs—for example, by producing thin silicon crystals in a continuous ribbon instead of slicing up a thick one by hand. This approach was in keeping with earlier experience with the manufacture of transistors (which are quite similar to photovoltaic cells in structure and operation); mass-production methods reduced the price of transistors to about one-hundredth of what the early ones cost. On this basis, the subpanel proposed an "accelerated orderly milestone schedule" for the development of solar power from photovoltaic cells: by 1977, cell-manufacturing technology developed to bring costs to five thousand dollars per kilowatt; by 1979, costs reduced to five hundred dollars per kilowatt and a design for a completed central power station; by 1985, ten-million-watt photovoltaic systems installed in communities and large industrial plants; by 1986, completion of a pilot plant to manufacture photovoltaic cells to provide power at three hundred dollars per kilowatt; by 1990, construction of photovoltaic power systems of hundred-megawatt capacity for use in towns and power networks. In sum, the subpanel report declared:

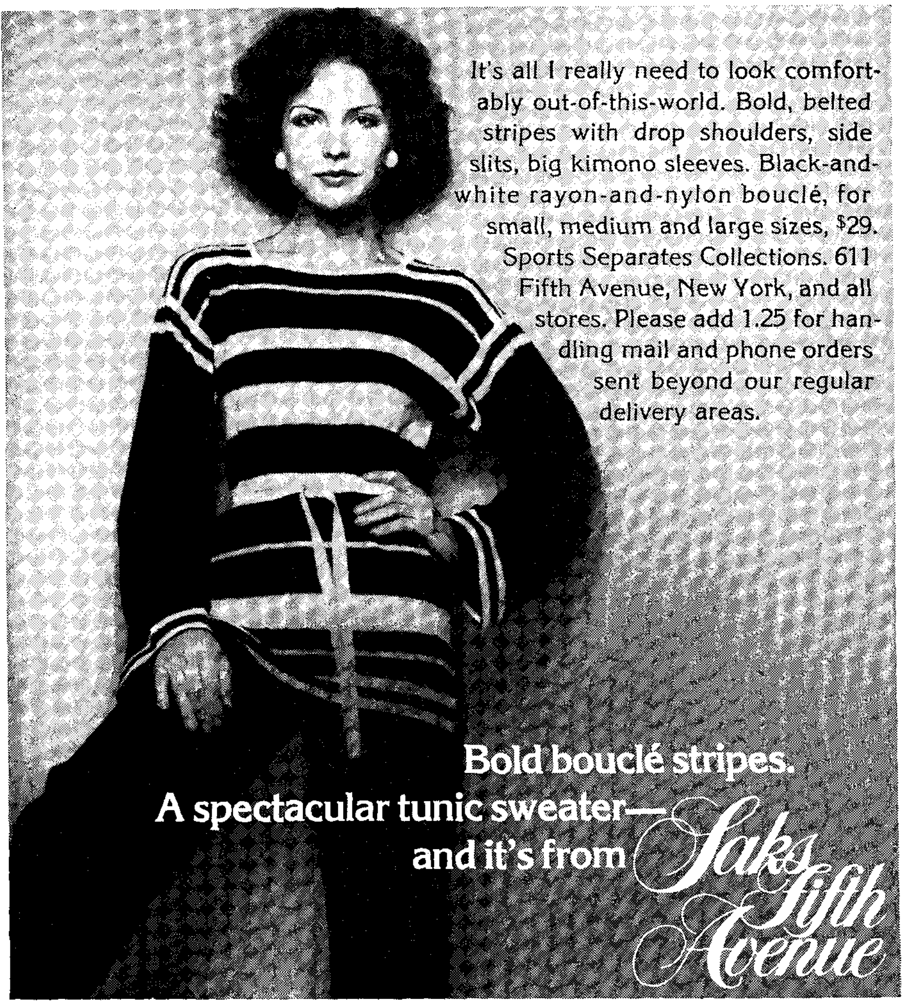
> . . . the achievement of the cost goals of this program will result in the production of economically competitive electrical power (cost of 10 mills per KWH) by the year 1990. The projected rate of implementation of this solar energy conversion technology will produce more than 7% of the required U.S. electrical generating capacity by the year 2000.

To reach this goal, the subpanel proposed research expenditures of about two hundred and fifty million dollars; this was reduced to thirty-five million eight hundred thousand in Dr. Ray's final report. Thus, whereas the breeder was assigned two billion eight hundred million dollars in research funds in the hope (now abandoned) that it would contribute twenty-one per cent of the electrical demand in 2000, the photovoltaic cell, which was capable of achieving one-third of that power output, was assigned about one per cent of that amount. For approximately the same expected contribution to the energy budget, the breeder was assigned more than fourteen times the research support given to solar energy. Such gross disparities in the effort being made to develop nuclear and solar energy—which persist, even though Congress has recently tried to redress the balance—help explain why, despite its inherent practicality, solar energy remains a dream in the United States.

There is, to be sure, a considerable air of unreality about such reports, which predict that *x* millions of dollars will be transmuted by scientists and engineers into a device that—if it is manufactured and installed—will produce *y* millions of kilowatts of power. However accurate and perceptive, the reports about solar energy that emanate from government agencies and academic institutions tend to be remote from the realities of the energy crisis as they are experienced not by the people who study energy but by the people who use it. In the real world, energy is perceived not in British thermal units but in dollars—the cost of buying the energy required to do some needed work. In the real world, it is more informative to think about how best to perform a particular task than about how best to produce a particular source of energy—even one as inherently beneficial as solar energy.

Let us consider how best to perform a task that figures prominently in every householder's budget—producing space heat and hot water. *All* the present sources of energy are unsuited to such low-quality tasks; the thermodynamic efficiencies for existing space-heat and hot-water processes are extraordinarily poor. And although the waste heat of power plants can be efficiently used for space heat and hot water, this is difficult to arrange except as new communities are built. So there remains the problem of providing a thermodynamically suitable form of energy for these uses in the homes that people live in now. The simplest, most easily constructed solar collectors can quite reliably produce the low-temperature heat needed. The collectors are now available on the open market in the United States—although they are not yet manufactured on a mass scale—or they can readily be built by local craftsmen or even as a do-it-yourself project. What can the householder expect to gain by using solar energy for space heat and hot water?

Bernard Yudow, a graduate student at Washington University, in St. Louis, has recently studied how solar energy might contribute to part of this task—providing a steady supply of hot water in amounts sufficient for household uses, at a suitable temperature (140°F.) and at minimum cost. Electricity is one of the energy sources commonly used to perform this task, especially in new homes, and Mr. Yudow worked out how a solar collector might serve as an alternative, and at what cost. A conventional hot-water heater of suitable size, operating on electricity supplied at three cents per kilowatt hour (the current rate in St. Louis), would cost about a hundred and five dollars. The solar collector would cost twelve dollars a square foot (commercial units are available at that price), and would be bought through a fifteen-year loan at an eight-per-cent interest rate. Data on variations during the year of the temperature of the tap water that enters the heater and of the daily amount of sunshine are available. Taking these and other relevant data into account, Yudow computed the cost of hot water to the St. Louis householder for a series of designs in which electricity and solar energy provide varying proportions of the total hot-water heat. The results are instructive. The cost of producing a unit of hot water (representing one million B.T.U.s of heat) by electricity alone is nine dollars and ninety cents. If the householder were to invest in a thirty-square-foot solar collector and a six-cubic-foot storage tank (at a combined cost of about six hundred and sixty dollars), the solar collector would provide about forty-six per cent of the hot-water supply, the remainder being supplied electrically. This mixed system would supply hot water at a cost of eight dollars and ninety cents per million B.T.U.s—a ten-per-cent saving over the cost of hot water produced only by electricity. If a sixty-square-foot solar collector and a twenty-four-cubic-foot storage tank were installed (at a combined cost of eleven hundred and ninety-six dollars), the solar collector would supply seventy-five per cent and electricity twenty-five per cent of the hot-water heat, at a cost of eleven dollars and twenty-five cents per million B.T.U.s. In order to provide all the hot water, the solar collector would need to be expanded to a hundred and twenty square feet; the system would then cost nineteen hundred and sixteen dollars and produce hot water at fourteen dollars and fifteen cents per million B.T.U.s. Thus, it would pay the householder to install a solar water-heating system, but only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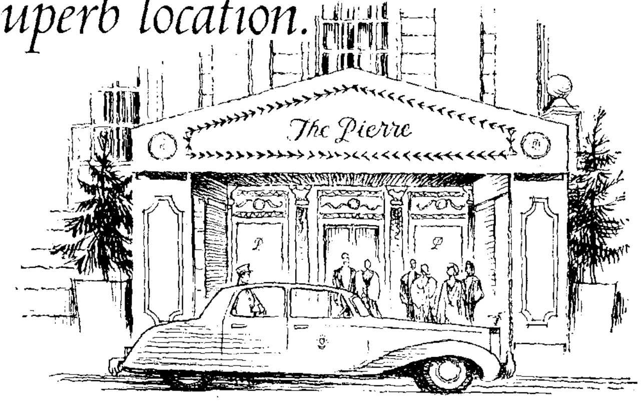

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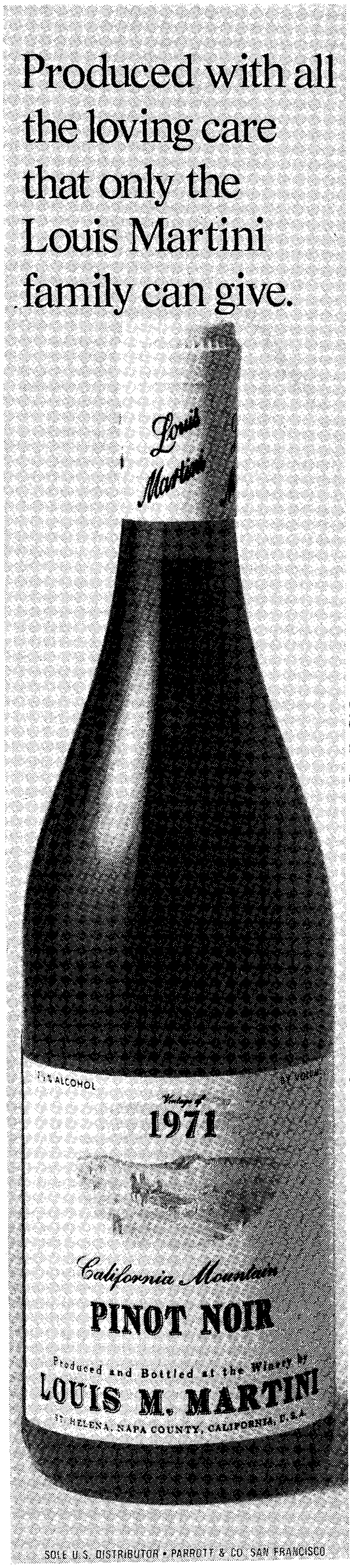
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These computations give us a valuable insight into the origin of some of the common beliefs about the supposed impracticality of solar energy. At first glance, the study seems to confirm the conventional wisdom that except in unusual circumstances solar energy is more expensive than conventional sources, for it is indeed true that it would cost more to operate a completely solar hot-water system than a completely electrical one, given the present price of electricity and of solar collectors. But, taking a more flexible approach, task-oriented rather than source-oriented, we can see that by suitably combining the solar and electrical sources the householder can save ten per cent of his hot-water bill right now and more later as the price of electricity continues to rise.

The computations also help to answer the conventional complaint that solar energy is unreliable because it is available only intermittently. On its surface, the objection has merit; after all, water should be hot (and rooms warm) at all times, but the supply of solar energy rises and falls with day and night and fluctuates with the weather. The daily variations can be accommodated by including a modest storage tank in the system. But if the sun is to be the sole source of heat then the collector and the storage tank must be large enough to maintain the needed energy supply during the relatively few days in the year when a stretch of bad weather prevents the collection of any solar energy. Since this extra capacity is not needed during the rest of the year, it contributes very little energy relative to its cost. Therefore, the productivity of invested capital (that is, the amount of hot water produced per dollar in-

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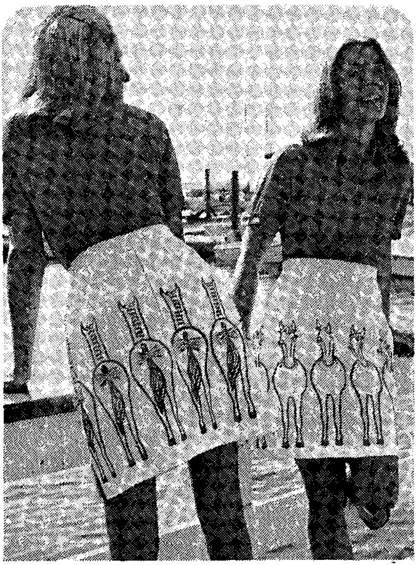

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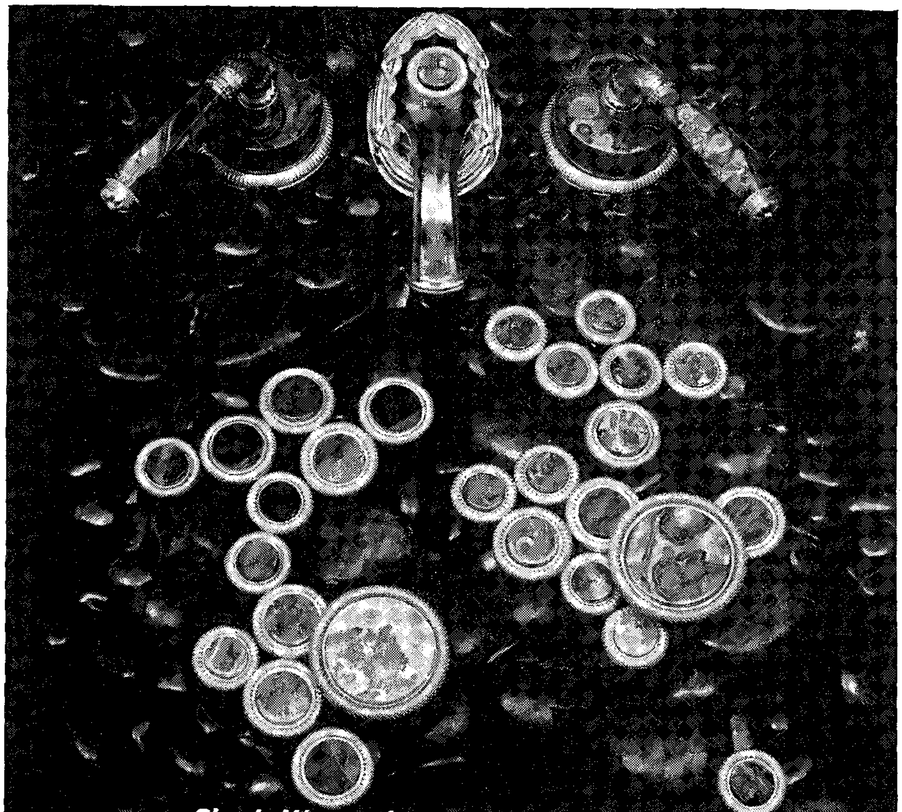
vested in the system) will fall sharply as the capacity of an all-solar system approaches a hundred per cent. The answer to this fault is, then, obvious: Use solar radiation to produce not quite all the needed heat, relying on the conventional energy source as a standby to take care of the short periods in which the solar source is insufficient.

This type of analysis also illuminates the interplay of private and social concerns. The private concern of the householder is to have a reliable supply of hot water at the lowest cost. One social concern is for saving energy—making the most efficient use of the non-renewable fuels that are now burned to produce electricity. Mr. Yudow's computations show that the water-heating methods that best satisfy the private concern and the social one are not the same: a water-heating system that is forty-six per cent solar and fifty-four per cent electrical will be best for the householder's pocketbook, but a one-hundred-per-cent solar system will save the most fuel.

Another social concern is to make better use of the increasing amount of capital that is needed to produce and use energy. At first glance, the solar method of heating water seems to require a larger capital expenditure than the conventional one. Even the smallest solar water-heating system costs considerably more than a comparable electric heater: six hundred and sixty dollars compared with a hundred and five dollars. Although the investment in the long run is an economical one for the householder, one might question whether it serves society to tie up such a seemingly large sum of money in solar equipment. In reality, the difference is not as large as it seems, for the cost of the solar collector should be compared not only with the cost of the electric heater but also with the capital cost of producing the electricity. A typical hot-water heater operates at a power of five thousand watts; since the heater is ordinarily on about a tenth of the time, it calls on five hundred watts of the power plant's generating capacity. At present, the capital cost of a coal-fired power plant is about three hundred dollars per thousand watts. (It is higher for a nuclear plant.) When we add to the cost of the power plant the capital required to support the heater's demand for electricity, the capital needed to produce the necessary coal, and the cost of the heater itself, the total capital invested in producing the householder's hot water electrically is about three hundred and twenty dollars. Considering that mass production



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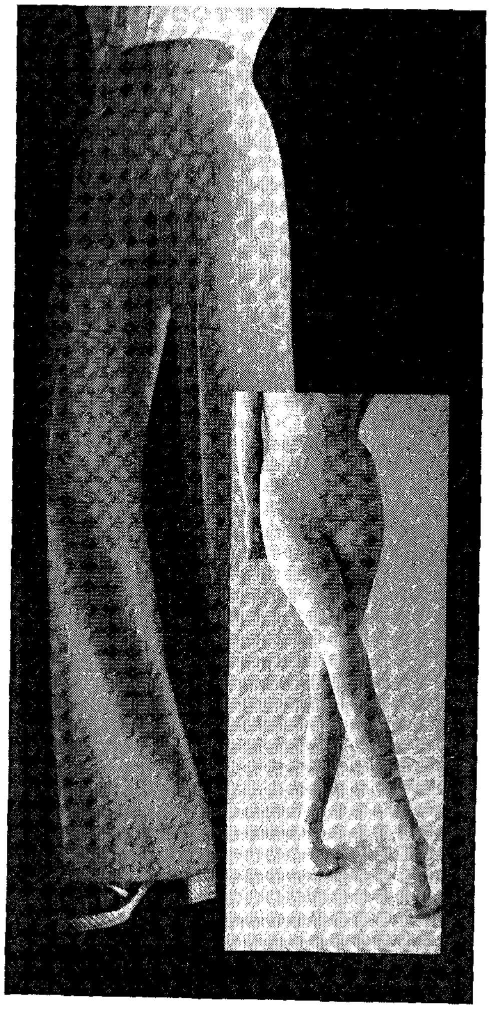

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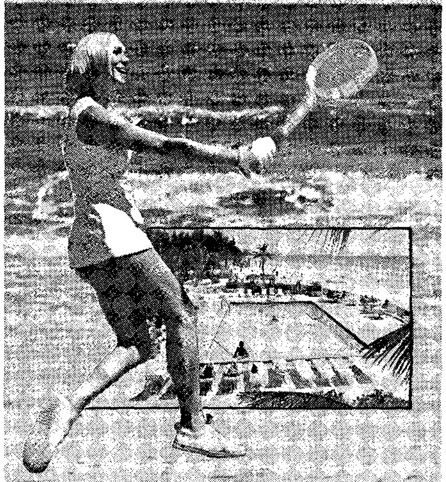

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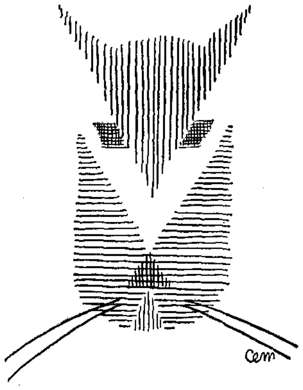
is certain to reduce the cost of the solar water-heating system, it appears that the total amount of capital involved would not differ much from the capital needed to produce hot water by electricity. What is different is that the capital cost of the solar water-heating system is borne by the householder, while the cost of the electrical system is borne by the coal company and the power company. This illustrates the decentralizing effect of solar energy; the capital needed to provide domestic heat would be broadly held by householders rather than concentrated in large power companies.

THERE is a tendency in some quarters—perhaps in reaction to the sweeping denials of the usefulness of solar energy—to regard it as a panacea for the energy crisis. Enthusiasm for solar energy is understandable. In the long run, it does come close to being the perfect energy source. It is renewable; it is available everywhere; its environmental effects are negligible. (The only effect of any solar technology on the environment is that it changes the geographical pattern of the earth's absorption and reradiation of energy. The natural pattern is represented by the weather; this is itself so variable that the effect of any solar device is likely to be lost in the random meteorological fluctuations.) Most recent studies of long-range energy problems conclude that midway through the twenty-first century, or even somewhat sooner, we could obtain all, or nearly all, our energy from the sun.



But immediate use of solar energy by itself is not the solution to our present-day problems. Rather, solar energy now provides a valuable way to make more rational use—economically as well as thermodynamically—of existing energy resources, gaining time while the full development of solar energy gets under way. The need for the catalytic effect of solar energy is evident not only in the matter of producing hot water in St. Louis but also in the more weighty matters of national policy problems: the disastrous rate of inflation, largely impelled by the rising price of energy, which is eroding most families' earnings; unemployment in the automobile and other major industries, much of it worsened by the high cost and threatened shortage of energy; the feelings of frustration and impotence of the citizen or the community confronted with the concentrated wealth that is symbolized by billion-dollar nuclear-power plants; the still unmitigated curse of environmental degradation; the growing demand for capital, especially by energy industries—a demand that is outrunning the supply and threatens industrial development.

None of these problems can be swept away in a flood of sunlight, but solar energy can play its special part in the effort to solve each of them. Solar energy could at once begin to supply a large part of the energy now used for space heat, hot water, and—with little further development—air-conditioning. The householder not only would enjoy reduced bills now but also would be relieved of the spectre of constantly increasing ones. In effect, by purchasing a solar heater today the householder can establish a hedge against inflation—investment in goods that will retain their use into the inflated future. And if solar collectors were to be installed on a sufficiently large scale, the resultant decrease in the demand for fuels might, if the law of supply and demand retains any of its force, reduce the rapid escalation of energy prices and help to check the pace of inflation generally. Any major effort to install solar collectors in the nation's sixty million homes would require the construction of equipment costing up to two hundred billion dollars or so. Unlike oil refineries or nuclear-power plants, these systems would be simple to construct and would make an ample demand for diverse kinds of labor. The devices could be built by automobile workers in idle auto plants or by plumbers, carpenters, and metalworkers in small, community-based shops. Such a program—based, for example, on government loans to support the manufacture and purchase of solar systems—could significantly reduce unemployment.

Nor is the manufacture of solar devices—not only simple collectors but solar steam plants and photovoltaic power plants—likely to contribute to the growing shortage of capital. The chief reason for the increasingly intense demand for capital to produce conventional sources of energy is that those sources are heavily affected by the law of diminishing returns. Every barrel of oil that is produced makes the production of the next barrel more difficult, and more costly in invested capital; every new environmental and safety problem that is uncovered in a nuclear-power plant makes the next one more complex, and more demanding of capital. In every conventional energy source, the productivity of capital—the energy produced per dollar of capital invested—has fallen sharply with increased production. By contrast, the capture of solar energy can be continuously expanded with no decrease in capital productivity, because the production of one unit of solar energy in no way makes it more difficult or costly to produce the next. Sunlight falls continuously all over the earth, and its use in one place does not diminish its availability elsewhere—any more than a corn crop growing in the Ukraine interferes with a corn crop growing in Iowa. And so, unlike conventional energy sources, solar energy will not become progressively more demanding of capital as its use expands. What is more, as solar energy replaces conventional sources they can be gradually phased out, reducing the most intense demand for capital in American industry.

For all these reasons, solar energy is ideally suited to local or regional development. No giant monopoly can control its supply or dictate its uses. And since a large solar installation is not basically different from a smaller one (it is only a larger aggregate of collectors, mirrors, or photovoltaic cells), there are no significant economic advantages to be gained by size as there are in, say, nuclear-power plants. Economically and thermodynamically, solar energy can be effectively applied—at first in judicious combination with conventional sources and eventually alone—to the needs of a single home or a city. —BARRY COMMONER

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

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THE THEATRE

TWO FLY INTO THE PHOENIX'S NEST

NOW in its twenty-third season, the Phoenix Theatre has acquired what one hopes will prove to be a permanent roost in the cozy little former house of worship called the Playhouse, on West Forty-eighth Street. Not the least hint of a discommoded Jehovah hovers over the premises; instead, at every opening one is beamed upon—indeed, twinkled upon—by the benignant managing director, T. Edward Hambleton, who last week put on display the hundred and thirty-fifth and hundred and thirty-sixth of his Phoenix productions. First came a double bill consisting of a revival of two one-act plays—Tennessee Williams' "27 Wagons Full of Cotton" and Arthur Miller's "A Memory of Two Mondays"—and then came a revival of Sidney Howard's early-twenties melodrama "They Knew What They Wanted," familiar to most people nowadays as the original upon which Frank Loesser based his ambitious musical "The Most Happy Fella." These productions will be followed later in the year by William Gillette's "Secret Service" and Bella and Sam Spewack's "Boy Meets Girl." In short, the Phoenix's schedule is an All-American one, intended to help us celebrate our well-nigh inescapable B----------l. Well, no harm in that: it's useful to have American plays brought back at intervals for our reappraisal.

"27 Wagons Full of Cotton," which could almost as easily have been called "27 Wagons Full of Conversation," was written in 1945 and was given its first performance some ten years later. It shows a youthful Williams in an impish, Erskine Caldwell-esque mood; he is telling a tall tale—actually, it is a subspecies of the travelling-salesman joke—and his and our delight come from the telling and not from the tale. Williams has written so often and with such seeming authority about the rural South that we must always take care to remember that he was a big-city boy from St. Louis and that much of his drawling Southernness, like Truman Capote's, is a feat of literary prestidigitation; he was Tom Williams before he was Tennessee. The three characters who make up the cast of "27 Wagons" sprawl in red-neck disarray on the front porch of a shanty said to be near Blue Mountain, Mississippi, but in truth they are natives of the Williams country and of no other; in whatever disguise, they turn up again and again in his work, sometimes as far from Blue Mountain as tawny Rome.

Meryl Streep is sensationally effective as Flora, the slow-witted, passionate wife of an elderly cotton-gin owner, Jake Meighan, well played by Roy Poole. Meighan has burned down the gin of a neighboring syndicate of cotton farmers in order to secure more work for his own gin; as a necessary part of the crime, he slyly puts the plump person of his wife at the disposal of the handsome young manager of the syndicate. He claims to be emulating F.D.R.'s then much-heralded Good Neighbor policy, and the manager of the syndicate (Tony Musante) is glad to take advantage of the old scalawag's hypocrisy. End of joke, if not quite end of play; the talk in "27 Wagons" outlasts its content, but the director, Arvin Brown, by pace and sympathy conceals this flaw. The economical-looking set is by James Tilton, and the costumes are by Albert Wolsky.

In his nine years as artistic director of the Long Wharf Theatre, on a landlocked wharf in New Haven, Mr. Brown has become celebrated for his fidelity to the texts of the plays he directs. For a one-acter, Miller's "A Memory of Two Mondays" has a lot of ground to cover and requires a large cast to cover it. Unhurriedly, with every line of dialogue given its just weight, Brown leads us through what amounts to Miller's rueful salute to the meagre, gallant thirties, when Hitler was taking power in Germany and, in an auto-parts warehouse somewhere in Manhattan, a group of underpaid, not very efficient employees quarrelled among themselves, defended the misfits among them against the supposed tyranny of an inoffensive boss, and hoped and schemed for better times in better places. It is a touching and often funny play, and it manifests an aspect of the Miller countenance that is, for once, not that of the hard-thinking Great Man of Letters. I would be riddled with guilt if I were to omit the name of a single member of the perfectly chosen cast: Thomas Hulce, Pierre Epstein, Alice Drummond, Meryl Streep (uncannily slender and brunette after her blowsy-blonde roundness in "27 Wagons"), Roy Poole, Leonardo Cimino, John Lithgow, Tony Musante, Joe Grifasi, Joel Colodner, Calvin Jung, Rex Robbins, Clarence Felder, and Ben Kapen. The set is by Mr. Tilton, and the costumes are by Mr. Wolsky.

SIDNEY HOWARD's "They Knew What They Wanted" is half a century old, and it must be said that it shows its age. It is laboriously well made, with gears that creak when they move, and each character in it remains fixed within the limits of the stage identity first assigned to him—the boring Irish priest never says anything that isn't boring and Irish and priestly, and the radical young itinerant farm-worker is so invincibly radical and itinerant that one scarcely believes him capable of anything so little ideological as making love to a friend's bride and getting her with child. (When he learns of her pregnancy, his response is roughly "Gee whiz! I oughtn't to have done a thing like that.") Louis Zorich works zealously to convey the breezy peasant good-heartedness of Tony, the Italian winegrower, but the role is an inch deep. Lois Nettleton, as Amy, Tony's wayward bride, also performs zealously, and in vain; what we end by admiring in her is not that she is Amy but that she is Lois Nettleton. The setting, by Mr. Tilton, is the interior of a big farmhouse in the Napa Valley, in California; the costumes are again by Mr. Wolsky; and the director is Stephen Porter. The Phoenix has performed a becoming act of piety in taking this humble "classic" down off the shelves and blowing the dust from its covers; now back it goes.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Journey Into Brooklyn

EVERY production of O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" yields a new play. In the revival now at the Brooklyn Academy (through February 8th), it is the presence of Zoe Caldwell as Mary Tyrone that changes everything. In every other performance I've seen, it is Tyrone, the father of the family, who dominates the action, but not here. Miss Caldwell has opened up the role of Mary, the honey-voiced tormentor, and the play has become hers—in part, no doubt, because of the controlled, dedicated performance of Jason Robards as

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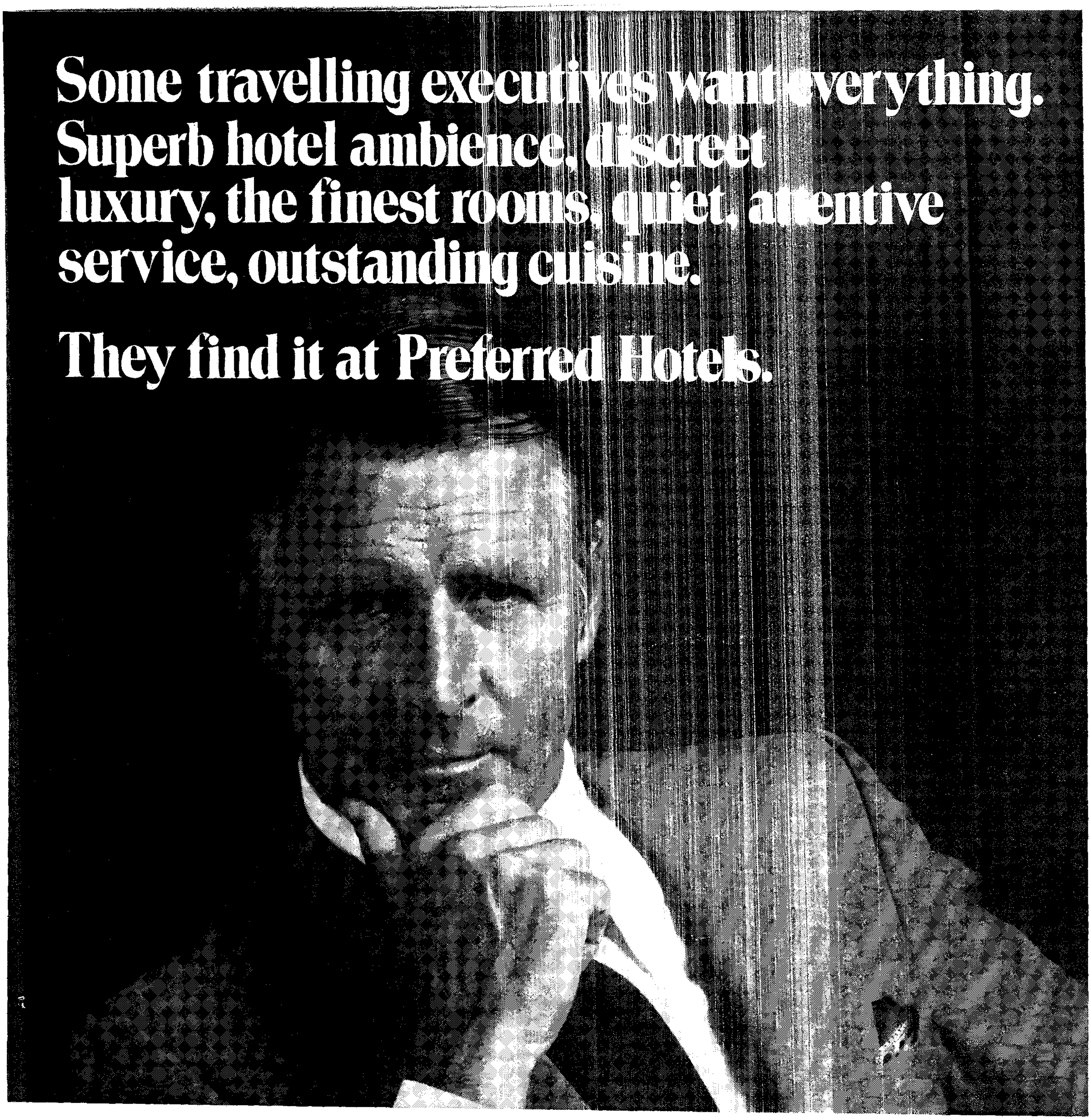

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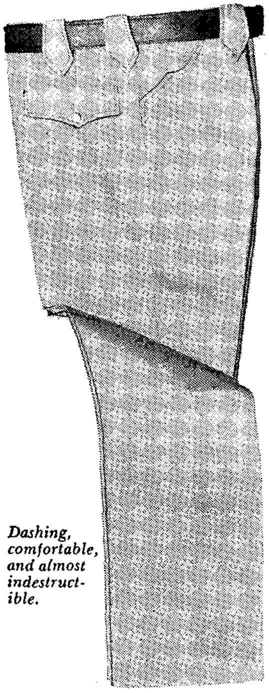

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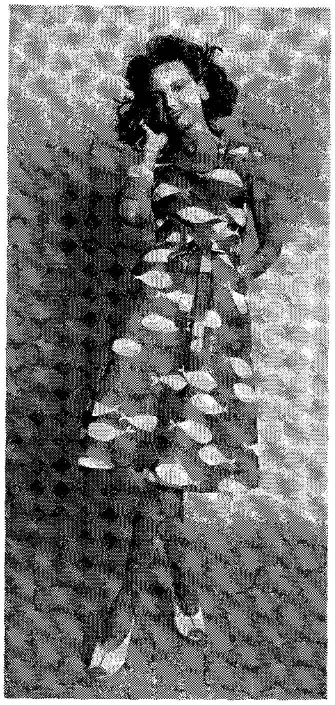
tortured, guilty, miserly, four-flushing Tyrone, her principal victim and target, though not, heaven knows, her only one. Miss Caldwell is not the fragile-looking Mary we have become used to; she looks sturdy and healthy, and her white hair is thick. All the sickness and bitterness are inside, and the acid seeps out in the same sweet tones as the endearments; her very pronunciation of the recurring words "dear" and "home" all but takes the skin off her husband and sons. "Home" is the key word—her romantic reminiscence of her childhood home, her complaints that she never had a home after she married, her dissatisfaction with the family's summer house, which *is not a home* because she is so lonely there and the foghorn frightens her. Even in the final act (O'Neill's four acts are now three), in which she does not appear until the end, to deliver her lethal *curtain* speech, one is always aware of her disturbing presence, yet she retains enough vestiges of sanity and charm to justify her family's love for her. Miss Caldwell gives a brave and utterly unsparing performance. In Mr. Robards' Tyrone there is passion, and irony, too, held in reserve as he blusters away and fumes at his sons. When his wife begins the same old recollections of the same old gilded past and he suddenly sits down, one can feel his whole world collapse. She cannot face unaided the probability that Edmund's "summer cold" is actually consumption, nor can the rest of them face unaided her collapse and their own stormy feelings about one another. Her aid is morphine, theirs booze, and the results are the same—they tear one another to tatters.

As Jamie, the profligate elder son, Kevin Conway—a latecomer to the cast—does well enough; the speech in which he drunkenly confesses his hatred and envy of the brother he loves so dearly at least produces the right effect, but the role is haunted by the young Jason Robards who originated it, almost twenty years ago. Michael Moriarty is good, too, as the consumptive Edmund (O'Neill's sentimental self-portrait of the artist as a young man)—his limited energy surging and subsiding. Lindsay Crouse, as the family's Irish maid, combines respect and spirit in exactly the right proportions.

"Long Day's Journey" may be the tragic masterpiece that so many people consider it, but it is not my masterpiece. In an Off Broadway production in 1971, Arvin Brown, directing an extremely capable cast in a small theatre, reduced the characters to a more hu-



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man scale and somehow deflated enough of the heroics and hot air to make the play acceptable. The decision to present this production in the large opera house of the Academy instead of in the pleasant new theatre downstairs did it no good, I guess. Who can be sure? At any rate, the Tyrones are not the Atreuses, though I'm sorry for their troubles.

DAVID MAMET, whose "Sexual Perversity in Chicago" and "Duck Variations" made such a remarkable evening several months ago, is back at St. Clements with "American Buffalo," which will run from February 4th through February 7th. The setting is the cluttered pawnshop, presumably in Chicago, of one Donny Dubrow. Before the action starts, a coin collector has been in and paid more than fifty dollars for a buffalo-head nickel that Dubrow had considered worthless, and then departed, leaving his card. The plot is entirely concerned with the plans of Dubrow—aided by a young man who works for him and a crony called Teach—to break into the customer's safe and steal his collection. Dubrow and Teach, we learn, are given to a bit of petty thievery, but they are really innocents of a sort, to put it as kindly as possible, and inexperienced in serious crime.

"Sexual Perversity" and "Duck Variations" were very funny plays with an underlying sadness, which never quite surfaced; "American Buffalo" is just as funny, and this time the undercurrent of greed and treachery is so far under (or else we are so diverted from it by laughter at the conversation—the marvellous idiom—of Dubrow and Teach) that the play's violent ending comes as a shock. It is all but inconceivable that these two clucks, however edgy, could turn so ruthless and cruel. Much of the conversation is a matter of obscenities used as casually and wholeheartedly as if they were the only words available. Dubrow is a portly soul of philosophical manner; Teach is nervous, distrustful, and touchy to the point of tears at imagined offenses. They are very well acted by Michael Egan and Mike Kellin. J. T. Walsh plays the young man with a quiet, subtle sincerity that is also very impressive. But the evening belongs to the dramatist. Mr. Mamet has now shown an aptitude for vernacular and character in three contrasting milieus, and although one can perhaps notice traces of the influence of the Second City in his work, he is original and a true humorist.
—EDITH OLIVER

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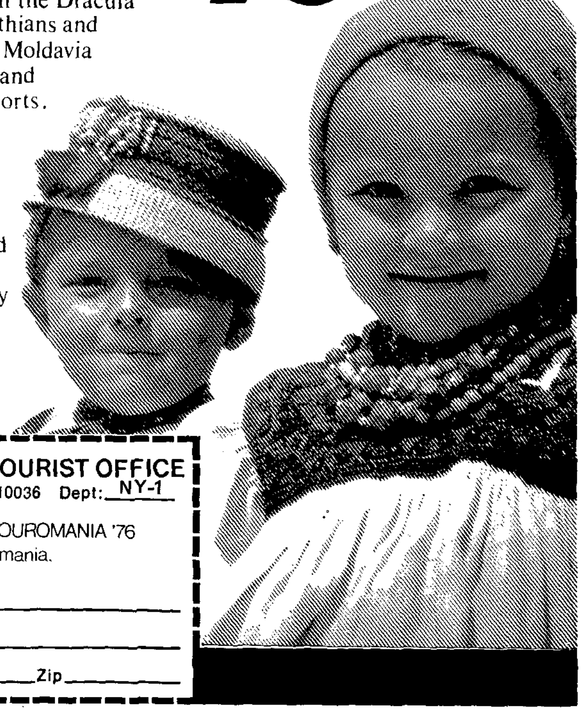

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

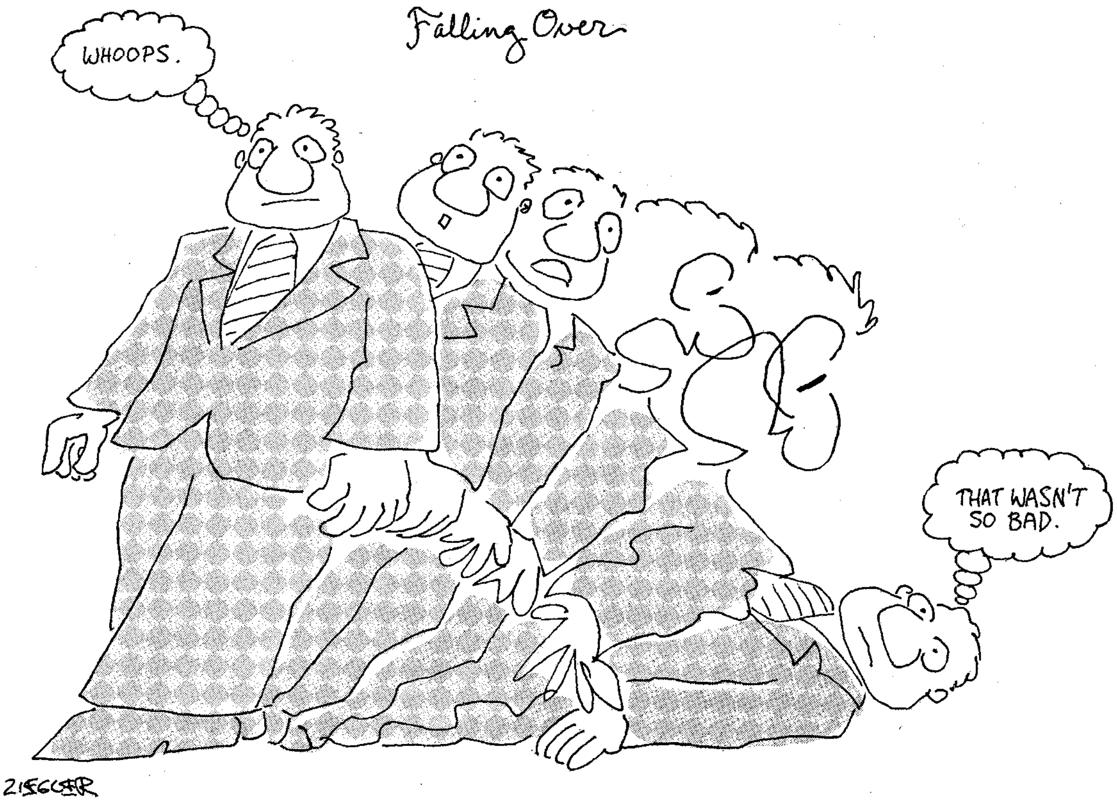
Underground Man

"Taxi Driver" is the fevered story of an outsider in New York—a man who can't find any point of entry into human society. Travis Bickle (Robert De Niro), the protagonist of Martin Scorsese's new film, from a script by Paul Schrader, can't find a life. He's an ex-Marine from the Midwest who takes a job driving a cab nights, because he can't sleep anyway, and he is surrounded by the night world of the uprooted—whores, pimps, transients. Schrader, who grew up in Michigan, in the Christian Reformed Church, a zealous Calvinist splinter (he didn't see a movie until he was seventeen), has created a protagonist who is an ascetic not by choice but out of fear. And Scorsese, with his sultry moodiness and his appetite for the pulp sensationalism of forties movies, is just the director to define an American underground man's resentment. Travis wants to conform, but he can't find a group pattern to conform to. So he sits and drives in the stupefied languor of anomie. He hates New York with a Biblical fury; it gives off the stench of Hell, and its filth and smut obsess him. He manages to get a date with Betsy (Cybill Shepherd), a political campaigner whose blondness and white clothes represent purity to him, but he is so out of touch that he inadvertently offends her and she won't have anything more to do with him. When he fumblingly asks advice from Wizard (Peter Boyle), an older cabdriver, and indicates the pressure building up in him, Wizard doesn't know what he's talking about. Travis becomes sick with loneliness and frustration, and then, like a commando preparing for a raid, he purifies his body and goes into training to kill. "Taxi Driver" is a movie in heat, a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground," and we stay with the protagonist's hatreds all the way.

This picture is more ferocious than Scorsese's volatile, allusive "Mean Streets." "Taxi Driver" has a relentless movement: Travis has got to find relief. It's a two-character study—Travis versus New York. As Scorsese has designed the film, the city never lets you off the hook. There's no grace, no compassion in the artificially lighted atmosphere. The neon reds, the vapors that shoot up from the streets, the dilapidation all get to you the way they get to Travis. He is desperately sick, but he's the only one who tries to save a twelve-and-a-half-year-old hooker, Iris (Jodie Foster); the argument he invokes is that she belongs with her family and in school—the secure values from his own past that are of no help to him now. Some mechanism of adaptation is missing in Travis; the details aren't filled in—just the indications of a strict religious background, and a scar on his back, suggesting a combat wound. The city world presses in on him, yet it's also remote, because Travis is so disaffected that he isn't always quite there. We perceive the city as he does, and it's so scummy and malign we get the feel of his alienation.

Scorsese may just naturally be an Expressionist; his asthmatic bedridden childhood in a Sicilian-American home in Little Italy propelled him toward a fix on the violently exciting movies he saw. Physically and intellectually, he's a speed demon, a dervish. Even in "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" he found a rationale for restless, whirlwind movement. But Scorsese is also the most carnal of directors—movement is ecstatic for him—and that side of him didn't come out in "Alice." This new movie gives him a chance for the full Expressionist use of the city which he was denied in "Mean Streets," because it was set in New York but was made on a minuscule budget in southern California, with only seven shooting days in New York itself. Scorsese's Expressionism isn't anything like the exaggerated sets of the German directors; he uses documentary locations, but he pushes discordant elements to their limits, and the cinematographer, Michael Chapman, gives the street life a seamy, rich pulpiness. When Travis is taunted by a pimp, Sport (Harvey Keitel), the pimp is so eager for action that he can't stand still; the hipster, with his rhythmic jiggling, makes an eerily hostile contrast to the paralyzed, dumbfounded Travis. Scorsese gets the quality of trance in a scene like this; the whole movie has a sense of vertigo. Scorsese's New York is the big city of the thrillers he feasted his imagination on—but at a later stage of decay. This New York is a voluptuous enemy. The street vapors become ghostly; Sport the pimp romancing his baby whore leads her in a hypnotic dance; the porno theatres are like mortuaries; the congested traffic is macabre. And this Hell is always in movement.

No other film has ever dramatized urban indifference so powerfully; at first, here, it's horrifyingly funny, and then just horrifying. When Travis attempts to date Betsy, he's very seductive; we can see why she's tantalized. They're talking across a huge gap,



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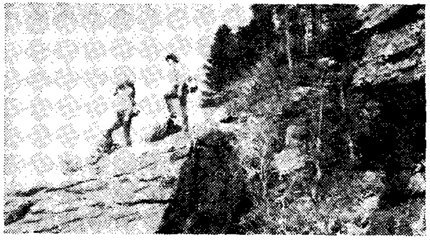
They found themselves first at Nags Head on North Carolina's legendary Outer Banks, amid the highest sand dunes on the Atlantic and some of the most beautiful, natural beaches in the world.

For more than a century, this windswept community has been a resort and still has managed to maintain its quiet, uncluttered, uncommercial look (until recently, the official population was 39). Yet, within sight of its streets and roadways, is the magnificent rise of Jockey's Ridge and nearby is Kitty Hawk, where in 1903, the Wright Brothers launched a rickety flying machine and the Age of Aviation. Down the road a piece is Manteo on Roanoke Island, where Sir Walter Raleigh's ill-fated "Lost Colony" vanished in the late 1580's, and where for more than a quarter of a century the mystery has been celebrated by Paul Green's outdoor drama.



These barrier reefs have collected as many stories and legends as the waters of the nearby "Graveyard of the Atlantic" has collected vessels. Blackbeard roamed these shores and met his death near Ocracoke Island. And Nags Head, in fact, derives its name from the fact that early land pirates deliberately sought to wreck ships. On stormy nights a lantern was tied to the neck of an old nag, which was then ridden along the beach. Mistaking the light for a beacon, ships were lured to the treacherous reefs, there to be boarded and looted by the wily shoremen.

Today, of course, visitors such as the Smoots can find modern hotels and motels, golf courses, and shops among the charming weathered shingle cottages of the Outer Banks. Fishing, sailing, swimming, and excellently-prepared fresh seafood are commonplace here. North Carolina was the first state to have a national seashore—at historic Cape Hatteras—and the Cape Hatteras Lighthouse, tallest in America, can be climbed by the energetic visitor.

The Smoots, like so many others these days, found themselves enjoying the fun, excitement, and romance of a tremendous variety of attractions North Carolina has to offer, from the sand of the Outer Banks to the rugged peaks of the Great Smoky and Blue Ridge Mountains. They visited historic Wilmington, Cornwallis' last stop before his defeat at Yorktown, and site of the battleship U.S.S. *North Carolina*, a dinosaur of war from another era. And nearby Orton Plantation, a gracious colonial estate.

Other stops on their way included Old Salem, a restored Moravian village founded in 1766, open the year round at Winston-Salem; Tryon Palace, referred to as the most beautiful building in Colonial America, at New Bern; the elegant Biltmore House in Asheville, built by George Vanderbilt on a 12,000-acre estate.

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and still they're connecting (though the wires are all crossed). It's a zinger of a scene: an educated, socially conscious woman dating a lumpen lost soul who uses one of the oldest pitches in the book—he tells her that he knows she is a lonely person. Travis means it; the gruesome comedy in the scene is how intensely he means it—because his own life is utterly empty. Throughout the movie, Travis talks to people on a different level from the level they take him on. He's so closed off he's otherworldly; he engages in so few conversations that slang words like "moonlighting" pass right over him—the spoken language is foreign to him. His responses are sometimes so blocked that he seems wiped out; at other times he's animal fast. This man is burning in misery, and his inflamed, brimming eyes are the focal point of the compositions. Robert De Niro is in almost every frame: thin-faced, as handsome as Robert Taylor one moment and cagey, ferrety, like Cagney, the next—and not just looking at the people he's talking to but spying on them. As Travis, De Niro has none of the peasant courtliness of his Vito Corleone in "The Godfather, Part II." Vito held himself in proudly, in control of his violence; he was a leader. Travis is dangerous in a different, cumulative way. His tense face folds in a yokel's grin and he looks almost an idiot. Or he sits in his room vacantly watching the bright-eyed young faces on the TV and with his foot he slowly rocks the set back and then over. The exacerbation of his desire for vengeance shows in his numbness, yet part of the horror implicit in this movie is how easily he passes. The anonymity of the city soaks up one more invisible man; he could be legion.

Scorsese handles the cast immaculately. Harvey Keitel's pimp is slimy, all right, yet his malicious, mischievous eyes and his jumpiness are oddly winning, and Keitel has more resources for building tension than just about any other actor on the screen. Jodie Foster, who was exactly Iris's age when she played the part, is an unusually physical child actress and seems to have felt out her line readings—her words are convincingly hers. Cybill Shepherd has never been better: you don't see her trying to act. She may actually be doing her least acting here, yet she doesn't have that schoolgirl model's blankness; her face is expressive and womanly. There's a suggestion that Betsy's life hasn't gone according to her expectations—a faint air of defeat. The comedian Albert Brooks brings a note of quibbling, plump pomposity to the role of her political co-worker, and Leonard Harris, formerly the WCBS-TV arts critic, has a professionally earnest manner as Palantine, their candidate. Peter Boyle's role is small, but he was right to want to be in this film, and he does slobby wonders with his scenes as the gently thick Wizard, adjusted to the filth that Travis is coiled up to fight; Boyle gives the film a special New York-hack ambience, and, as the cabby Doughboy, Harry Northrup has a bland face and Southern drawl that suggest another kind of rootlessness. Scorsese himself is sitting on the sidewalk when Travis first sees Betsy, and then he returns to play a glitteringly morbid role as one of Travis's fares—a man who wants Travis to share his rancid glee in what the Magnum he intends to shoot his faithless wife with will do to her. As an actor, he sizzles; he has such concentrated energy that this sequence burns a small hole in the screen.

As a director, Scorsese has the occasional arbitrariness and preening of a runaway talent; sometimes a shot calls attention to itself, because it serves no visible purpose. One can pass over a lingering closeup of a street musician, but when Travis is talking to Betsy on a pay phone in an office building and the camera moves away from him to the blank hallway, it's an Antonioni pirouette. The Bernard Herrmann score is a much bigger problem; the composer finished recording it on December 23rd, the day before he died, and so it's a double pity that it isn't better. It's clear why Scorsese wanted Herrmann: his specialty was expressing psychological disorder through dissonant, wrought-up music. But this movie, with its suppressed sex and suppressed violence, is already pitched so high that it doesn't need ominous percussion, snake rattles, and rippling scales. These musical nudges belong back with the rampaging thrillers that "Taxi Driver" transcends. Scorsese got something out of his asthma: he knows how to make us experience the terror of suffocation.

Some actors are said to be empty vessels who are filled by the roles they play, but that's not what appears to be happening here with De Niro. He's gone the other way. He's used his emptiness—he's reached down into his own anomie. Only Brando has done this kind of plunging, and De Niro's performance has something of the undistanced intensity that Brando's had in "Last Tango." In its own way, this movie, too, has an erotic aura. There

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is practically no sex in it, but no sex can be as disturbing as sex. And that's what it's about: the absence of sex—bottled-up, impacted energy and emotion, with a blood-splattering release. The fact that we experience Travis's need for an explosion viscerally, and that the explosion itself has the quality of consummation, makes "Taxi Driver" one of the few truly modern horror films.

Anyone who goes to the movie houses that loners frequent knows that they identify with the perpetrators of crimes, even the most horrible crimes, and that they aren't satisfied unless there's a whopping climax. In his essay "The White Negro," Norman Mailer suggested that when a killer takes his revenge on the institutions that he feels are oppressing him his eruption of violence can have a positive effect on him. The most shocking aspect of "Taxi Driver" is that it takes this very element, which has generally been exploited for popular appeal, and puts it in the center of the viewer's consciousness. Violence is Travis's only means of expressing himself. He has not been able to hurdle the barriers to being seen and felt. When he blasts through, it's his only way of telling the city that he's there. And, given his ascetic loneliness, it's the only real orgasm he can have.

The violence in this movie is so threatening precisely because it's cathartic for Travis. I imagine that some people who are angered by the film will say that it advocates violence as a cure for frustration. But to acknowledge that when a psychopath's blood boils over he may cool down is not the same as justifying the eruption. This film doesn't operate on the level of moral judgment of what Travis does. Rather, by drawing us into his vortex it makes us understand the psychic discharge of the quiet boys who go berserk. And it's a real slap in the face for us when we see Travis at the end looking pacified. He's got the rage out of his system—for the moment, at least—and he's back at work, picking up passengers in front of the St. Regis. It's not that he's cured but that the city is crazier than he is.

—PAULINE KAEL

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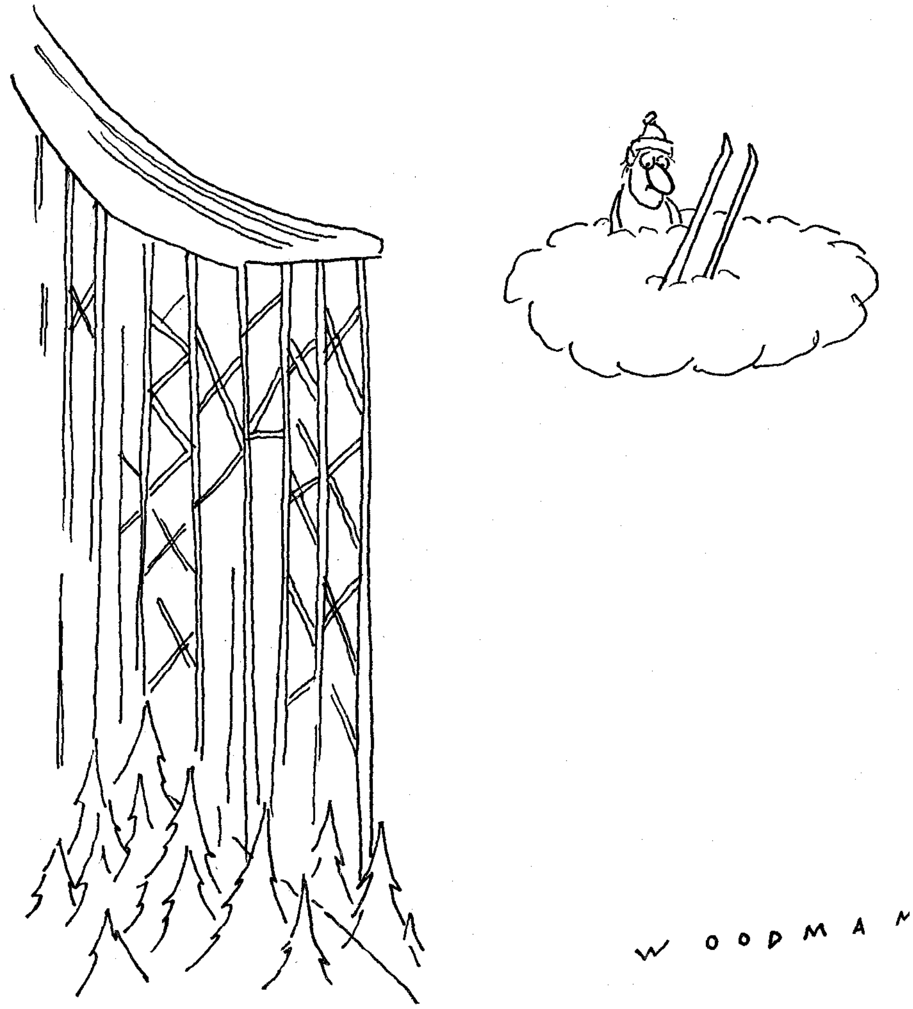
IN his State of the State Message, on January 7th, Governor Hugh Carey called on his fellow New Yorkers to recognize Albany's "new realities" and in the coming year to count on "less government, less spending, fewer government employees, less interference in the lives of our citizens." He saw a resemblance between those who in 1976 "shrink from service" when they are asked to depend more upon themselves and "the summer soldiers and the sunshine patriots" scorned by Tom Paine in a pamphlet called "The Crisis," and he commended to his listeners instead the 1776 example of "the winter soldiers who recognized that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph." Twelve days later, President Ford, in his State of the Union Message, called on his fellow-Americans to adjust to a "new realism" in federal government, promised them less of almost everything (except, of course, for an extra couple of billion dollars in military expenditures), used the phrase "common sense," the title of Paine's most famous work, as a recurrent theme, made unfavorable reference to "summer soldiers and sunshine patriots," and declared that "Tom Paine aroused the troubled Americans of 1776 to stand up to the times that try men's souls because the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph."

A State of the City Address by Mayor Abraham Beame seemed a futile exercise this year. The whole world understands that the state of the city is terrible, and it is also widely known that new realities have already been imposed on City Hall under the direction of the state Emergency Financial Control Board, operating out of Carey's office. To no one's surprise, the Mayor's message, which came three days after that of the President, promised residents of this city even less of everything than they had anticipated. Meanwhile, it was becoming clear that, of all the Revolutionary War figures whose names might be invoked at the beginning of this Bicentennial Year, Tom Paine was the favorite here as elsewhere. The day of the Governor's State of the State Message, President of the City Council Paul O'Dwyer introduced a bill proposing that the name of Grand Army Plaza, at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, be changed to Common Sense Plaza. (The historian Henry Steele Commager commented later that Paine, a certifiable sansculotte, "might have expected Heaven for his lot, but not a site next to the Plaza Hotel.") Two days later, the two-hundredth anniversary of the publication of "Common Sense" was honored at City Hall in a ceremony, arranged by O'Dwyer, at which recurrent references to "the times that try men's souls" seemed particularly fitting in this straitened town. It is hardly the first occasion when there has been a meeting of minds at the top of the three levels of government to which New Yorkers pay their taxes. This time, the President and, to a lesser extent, the Governor—inasmuch as the state, like the city, does not have the power to print money and is having its own fiscal problems—might be suspected of issuing their summonses to austerity in order to conform with what is perceived as this year's winning political style. For officials of the hard-pressed city, which would be a substantial victim of any further state and federal retrenchment, a call to the new penury was this year's only available course.

Some comfort could be taken from the fact that a fairly recent example of near unanimity on what was regarded as a winning political style in the same three governments had to be rather speedily revised. In January, 1974, when former Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson had just taken over the governorship from Nelson Rockefeller, who had resigned to free himself for a frontal attack on the Presidency, and Abraham Beame had just been sworn in here as mayor, succeeding John Lindsay, who had failed in *his* attack on the Presidency, it seemed that hardly a day went by without some public pronouncement or editorial comment on the new sense of peace and quiet—and, it was often suggested, relief—following the shift from a governor and a mayor famous for histrionics and confrontation tactics to two mild-mannered, unpretentious, strictly-business leaders with no distracting ambitions for higher office and with long experience in the governments they were now in charge of. (Wilson had been in the state capital for thirty-five years as assemblyman and lieutenant governor, and Beame's service in the financial departments of the city government dated back to 1946.) In describing the new regimes, the word "caretaker" was often used approv-



ingly. In August, 1974, when a new President took over in Washington—with no question about the sense of relief in that case—the word "caretaker" was also regularly applied to the twenty-five-year congressional veteran who was the new White House resident. Yet a year and a half later the political future of the Washington caretaker may be endangered by a candidate who spent years in show business, and the President's alleged governmental ineptitude is the favorite butt of jokes by comedians, amateur and professional. ("What can we do? Can we tell Johnny Carson to stop telling jokes about how dumb the President is?" an unhappy Ford adviser asked a few weeks ago. The consternation at the White House has not aroused much sympathy in New York City, which has long been the victim of the same kind of destructive gibes. Since the President's savage attacks on New York, such jokes have fallen off sharply—possibly because they made contempt for the city's troubles seem not so funny after all. Apparently, the resulting empty air space was then put to use to make fun of the city's loudest critic.) Meanwhile, the powers of the caretaker at City Hall have been substantially preëmpted, despite his insistence to the contrary ("ABE: I AM THE BOSS! I AM THE BOSS! I AM . . ." was the *News* headline over an end-of-the-year interview with Beame), as a consequence of his apparent deficiencies in the very field, money management, in which he had been advertised as being most reliable. As for Malcolm Wilson, the trusty old Albany hand whom Nelson Rockefeller had picked as his successor, he has been almost entirely out of mind as well as out of sight since he was defeated in the November, 1974, election by Carey, a fast-stepping Democratic Irishman, who campaigned on a New Deal-style platform that seemed to promise more of almost everything for almost everybody.

Before his election, Carey, who had served fourteen years in the House of Representatives, had scarcely set foot in Albany, and, of course, there is a rumor that he may not intend to make it his last political stop. Republican State Chairman Richard Rosenbaum, who has in mind still another speedy political shift and is leaving the way open for the New York delegation to back Rockefeller in this year's Presidential race, said of Carey's State of the State Message, "He spoke some of the speech like a true Republican, some like a true Democrat, and some like someone running for President." It was

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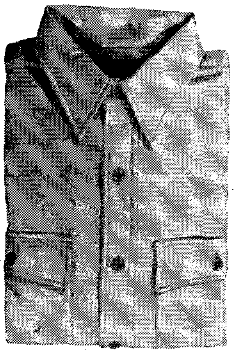

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noted that while Ford, in his State of the Union Message, quoted Lincoln ("Right makes might") and Eisenhower ("America is not good because it is great. America is great because it is good"), Carey's only political quotation, not counting the one from Tom Paine, was "The state itself cannot be healthier than its people," in a paragraph on medical care. These are words from the 1923 annual address of Al Smith, who was not only the first (and the only other) Irish Catholic to be elected governor of New York but the first Irish Catholic to be nominated for the Presidency by a major party.

QUOTING Tom Paine has not always been politically respectable (another New York governor, Theodore Roosevelt, called him "a filthy little atheist"), but now that he is the stylish Bicentennial revolutionary, it is fair to point out that New York City has a valid claim to him. Paine spent many of his last years on Grove Street, in Greenwich Village—a noisy, scruffy figure who made rather a nuisance of himself, as aging radicals often do, and died there in 1809. At last month's City Hall ceremony honoring Paine, Mayor Beame commented with a smile that City Council President O'Dwyer had arranged it only to make sure that the city treated as a hero a man who had succeeded in reducing the territory under the British Crown. The fact is that, unlike most rhetorical admirers of American Revolutionary heroes, O'Dwyer does not back rapidly away from unfashionable types who have a present-day interest in overthrowing governments or who are suspected of aiding and abetting such activities. His legal clients in recent years have included the Fort Worth Five—five residents of the New York area who were taken out to Texas and jailed there for nine months when they refused to answer questions before a federal grand jury investigating alleged smuggling of weapons to the Irish Republican Army. At the ceremony swearing him in as Grand Marshal of the St. Patrick's Day parade two years ago, he took the opportunity to speak with admiration of two women members of the Provisional wing of the I.R.A. who were then imprisoned in England as bombsetters. Two months earlier, in his inaugural speech as president of the City Council, O'Dwyer, a slight man with a large head, a gleaming mane of white hair, and fierce brown eyes, who arrived here from County Mayo in 1924, when he was seventeen, described the harsh discrimination then suffered by

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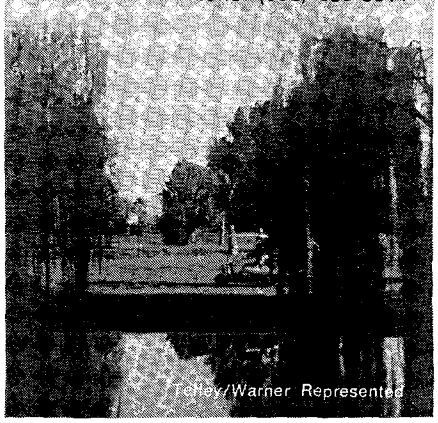

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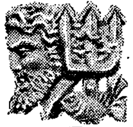

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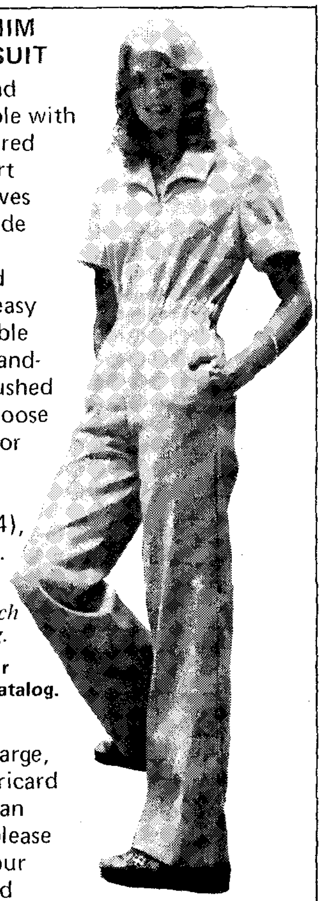
young Irish immigrants. However, after quoting John F. Kennedy, he also said on that occasion, "I stand here today in a place of beauty . . . the political life of the City of New York. . . . I know of no higher calling." And he is happy to honor nonviolent political heroes, too—particularly Irishmen. As in the case of Carey, these have included Al Smith. (Also, as in the case of Carey, Smith is one of O'Dwyer's predecessors; he served part of one term as president of the Board of Aldermen, the old name for the City Council.) In November, O'Dwyer presided over a ceremony to mark the installation at City Hall of a small kneehole desk that Smith had used in 1914 and 1915 when he was minority leader of the State Assembly. Among the dignitaries on hand for that event were former Mayor Robert Wagner, whose father was Smith's roommate when both men were assemblymen, and eighty-six-year-old Robert Moses, New York's most famous political survivor, who served under Smith in Albany. Not for the first time, Moses exalted the dead and put down the living. Of Al Smith he said, " 'He was a man, take him for all in all,/ I shall not look upon his like again.' " He then went on to tell the assembled crowd, "Recently, the governor has become chief executive of the state *and* the city. I say this with no lack of affection for Mayor Beame, who is a modest, hardworking, and respected old-line official."

Until recently, O'Dwyer was himself looked upon as something of a political survivor, or perhaps a political anachronism. Although, beginning in the last century, local Irish-Americans were brought up to regard New York City politics as their wholly owned subsidiary, their numbers have sharply decreased in recent years, as second- and third-generation Irish from County Mayo and County Cork moved out to County Westchester and County Suffolk. In 1969, for the first time in sixty-six years, the local officials chosen on a citywide basis in a regular election included not a single Irish-American. (Although his father was German, Mayor Wagner was informally counted as Irish for ticket-balancing purposes, his mother having been the former Margaret Marie McTague.) This situation might have continued in the election four years later if O'Dwyer's Jewish predecessor, Sanford Garelik, hadn't made a brief, unsuccessful run for the Democratic nomination for mayor. The election of O'Dwyer, who had previously been defeated in races for mayor and for United States senator, was viewed by many as a sentimental last gesture toward the way things used to be. Indeed, earlier that year it seemed that the long hegemony of the local Irish over the uniformed service unions—police, fire, and sanitation—was also on its way out, for in April, 1973, Richard Vizzini defeated Michael Maye to become the first Italian-American head of the firemen's union. A few months later, Vizzini called the first firemen's strike in city history. The strike lasted only a few hours, but it was later discovered that the membership had in fact voted against going out. Among those interviewed after this revelation was Dennis Smith, the most famous and perhaps most literary of local firemen, who is an expert on William Butler Yeats and is the author of "Report from Engine Company 82," an account of firefighting in this city. When Smith was asked if any words of Yeats' had been of help to him during this trying period, he quoted from "Under Ben Bulben": " 'Cast your mind on other days/ That we in coming days may be/ Still the indomitable Irishry.' " Smith explained, "Just change the 'Irishry' to 'firemen.' " His fellow-firemen may have thought they understood what he really meant, and at the next union election Michael Maye was returned to office.

THERE was even a brief period a few months ago when it seemed just possible that New York would again have an Irish mayor. (The last full-blooded Irishman was William O'Dwyer, older brother of Paul, who served from 1946 to 1950.) According to the City Charter, the mayor is subject to removal by the governor, and it is known that among Carey's official and unofficial advisers on the city's fiscal crisis there were discussions of removing Beame, especially during the period when he seemed unable or unwilling to understand the seriousness of the city's condition and to coöperate in its rescue. Another section of the City Charter, however, provides that the president of the City Council succeeds the mayor in case of a vacancy, and there was no enthusiasm over the prospect of trying to work with O'Dwyer, whom one of the Governor's advisers once called "a fiscal illiterate." ("More trouble than it's worth" was the way the President of the City Council dismissed the complex agreement, painfully worked out with Washington, that saved the city from bankruptcy.) Moreover, in view of the



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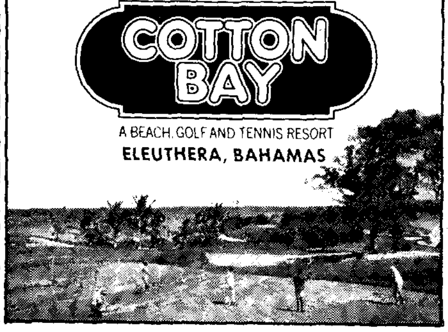

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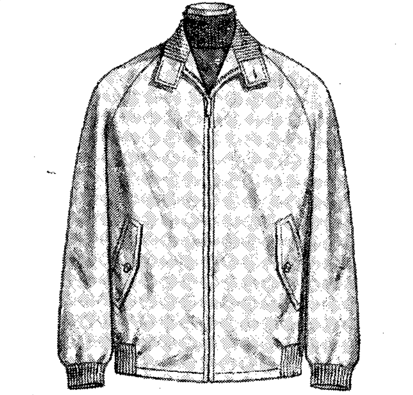

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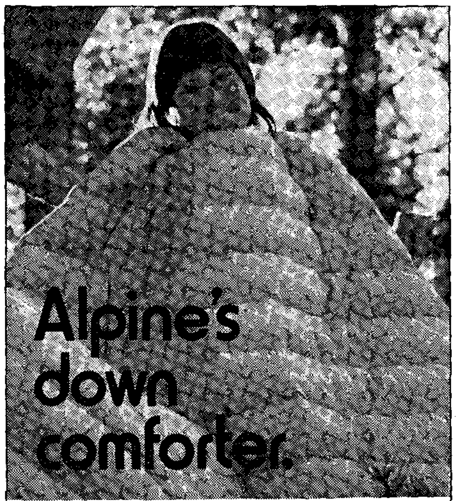

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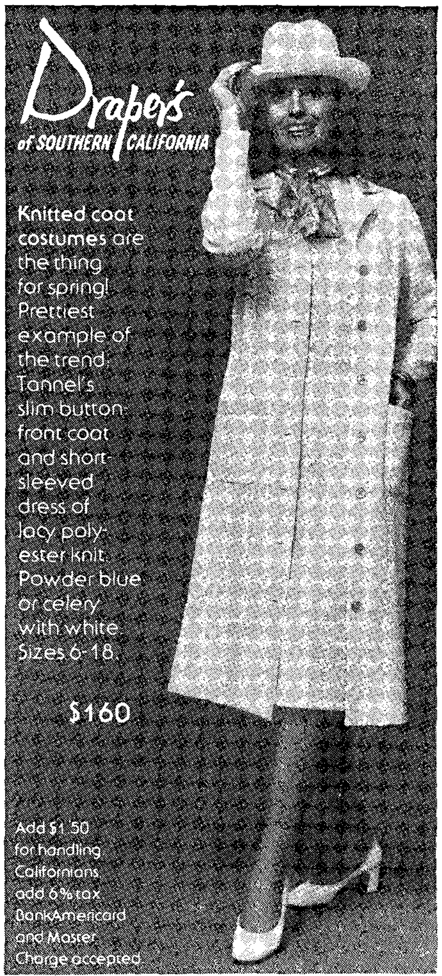
intense local partisanship over developments in the Middle East, inevitable in the world's largest Jewish city, something that New York did not seem to need at this time was a mayor whose loyalties were deeply involved with one side in another bloody foreign conflict. In the end, the Emergency Financial Control Board settled for the retirement of First Deputy Mayor James Cavanagh, who was suspected of having been Beame's chief collaborator in many of the fiscal gimmicks that nearly did the city in. The fact that Cavanagh was succeeded by City Planning Commission Chairman John Zuccotti was no doubt noted by local members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Carey is notable for taking a less reverent attitude toward his heritage than many of his fellow-Irishmen in politics do. Asked to sing a merry Irish song at a St. Patrick's Day party last year, he said there was no such thing, quoted some lugubrious lines from "Mother Machree," and added, "You try to tell a woman today that you love her 'brow that's *all* furrowed and wrinkled with care.' You'll never get away with it." Nevertheless, the state now has a governor whose response to the most critical moment in the fight to save the city was the statement "The center must hold," a variation on Yeats' line from "The Second Coming." Also, Carey's importation of some old Kennedy hands to the Albany scene has been noted with approval. Things definitely seemed to be looking up for what is left of the Irish branch of local politics until last month, when ominous headlines began to appear about one of its most prominent members, Patrick Cunningham. In former days, all of New York City's Democratic county chairmen were Irish. Now those in Manhattan and Brooklyn are Italian, and the Queens chairman is Jewish, but the Bronx has clung to the old tradition. Cunningham, the Bronx chairman, learned how to operate in politics from a predecessor, Charles Buckley, who made things easy here for the Kennedys. Buckley, in his turn, had learned from former Bronx Chairman Edward Flynn, a major ally of Franklin Roosevelt's. Carey had had little contact with Cunningham before his 1974 campaign for the governorship, but then the two men immediately hit it off, and in December, 1974, the Governor-elect insisted that Cunningham be named the state Democratic chairman. In this role, according to the national Democratic chairman, Robert Strauss, Cunningham was largely responsible for persuading the National



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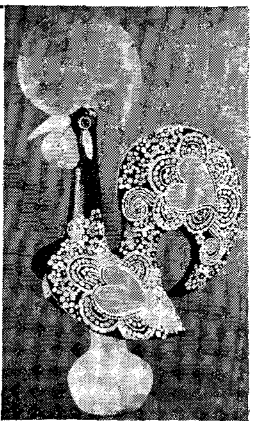

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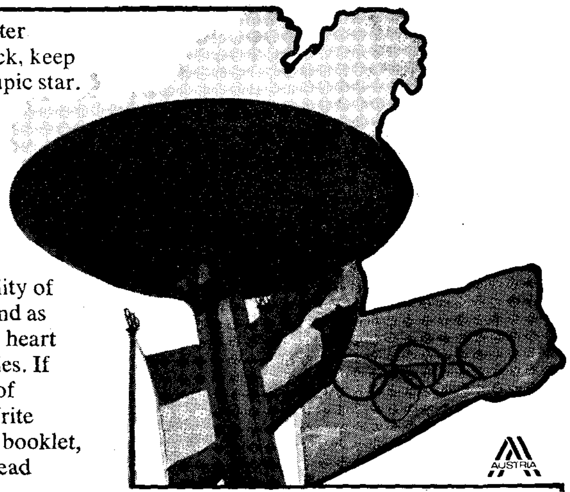
Committee to hold the Party's 1976 Convention here—an arrangement that would put Carey, as Convention host, invitingly on display before the delegates. Recently, of course, the Governor has been spending most of his time trying to put as much distance as possible between himself and Cunningham, whom Special State Prosecutor Maurice Nadjari has described as being "the principal at the center of the corrupt marketplace of judgeships" in the Bronx—a charge that, since it has not been attached to any formal indictment, brought the New York Civil Liberties Union on the run. Nadjari, a Republican, was appointed in 1972 by Republican State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz at the direction of Rockefeller to root out corruption in the city's criminal-justice system, which is almost entirely Democratic. An impassioned prosecutor, who once spoke of "the thrill of going for the jugular" of a defendant, Nadjari has spent about twelve million dollars in state and federal funds in the last three years and has had as many as fifteen grand juries empanelled at one time. Of his cases that have gone to trial, he has been able to get convictions to stick only in the indictments of sixteen low-ranking policemen and clerks, although seventy-two others in this category have pleaded guilty. A number of his indictments and convictions of higher-level officials have been either thrown out or overturned by the courts. Nevertheless, no one doubts that there *is* enormous corruption in the city's criminal-justice system, and since December 23rd, when Carey attempted to dismiss the Special Prosecutor, citing adverse court decisions and a decline of public confidence, Nadjari's accusations against Cunningham have sounded pretty interesting. So, of course, has Nadjari's suggestion that Carey made the move to protect his friend Cunningham—although in both matters he will now have to produce solid evidence. In the last weeks, the evening news has been astorm with new charges and countercharges, calls for investigations, calls for investigations of the investigators, cries for decent attention to due process, and cries of "Coverup!" The solution of Attorney General Lefkowitz, who denied that he consulted with his old colleague Nelson Rockefeller or any other Republican leader on the matter, was to give Nadjari until June 30th of this year to finish his work. In the Democrats' anguished view, this offers the Republicans the delicious likelihood that two weeks before the start of the Democratic National Convention here Na-



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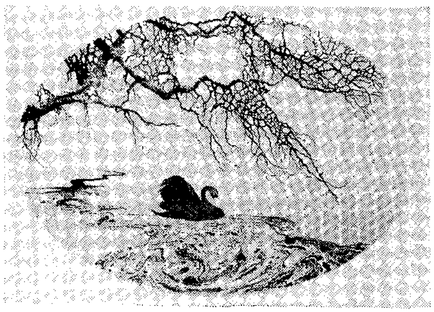

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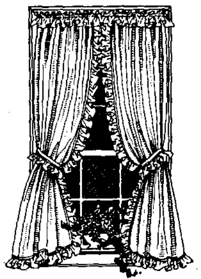

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djari may come up with a flurry of sensational indictments against Cunningham and perhaps other local Democrats—indictments that, since he will then be out of office, he will not have to make stand up in court. (The Governor has recently said that Nadjari's replacement could be an Irishman, Chief Assistant Manhattan District Attorney John Keenan.) It is too soon to tell whether Carey will be able to work his way out of this one without permanent political damage, but it seems likely that if any merry Irish songs are discovered in time for St. Patrick's Day parties this year they will be sung in somewhat muted tones.

—ANDY LOGAN

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[*From the London Sunday Times*]

The British meat pie is becoming a shadow of its former self. While the external pastry is as inviting as ever, the quantity of meat within has shrunk to a point where some public food analysts fear they may soon be examining completely meatless "meat" pies.

The Ministry of Agriculture has been trying to agree on a common standard for the common pie for some 20 years. In 1963, after studying the matter for seven years, the ministry's food standards committee thought it had come up with the answer.

The 12-member committee (which includes one professor, one lawyer and a whole laboratory of scientists) concluded in a 23-page report: "One ounce of meat in a four-ounce pie seems to us a reasonable minimum and the least the consumer has the right to expect."

The committee was anxious to dispel the argument of some makers that the meat pie was no more than a "farinaceous article" to which meat was added merely as a flavouring—as little as five per cent in some Scottish Forfar Bridies.

The committee's findings became the Meat Pie and Sausage Roll Regulations, 1967. But they have never been successfully enforced. The reason is a loophole in the 1967 Regulations, which overlap with the Food and Drugs Act, 1955.

On October 1, 1970, a public health inspector entered Mr. Howard Skeate's pie shop at Great Horton Road, Bradford, and bought six Cornish pasties which, the Regulations lay down, must contain at least 12½ per cent meat—the same as for meat pies.

The Bradford analyst broke down two of the six pasties into one sample, and concluded that the meat average of the two was just 7.9 per cent.

Bradford magistrates convicted Mr. Skeate of selling a deficient pie. But his counsel argued that the 1967 Regulations—which throughout refer to "*any* meat pie"—meant that prosecution should rest upon a single pie, and not a selection of them. On appeal, the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court quashed Mr. Skeate's conviction.

The loophole arose because the Food and Drugs Act, 1955, says that suspect food samples must be divided into three equal lots—one for the defendant, one for the prosecution and one to be kept in store.

But because the 1967 Regulations require prosecution on a *single* pie no further cases have been brought: it is impossible to cut a meat pie into three equal parts and so leave an analyst enough of the pie to analyse.

The Agriculture Ministry is now considering amending the 1967 Regulations.

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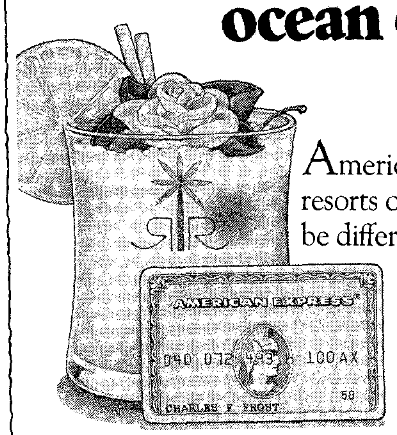

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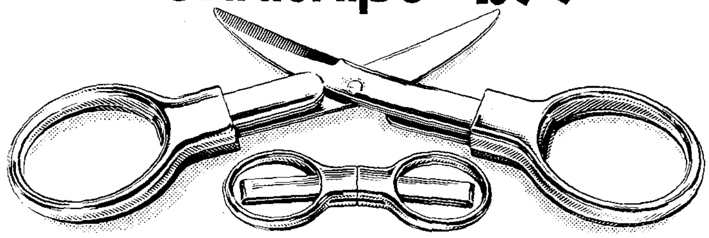

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DANCING

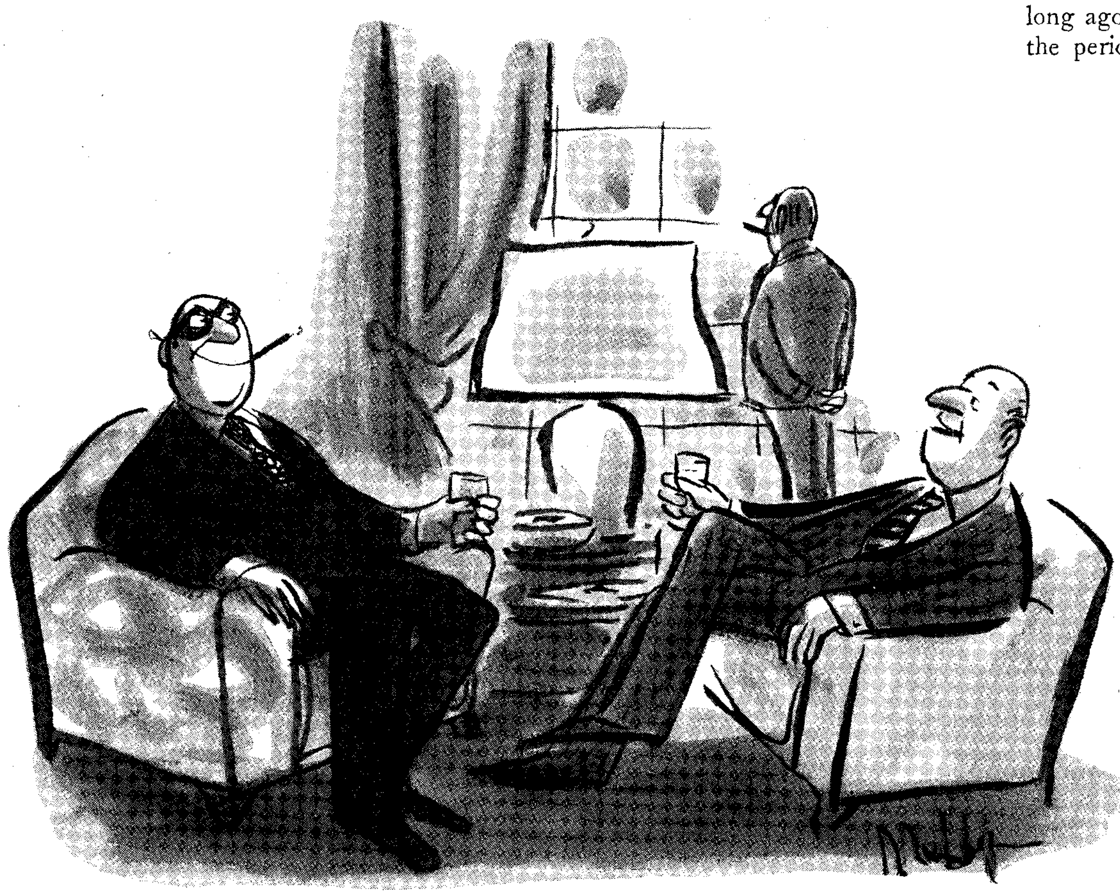
Two by Balanchine

Balanchine's two premières of the season, "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" and "Chaconne," came in that order and without an intermission on the same program. They are two well-contrasted pieces, even contradictory. If you like me, says one, you can't possibly like the other. But the New York City Ballet audience, which seems to have grown more acutely responsive in the past year, wasn't drawn into that game. Despite some blurriness of intention toward the end of the first ballet and a prevailing blurriness in the second, it welcomed both warmly. "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" comes from the same confectionery as "The Nutcracker" and "Harlequinade" and "Coppélia." Based on an Andersen tale, it tells of a dancing doll and a toy soldier who carry on a hearthside flirtation. The flames of passion leap higher, a gust of air blows the doll into the fire, and there is nothing left of her but her red enamel heart. Bravely, the soldier mans his post. Although it's only an excuse for a pas de deux, the story might be stronger than it is. I think Balanchine means to tell it earnestly but blithely, without sentiment. However, it isn't clear that the doll runs into the fireplace because she's blown there; nor is it clear that she's incinerated. The music (the galop from Bizet's "Jeux d'Enfants") contains no motive for the doll's death, but, properly staged, it could sound the exact note of heartless whimsey the piece is aiming at.

Doll dances have a perennial fascination. The overt simulation is a release from the conventions of theatre; it plays upon our need to judge empirically, rather than through a tolerance of fiction, what is "real." And every doll-dancer invents her own pseudo-personhood. Patricia McBride has invented one pseudo-person called Coppélia. She now invents another, without a name, warmer and sillier than Coppélia. The mechanics of the part are not undertaken as a great feat (unlike those mannequins in store windows which really set out to fool you), and they soon vanish into conventional fiction: we must take flesh and bone for wood and sawdust, when a moment ago we were mesmerized by the proposition that wood and sawdust were plausibly there. "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" is a dance and not a puppet show. The dance is continuously absorbing, stringent even in its moments of coyness, and McBride brings an ageless vitality to the doll's character. She has the sparkle of an experienced soubrette. Playing opposite the relatively inexperienced and still tentative Robert Weiss, she resists the temptation she often yields to when her partner is not a match for her—the temptation to compensate for him by exaggerating her own authority. It is a beautifully tempered performance.

"The Steadfast Tin Soldier" had its world première last summer in Saratoga. It is not a new ballet but a revival of part of "Jeux d'Enfants," set by Balanchine and other choreographers to Bizet's complete score in 1955. David Mitchell has designed flattering new costumes and a new set, showing a sketchy Victorian parlor with toys piled on the hearth and a row of life-size cardboard sentinels in forced perspective. The choreography for the ballerina looks as witty to me now as it did in the fifties except for one small detail: then she applauded herself *after* the audience applause had begun. The Soldier has entirely new choreography, and it is this role, made for Peter Schaufuss, that should really justify the revival. Schaufuss, a talented Danish dancer, joined the company not long ago and had been going through the period of adjustment that always confronts a dancer new to Balanchine's style. The Soldier was his first custom-built leading role, and presumably it tells us something of how Balanchine sees Schaufuss and proposes to use him. I regret not having seen the Saratoga performance; Schaufuss has been out with an injury since the start of the season. Weiss projects no character; he remains a stick figure.

"Chaconne" is not a new piece, either. It is a suite set to the ballet music from Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," and it derives from a production of the full opera mounted by Balanchine at the Hamburg State Opera in 1963. Gluck customarily ended his operas with dance finales in the form of a chaconne; they are seldom staged today. Balanchine's score



"And what made you decide to become the Masked Tycoon?"

was the Paris version of 1774, which Gluck had expanded by adding dance numbers from his other works. In 1973, Balanchine restaged the production, with cuts in the chaconne, at the Paris Opéra. Rouben Ter-Arutunian's Louis XIV-inspired costumes for Hamburg were replaced by Bernard Daydé's in the style of Gustave Moreau. Costumes—especially eighteenth-century dance costumes—are strongly implied in the line and sense of the choreography, but the New York City Ballet "Chaconne" uses plain white tunics for the women, white tights and shirts for the men. (This is the company's impartial "Greek" look.) Suzanne Farrell, in an overpowering role, wears an off-white chiffon shift.

We begin with Farrell, her hair unbound, and Peter Martins alone on a dark-blue stage. Their dance—a romantic "swimming" duet to the flute solo from the Dance of the Blessed Spirits in Gluck's second act—is less a prologue to the ballet than a puzzling preliminary. What follows is completely different in style—a rococo divertissement with entries for the corps de ballet and demi-soloists. (The scene in the opera is a court ballet in the Temple of Love.) There is a gracious and supple, long-limbed pas de trois—Jay Jolley, Renee Estopinal, Wilhelmina Frankfurt—in which the boy holds an invisible lute or mandolin. (In Hamburg, the instrument was actually carried.) Two more courtiers, Susan Hendl and Jean-Pierre Frohlich, have a vivacious and somewhat taxing pas de deux. A pas de cinq to music that sounds like the chirping of birds would be more interesting metaphorically if we could tell that the five short girls are cupids—cupids with wings. But then Farrell and Martins return, and the court ballet fades away, to be continued by other means. Farrell (now with hair classically knotted) is high-rococo expression in every limb and joint. Architecturally and ornamentally, her dancing is the music's mirror, an immaculate reflection of its sweep and buoyancy, with no loss of detail. Farrell's response to music is not to its moment-by-moment impulse but to its broad beat, its overarching rhythm and completeness of scale. When people speak of her as the perfect Balanchine dancer, this is probably what they mean. The blurriness I complained of is not in what she does. The trouble is simply that such poise, such angelic transparency, is a law unto itself. What happens in the middle of "Chaconne" is that a whole new ballet crystallizes,

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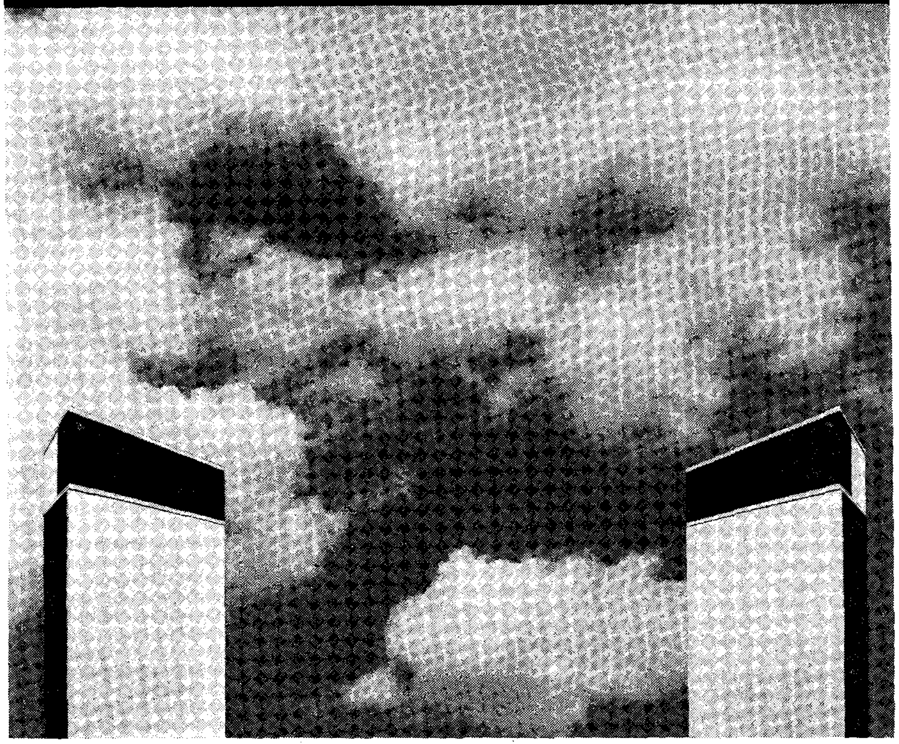

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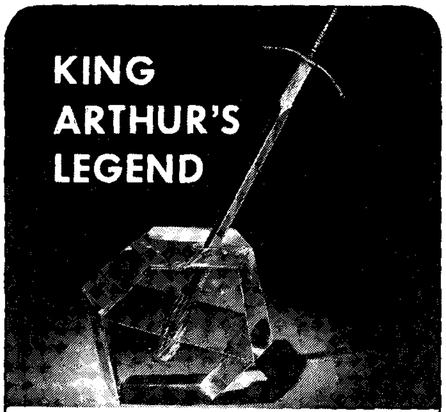

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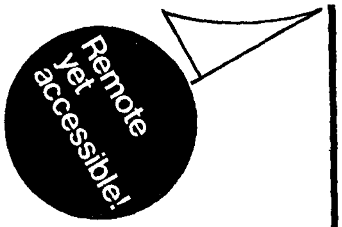
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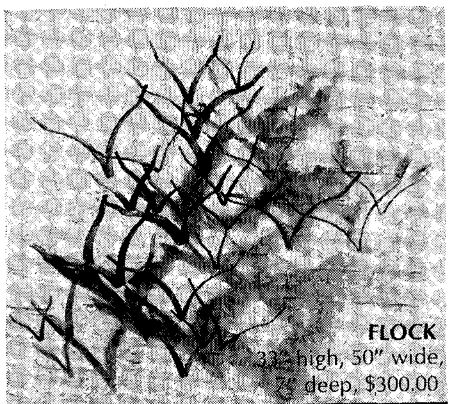

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a new style in rococo dancing appears, which in 1963 was unknown. Balanchine turns the clock ahead so suddenly that if it weren't for Farrell's and Martins' steadiness we'd lose our bearings. Their first pas de deux gave no hint of what was to come. Now, in a minuet, they present a solemn façade or gateway to the variations for them both that follow in a gavotte. These are like sinuous corridors leading one on and on. It is excess, but it is controlled excess—never more than one's senses can encompass yet never less. Farrell's steps are full of surprising new twists; her aplomb is sublime. And Martins achieves a rhythmic plangency that is independently thrilling. (When people speak of him as the perfect partner for Farrell, this is not all they mean, but it's part of it.) Together, from the gavotte onward into the concluding chaconne these two dancers are a force that all but obliterates what remains of the divertissement. Balanchine's ensemble choreography here is musically focussed, but visually it is unrhymed. His yokes and garlands and summary groupings don't quite manage to gather and contain the new material for Farrell and Martins within the shell that remains from Hamburg-Paris. Evidently, Balanchine has restored the musical repeats he cut in Paris, but instead of giving them back to the corps (or, as seems more likely, to the demi-soloists), he assigned them, with new choreography, to Farrell and Martins. The two-sidedness of the ballet is a problem.

On première nights, the audience always applauds persistently, waiting for Balanchine to take his bow. After the double première, on January 22nd, he came before the curtain wearing one of his sprucest blazer-and-silk-scarf combinations, and it was hard to believe that it was also his seventy-second birthday. Not merely because he didn't look his age but because, measured against his accomplishments, his age seemed not nearly great enough. How many in the audience could remember what ballet was like without him? Generations of dancers, of audiences have received his imprint. The epochs unreel in their diversity, showing where he's been and with whom: Diaghilev and Cochran's Revue; Sam Goldwyn and Tchelitchew; Stravinsky and "Cabin in the Sky;" "Where's Charley?" and "The Nutcracker" and again Stravinsky. "Chaconne" reminds us of his many encounters with Orpheus: not only the two European productions of Gluck's opera but Offenbach's operetta and Stravinsky's ballet. Last December, he staged the dances—minus the chaconne—for yet another "Orfeo," at the Chicago Lyric Opera. And there was his production in 1936 at the Metropolitan, from which only George Platt Lynes's photographs remain: a ballet-pantomime with offstage voices, Hell pictured as a concentration camp, allusions to judo and nudity, and an attendant scandal in the press.

In those days, Balanchine had just started to build an American ballet company. He must have been as unpredictable then as he is now. Where he stands today, what aspect of his art he will emphasize next are questions to which the two "new" pieces he has just given us don't supply answers. Probably they weren't meant to. But the split in "Chaconne" reflects a vast impatience to be moving ahead. There's a motor racing inside this vehicle which is determined to shake it to pieces, and as a goad to performers what could be more exciting? A week after the première, I saw another performance. There was such euphoria onstage and in the pit that the final chaconne, loose ends and all, came together and held as if by miracle, and stars, demis, corps, orchestra, and audience were wafted together into Tiepolo's skies. —ARLENE CROCE

•

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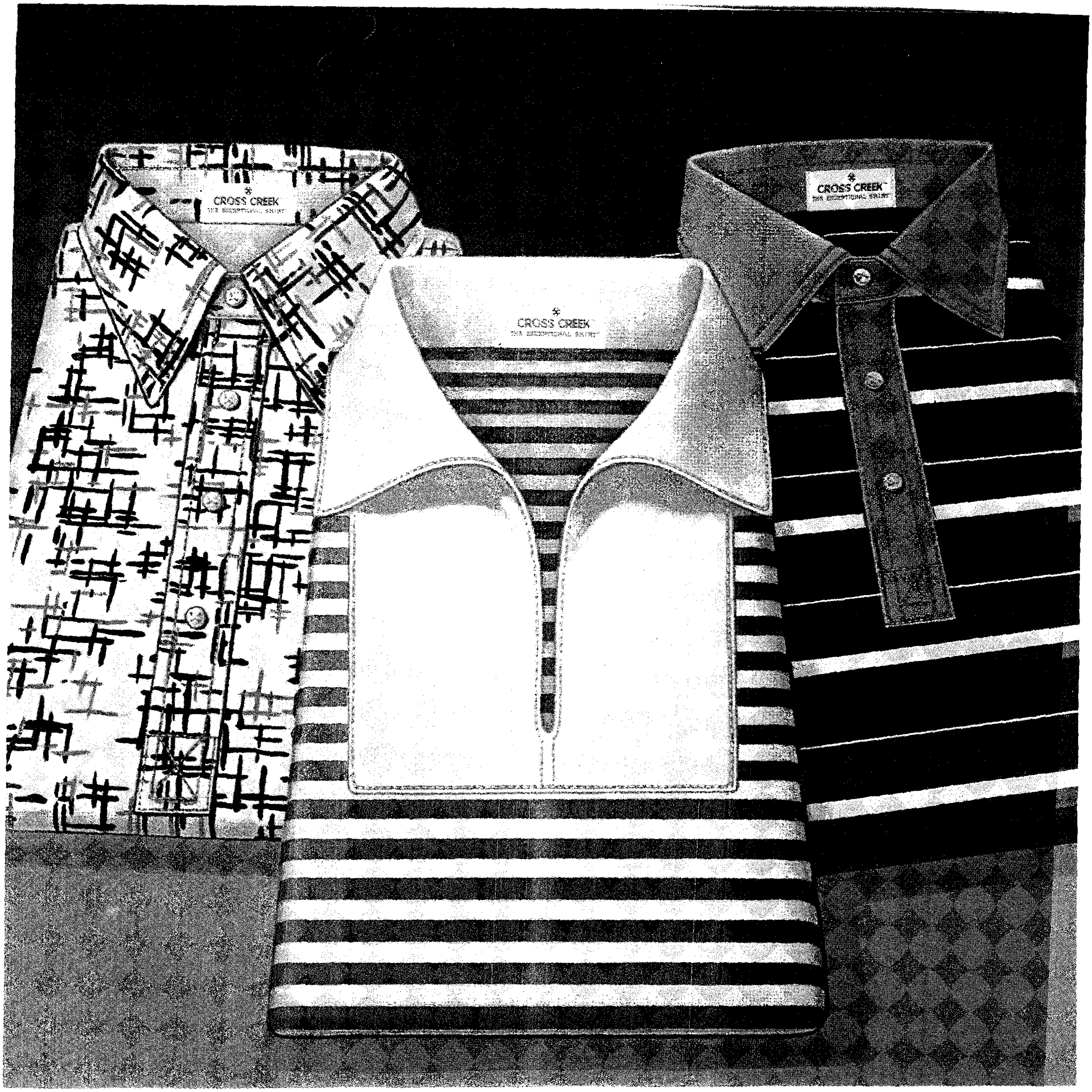

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Song from the Twin Cities

TWO song cycles from Minnesota came to New York on consecutive days: on Sunday afternoon last week, in Town Hall, William Bolcom's "Open House," commissioned by the American Choral Society and first performed, last year, in the O'Shaughnessy Auditorium of St. Paul; the evening before, in Carnegie Hall, Dominick Argento's "From the Diary of Virginia Woolf," commissioned by the Schubert Club of St. Paul and first performed, last year, in the new Orchestra Hall of Minneapolis. Bolcom's work, for tenor and chamber orchestra, is dedicated to Paul Sperry; Argento's, for mezzo-soprano and piano, to Janet Baker. Both were done here by their original performers: Mr. Sperry and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies; and Dame Janet and Martin Isepp.

The St. Paul orchestra is the only full-time professional chamber orchestra in this country. Its Town Hall concert—given, to a warm and appreciative audience, as one of the Peoples' Symphony Concerts, now in their seventy-fifth season—was the last of four that it played on a New York visit. I wish I could have attended all, for they were done in four very different locations, to four very different kinds of audience, and the programs reflected the range of the orchestra's activity. In the Auditorium of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, as part of Lincoln Center's New and Newer Music series, there was Copland's Piano Quartet, Henry Cowell's "Persian Set," and two works, by Minneapolis-St. Paul composers, written for the orchestra: Paul Fetler's Violin Concerto and Eric Stokes's "Five Verbs"—both New York premières. At the Kitchen, in Wooster Street, there was an adventurous evening of John Cage. A Carnegie Hall concert was classical—Handel, Mozart, and Pleyel. The Town Hall concert was classical in the first half—Haydn and Johann Melchior Molter—and the second half was Bolcom's song cycle.

There are twenty-four players: a string strength of 4.4.3.3.1; pairs of oboes, horns, and bassoons; a single flute and clarinet; harpsichord or piano. That is not enough for the larger scores of Haydn and Mozart (for them, trumpets and drums and extra woodwinds must be brought in), but it does cover a good deal of the baroque, classical, and contemporary repertory. The orchestra's classical style is gentle and unemphatic, alert but not forceful, and sometimes, to my ears, a shade lacking in incisiveness. Mr. Davies does not favor strong accents. Mozart's A-Major Symphony K.201 and Haydn's Symphony No. 98 (done without trumpets and drums) flowed easily. They were played like chamber music, with delicate phrasing and careful balance. Mr. Davies seemed not so much to impose his will on the players as to be their unobtrusive guide. The result was captivating but perhaps not quite bright enough. It may be that through gentleness of attack Mr. Davies seeks to dim the unauthentic brightness that modern instruments give to eighteenth-century music. A soft, tender glow is certainly preferable to glare. Yet I felt some lack of vigor in the executions. The other works at the Carnegie concert were concertos. Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Martine Géliot, harp, were rather dull, plain soloists in Pleyel's C-Major Flute Concerto, Handel's Harp Concerto (the Organ Concerto Op. 4 No. 6 in its harp version), and Mozart's Concerto for Flute and Harp. In Town Hall, Gerard Schwarz was the soloist in Molter's Second Trumpet Concerto, a pedestrian composition that not even his skill could enliven.

Two records on the Nonesuch label are due in spring from the St. Paul orchestra. One is devoted to galant pieces: a J. C. Bach sinfonia, "Mozart's Symphony No. 37" (which is by Michael Haydn, with a Mozart introduction), and an early Mozart cassation. It should provide a clear idea of the orchestra's eighteenth-century manner. In music of the twentieth century, Mr. Davies' skill has long been recognized. Internationally, he has become one of the best-known American conductors, leading the orchestra on its tour of Western and Eastern Europe, and conducting for the Netherlands and Stuttgart Operas. The other record is twentieth-century; it contains two works by William Bolcom, his "Commedia," written for the St. Paul orchestra some years ago, and the new song cycle. "Commedia" is that rare thing, a piece of instrumental music that can make one laugh aloud. It is Mahlerian in its clear instrumental colorings, its tunefulness, its sudden, drastic juxtapositions—a slight, deft piece with Mahler's charm and gaiety and none of his angst, now perky, now sentimental, and totally winning. Bolcom (born in 1938) is a composer who is always pleasing but sometimes puzzling. He can be a poet, but he is one who shrinks from too lofty a flight; in full, rhapsodic utterance he is apt to drop suddenly into a "Call me Bill" vein, as if to say "Enough of that long-haired stuff; I'm not one of those cerebral composers who write only for the critics and campus intellectuals; music should be fun; here's a tune, a rhythm, a chord sequence of a kind that we all know!" Bolcom's "Seasons," a sixteen-minute tone poem for solo guitar, was introduced to New York last month by Michael Lorimer, at a Tully Hall recital. Most of it is magical. The small sounds of nature astir—tap and twitch and rustle, bright twitter and sleepy chirrup—can well be shaped into guitar music. But twice, in sections called "Spring and Summer Dances" and "Harvest Time," Bolcom drops into a jarring popular idiom, jolly enough in itself but not of a piece with the rest of his composition. The episodes seem contrived, self-conscious, mannered, put in merely to prove a point that needs no proving.

"Open House" is a setting of seven poems by Theodore Roethke, a poet to whom several American composers have been drawn. The best Roethke songs I know match his disciplined diction and metres with a disciplined vocal line, not leaping fiercely, not rhythmically extravagant, but controlled in its energy. The eponymous poem that opens Bolcom's cycle starts:

> My secrets cry aloud.
> I have no need for tongue.
> My heart keeps open house,
> My doors are widely swung.
> An epic of the eyes
> My love, with no disguise.

Bolcom sets the lines in a declamatory, melodramatic fashion, with several leaps of a seventh, and strong emphases. It is not their tone as I hear it. The second song, "Give Way, Ye Gates," uses a more exclamatory, erratic poem; Bolcom's setting sounds almost like a parody of post-"Pierrot" expressionism, and it is hard to follow the sense ("Believe me, knot of gristle, I bleed like a tree;/I dream of nothing but boards;/I could love a duck"). The third, "The Waking,"

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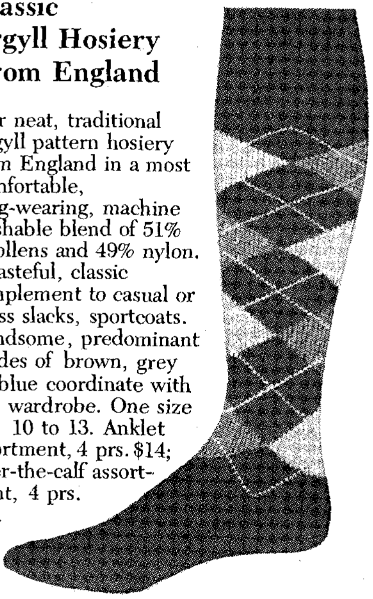

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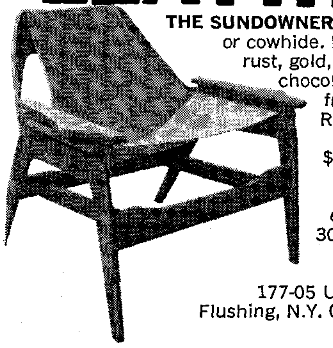

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affords an interesting comparison with Ned Rorem's setting of the same text. Roethke's poem is a villanelle in regular iambic pentameters ("I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow"). Both composers have hit on exactly the same basic metre, a steady tread of quarter notes in common time, one to a syllable—*an upbeat to start with*, and the last syllable of each line prolonged. Moreover, both use much stepwise motion, and this has led to some of the words being sung to the very same notes. Rorem, in a skillful and beautiful piece, *maintains the* pattern unbroken throughout his song, and in doing so he faithfully reflects the technical structure of the poem. Variety is provided by subtle displacements of pitch levels, by carefully plotted harmonic and dynamic contours, and by piano textures sensitive to the shifting emotional tensions. It is up to the singer to sound the poet's punctuation, within the regular march of quarter notes, and to adjust verbal stresses so that the first syllables of the lines beginning "God bless the ground!" and "Light takes the Tree," though set to a weak beat, are given due weight. Someone reading the poem aloud would do the same. And, in this play of stress and weight against the regular metre, poem and musical setting are a match. In Bolcom's setting, the villanelle structure is less clear. His common time is soon varied by measures of three, five, and six. Stepwise motion changes to leaps, and the inflection of the words is sometimes unnatural. The fourth song, "The Serpent," is a piece of would-be comic doggerel broadly handled in "Bowery waltz tempo." The fifth, "I Knew a Woman," is set to a slow, syncopated night-club melody. The sixth, "First Meditation," from "Meditations of an Old Woman," seems to me the greatest success of the cycle, a piece in which Bolcom's various manners knit together. It starts with half-spoken recitative, and fragments of arioso, and then moves "lazily, smoothly" into a popular rhythm, rolling fluently along; Roethke's phrase "through western country" may have brought "country-and-Western" to mind. Lulled by the motion of the bus in which she imagines herself, the old woman lets her thoughts slip into the past, and the music slips into E major, cradling the line of memories that she voices in free rhythms against the regular beat. The poem of the final song, "The Right Thing," is another villanelle, but one less strictly constructed than "The Waking." Bolcom sets it as a hymn

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tune in C major, with varied accompaniments. The tone is serene, affirmative. The timbre of the first tercet is beautiful: voice doubled two octaves higher by a recorder, and bassoon and viola in diatonic note-against-note counterpoint. But the word setting seems to me awkward at times—an octave leap, for example, starts the refrain "The right thing happens to the happy man."

Mixed impressions, at the end: plenty of good ideas; vitality most of the time, but also some dead patches; word setting frequently at odds with the natural rise and fall of Roethke's lines and the beat of his measures, but not so strong in itself as to subdue them to the composer's will; incoherence of the cycle as a whole, because Bolcom has not here brought poetical, finely trained William and lively, jolly Bill, the entertainer, into harmony. When that happens, he becomes one of our most attractive composers.

NO reservations about Argento's song cycle, "From the Diary of Virginia Woolf." It is a beautiful, moving, and masterly work. From "A Writer's Diary" the composer has chosen eight extracts. The first is an early entry, from 1919—"What sort of diary should I like mine to be? Something . . . so elastic that it will embrace anything, solemn, slight or beautiful that comes into my mind"—and the last is the final entry, of 1941. The second song uses a paragraph on anxiety, foreboding; the third is the fancy "Why not invent a new kind of play; as for instance: Woman thinks . . . He does. Organ plays." Then accounts of Hardy's funeral (1928) and of tea at the Caffè Greco, in Rome (1935). From June, 1940, there is war ("This, I thought yesterday, may be my last walk . . . the war—our waiting while the knives sharpen for the operation—has taken away the outer wall of security"), and from later in that year a remembrance of parents and herself as a child ("How beautiful they were, those old people—I mean father and mother"). And then that last entry: "I will go down with my colours flying. . . . Occupation is essential. And now with some pleasure I find that it's seven; and must cook dinner. Haddock and sausage meat. I think it is true that one gains a certain hold on sausage and haddock by writing them down." In the musical setting, the piano accompaniment has already strayed back to the music at the start of the cycle, and now lines from the first song are repeated—the wish that the collection of

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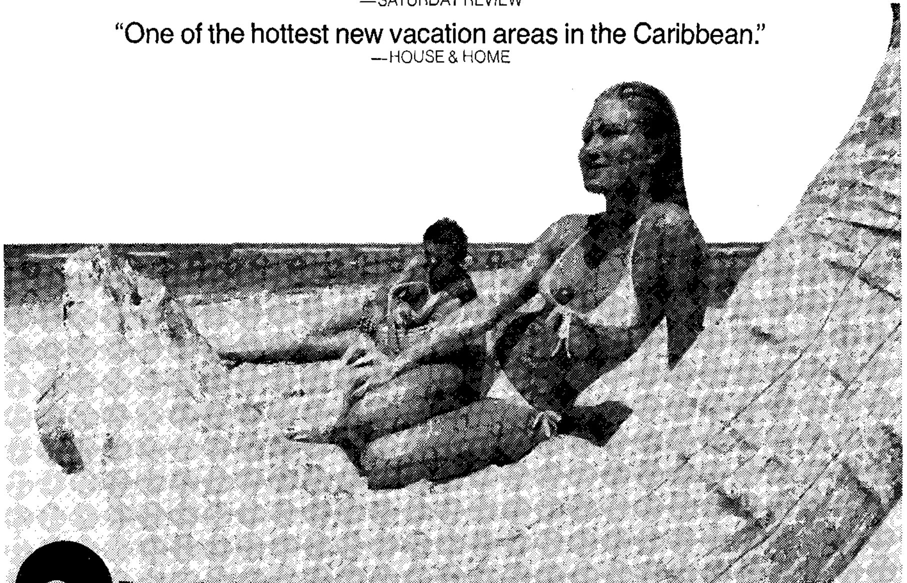

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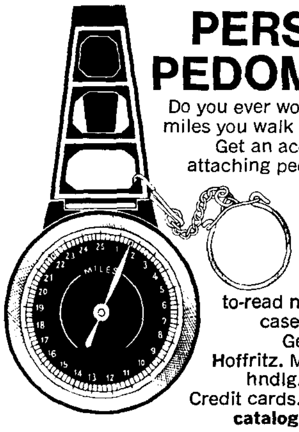

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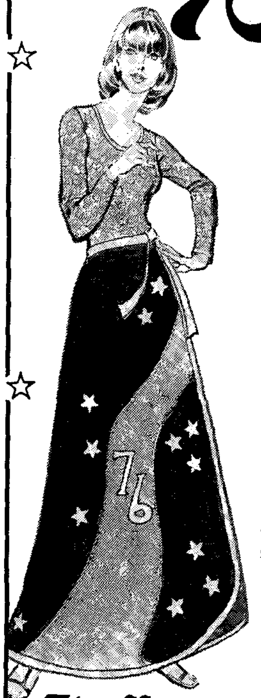

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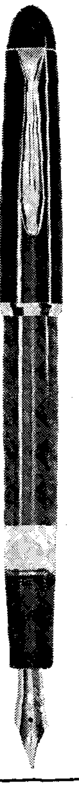

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observations thus set down may have "sorted itself and refined itself and coalesced, as such deposits so mysteriously do, into a mould, transparent enough to reflect the light of our life." The text is coherent, and affecting, and proves to be marvellously apt for musical treatment. The words are, as it were, "recited" in a flexible arioso of melodic contour, uncommonly sensitive to natural weight, speed, and inflection, embracing both recitative and full-throated lyrical song. The piano part gives to each song its basic character and a firm musical structure, and on the way picks up the passing, picturesque details so sharply noted and makes motifs of them. Song follows song in masterly sequence. "War," in C-sharp minor, is accompanied only by the notes G sharp and C sharp in the bass and sudden, stabbing, or fluttering repeated-note signals in the treble. At its close, the menace fades for a while before the serene E major of "Parents." The last song begins resolutely, a repeated C-sharp major clung to as if in desperate affirmation, but soon the harmony starts shifting and breaking. A tolling G sharp in the bass and other motifs from earlier songs recur. The vocal line is expressive and very good to sing; by Dame Janet it was sung with the utmost eloquence. The piano part is vivid, many-colored, and subtle; by Mr. Isepp it was played superlatively well. The cycle is published by Boosey & Hawkes.

It was a recital in which the writers were important. The texts were by Niccolò Minato (Cavalli's librettist; arias from his "Serse" and "Orimonte" opened the evening, and it was interesting to hear "Ombra mai fu" set not by Handel), Virginia Woolf, then, after the intermission, Schiller (five Schubert settings), and finally Verlaine (three poems, each in settings by both Debussy and Fauré). The Schubert group came to climax with a thrilling performance of the tremendous "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus." The wretched program book gave no texts—only excerpts from the Woolf cycle, and translations of the rest. There was nothing about Schiller and Schubert, nor any notes on the songs. Anyone not knowing that "Amalia" is from "Die Räuber" and what "Die Räuber" is about can have made little sense of the piece.

I have long revered Dame Janet—in Monteverdi, Cavalli, Handel, Berlioz—as a goddess made of finer stuff than mere mortal clay. On the stage she sounds and looks so noble, so inspired, as to make other singers seem stagy; with utter directness she gives voice to the words. Not always in recital have I felt this transfiguring power, for sometimes she has exposed emotions so fearlessly, so uninhibitedly, as to break the song mold—has been too *open* both in timbre and in expression. But in this Carnegie recital she was matchless. The nineteenth-century Italian roles recently tackled—Donizetti's Mary Stuart, Bellini's Romeo in the forthcoming Angel recording—seem to have enriched and extended the glorious voice, which now ran in its full splendor from the A below the staff to the A above it more evenly and fully than ever before. The style in Schubert, in Debussy and Fauré was more certain than ever before. In the *mélodies*, she showed a new command of that Claire Croiza-like quality in which candor, clarity, passion, and, with it, a certain mysterious restraint are combined. In an encore, "My Boy Tammie," she threw her voice into every corner of the hall and set it ringing.

—Andrew Porter

• •

SENTENCES

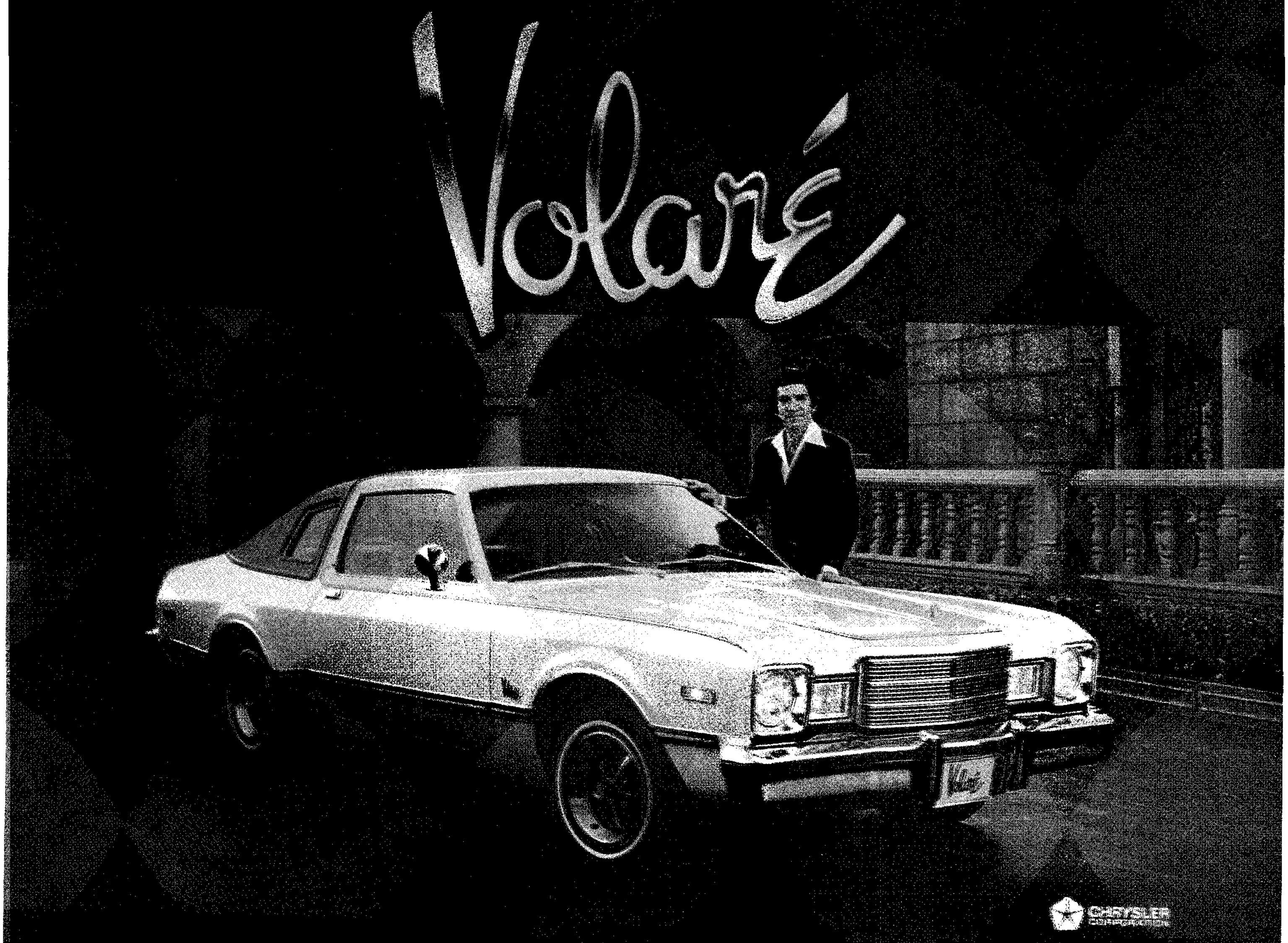
The ash fish has been away for a long time now,
The snow transparent; a white cane rakes back and forth
In the hush, no sweet sound from the leaves.

Whatever is dead stays dead: the lighted and cold
Blue blank pavilions of the sky,
The sand, the crystal's ring in the bushy ear—
Voices logy with sleep, their knapsacks
The color of nothing, full of the great spaces they still must cross.

The trees take care of their own salvation, and rocks
Swell with their business; and there, on the clean cloth
Of the river, a Host is floating without end.

Heaven, that stray dog, eats on the run and keeps moving.

—Charles Wright



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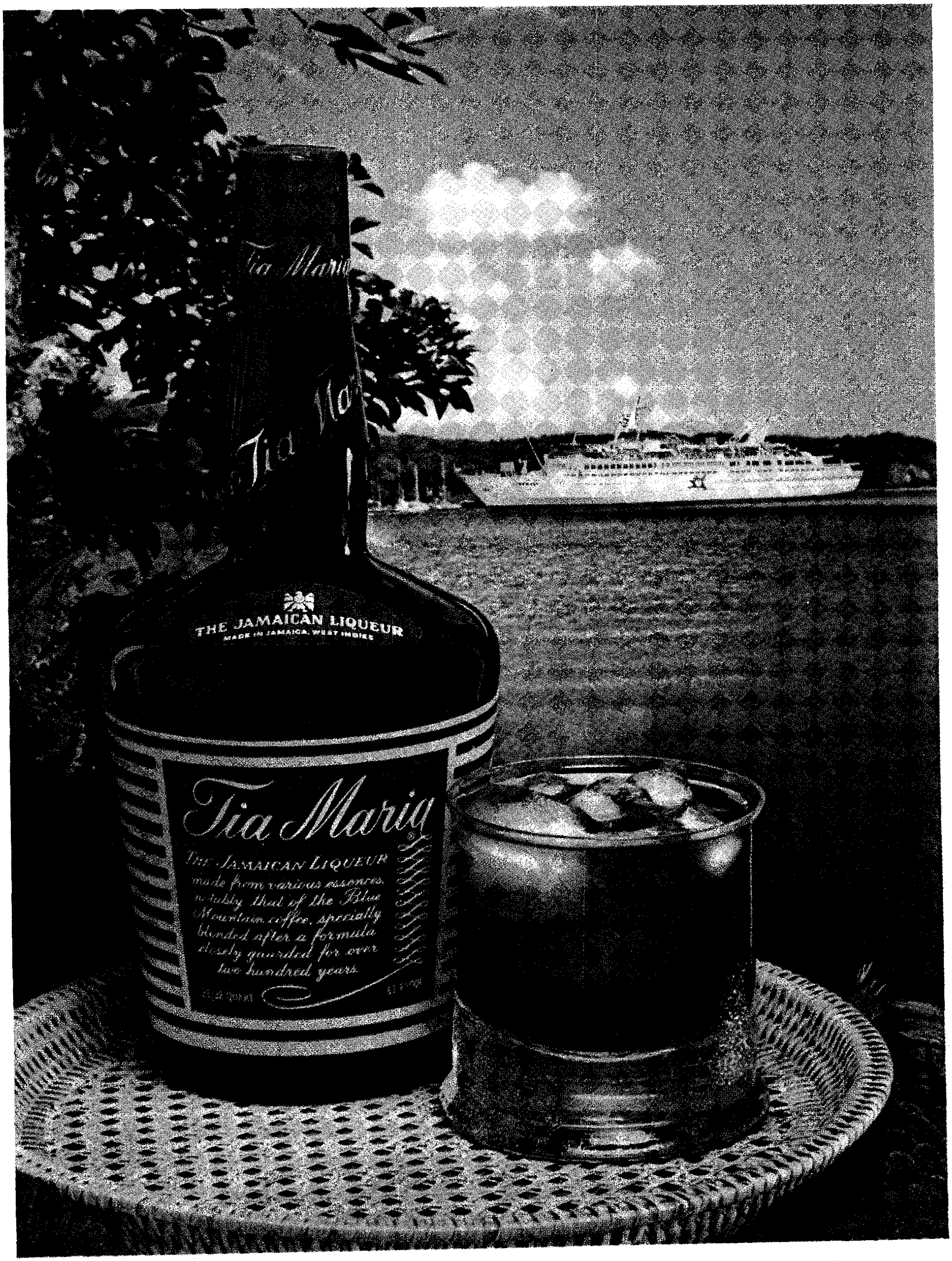
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The luxurious cruise ship, M/S Starward of Norwegian Caribbean Lines, is seen at Port Antonio, Jamaica, one of its ports of call.

THE RACE TRACK

Repeater

RIGHT MIND, winner of the Aqueduct Handicap a couple of weeks ago, came back with another lively performance in the Stymie Handicap at the Big A last Saturday afternoon. (If memory serves, Mr. Right, his papa, ran well in the Stymie some years ago.) Ron Turcotte kept Right Mind in good position throughout the early running, and sent him into the lead on the turn into the stretch to win by more than a length from Syllabus, who beat out Bombay Duck by a neck for the place. After the finish, Cruguet, who rode Syllabus, registered a claim of foul against the winner, which the stewards disallowed. Turcotte and Cordero shared the day's riding honors, with four winners and three winners, respectively.

The weather came down on Aqueduct with a vengeance earlier in the week. On Monday, to start it off, three horses in the seventh race took a spill on the backstretch as the field picked its way through the dense fog that covered the course. Happily, none of the jockeys or their mounts were badly hurt, and the stewards, deciding that one spill was enough for the day, called off the eighth and ninth races. The next day, it was raining so hard and the muddy footing was so slippery that the card was cancelled after the second race. (The daily double paid $142.40.) The crowd of 6,011 was given rain checks and sent home, the program for Wednesday was dropped, and Joe King—the track superintendent—and his ground crew were put to work round the clock to get the racing strip in proper condition again. Their efforts paid off on Thursday, when a crowd of 13,658 came out and bet $1,998,832 on the nine races.

LUCK is still out for Allen Jerkens and the Hobeau Farm horses he's been training at Hialeah. Step Nicely, who was third in the Royal Palm Handicap on January 24th, managed to finish only second in the Seminole Handicap last weekend, and second isn't good enough. Group Plan, Step Nicely's stablemate, wasn't even close—he came in fourth. The unexpected winner was Dan Galbreath's Hail the Pirates, who had a big advantage in the weights; Nalees Rialto was third.

Earlier in the week, for the Bahamas Stakes, the second of three preps leading up to the Flamingo on the twenty-eighth, Proud Birdie wasn't the pick of the pack, either, but he ran like one of the best. My chart shows that he was the last of the eleven contenders out of the starting gate, but he caught up with Gay Jitterbug, the speedster of the party, in the stretch and went on to beat him to the wire by half a length. Inca Roca was third, and Bold Laddie, winner of the Hibiscus Stakes, was fourth. Proud Birdie must have a fairy godmother, if horses have fairy godmothers. Ten strides from the winning post, Fieselman, who rode him, thought that he had passed it, so he stood up in the saddle. Fortunately, momentum carried horse and rider over the line and they won it anyway. (Shoemaker made a similar error on Gallant Man in the 1957 Kentucky Derby, but he wasn't as lucky.) Now the critics are wondering how well Proud Birdie, who is by Proud Clarion out of Bernie Bird, will like the nine furlongs of the Flamingo (the Bahamas was only seven). Well, we'll have a better idea if Rosemary Henderson, who trains him, decides to enter him in the Everglades Stakes on the eleventh; it's nine furlongs, too.

It was thought that Honest Pleasure, who was top weight in the Experimental Free Handicap and was this year's Eclipse Award winner for his class, might make his first start of the season in the Bahamas, for he had been working out smartly in the mornings. But the three-year-old's trainer, LeRoy Jolley, chose to keep him out of it, saying that there was still plenty of time to get him ready for the Flamingo. Last week, Jolley gave $125,000 for a colt named Fabulous Pleasure, by What a Pleasure out of Spinning Reel, at the sale of Florida-bred two-year-olds in training at Hialeah. Jolley said the colt was not for one of his patrons but, rather, would run under his own colors.

At a special offering of older horses on the fourth night of the sale, Alma North, whom the late Gene Mori raced so successfully in the days when he was head of Hialeah and of Garden State Park, brought $275,000. The tab was signed by Martin Burdett-Coutts, representing the Stud and Racing Services, Ltd., a British company acting for an unnamed buyer. The mare will remain in this country.

—AUDAX MINOR

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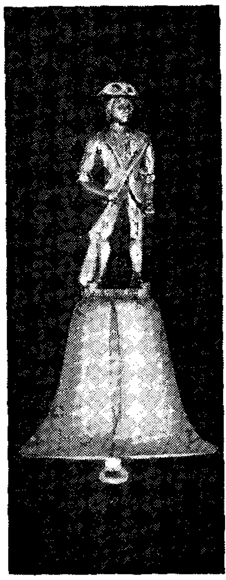
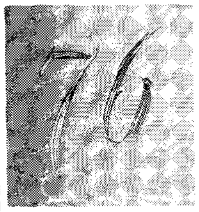

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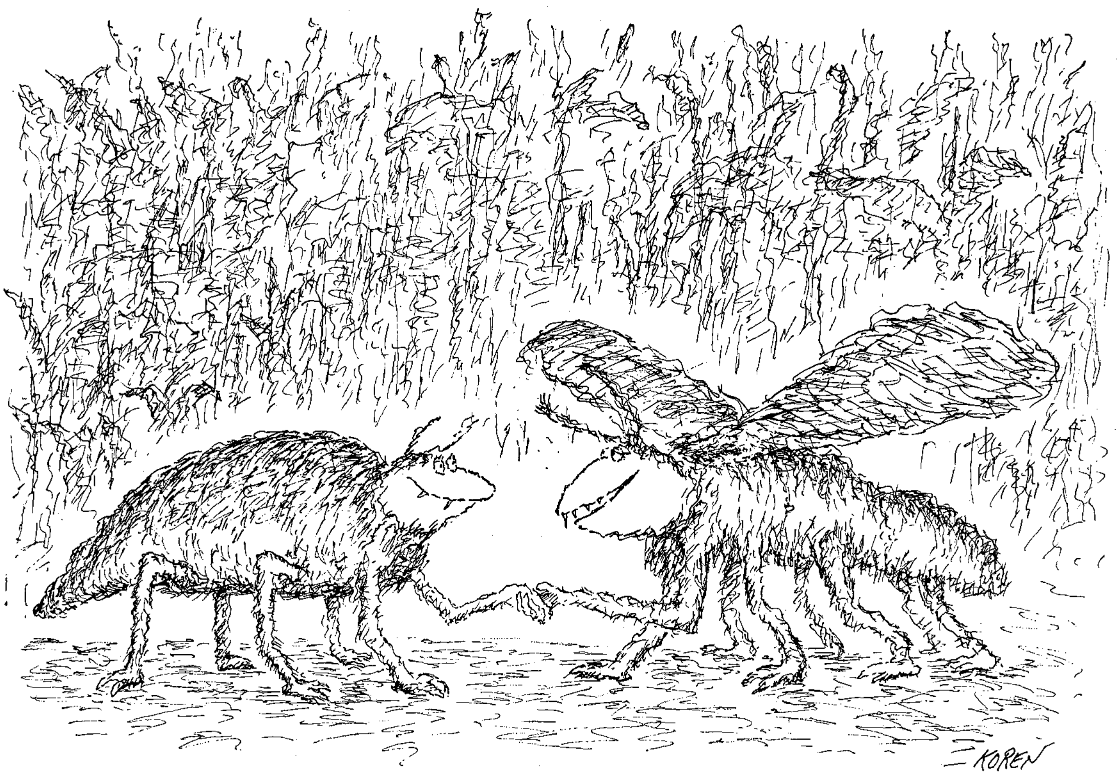
BOOKS

The Oddest of Men

WRITERS are queer fish. They range from the merely eccentric (Edith Sitwell) to the nearly monstrous (Robert Frost). But—on the well-nigh conclusive evidence of Christopher Sykes' ingratiating "Evelyn Waugh: A Biography" (Little, Brown)—none has run a greater gamut in the creation of quirks, snubs, cruelties, and paranoid delusions than the author of "The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold," itself a notable contribution to the vast twentieth-century literature of paranoia. As a longtime companion and literary associate of Waugh, Christopher Sykes might be considered too close to his subject to be entrusted with the official biography. Not so; old-fashioned British probity has a way of triumphing over mere self-interest (it was never thought strange or invidious that Evelyn's publisher-father, Arthur, frequently reviewed books he had himself edited and published), and Sykes' decency and impartiality are almost constantly on display through the course of this long, exhaustive, and astonishing life. In the best sense, it is a biography of the old school, fusing fact with imaginative speculation and sound, painstaking literary judgment. Though it is not written with unusual felicity—its prose, for the most part, is modest and direct—its subject renders it continuously interesting.

Evelyn Waugh was born in 1903, the descendant of generations of professional men—clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and judges, of whom the most eminent was the great Scottish jurist Henry Cockburn—and had a happy childhood, overshadowed only by his parents' preference for his brother Alec, born five years before. Too young to serve in the First World War, Evelyn was sent to Lancing, a church-connected public school on the south coast, and to Hertford College, Oxford. It was at Oxford that he became "social;" he made friends among both the literati (of whom Harold Acton was the outstanding example in the early twenties) and, more surprisingly, the sons of the noble and landed. This regard for the highborn was to become a major theme of Waugh's later life; he confessed, in fact, that he would have liked "to be descended from a useless Lord." At Oxford, his arrogance and eccentricity began to show. He alienated his tutor, C. R. M. F. Cruttwell; not at all repentant, he salted his early books, down through "Scoop" (1938), with unsavory or ludicrous characters named Cruttwell. He took seriously to drink; when challenged by his fellow-undergraduate Cyril Connolly for making an "abominable row" outside Balliol gate, he replied, soddenly but honestly, "I have to make a noise because I'm poor." And, having neglected his studies for drink and friends, he graduated with, as Sykes remarks, "the feeble distinction of a Third Class degree." Nor did his life after Oxford show greater direction. After several false starts in the graphic arts, in schoolmastering, even in joinery, and after an abortive attempt at suicide (he was stung by a jellyfish while in process of trying to drown himself), Waugh finally settled grimly to the task of writing a comic novel. It was, of course, "Decline and Fall;" when it appeared, in September of 1928, it made the newly married Waugh (he had recently eloped with Evelyn Gardner) notorious, if not famous, overnight.

At the end of the twenties, three events, in varying degrees, changed Waugh's character and his life. In the summer of 1929, his new wife—"She-Evelyn"—left him, capriciously, for another man; some commentators trace his later bitterness in part to this. Early in 1930, "Vile Bodies" was published, to greater critical and popular acclaim than "Decline and Fall" had received; he was now permanently established as a writer. Later in 1930, for reasons he never publicly articulated, he joined the Roman Catholic Church; he was to remain always a devout and sternly conservative Catholic. But none of these changes much influenced the life he had embarked upon—a constant round of parties and country-house weekends, interspersed with travel (largely to make money: Waugh earned considerable sums throughout the thirties from travel journalism and the books it led to) and with concentrated novel-writing sessions at a country hotel. In 1932, the perhaps overrated "Black Mischief" appeared. In 1934, "A Handful of Dust" was received with great enthusiasm; some critics, including Edmund Wilson, considered it his finest book. In 1938, the marvellous fantasia "Scoop"—on mingled English and East African themes—confirmed his reputation as the outstanding writer of his gen-



"*How's my sweet little bugaboo?*"

eration (two years before, that reputation had been bolstered by the awarding of the Hawthornden Prize for his biography "Edmund Campion").

By this time, Waugh's situation had again changed. Married, and happily, to Laura Herbert in 1937, after prolonged petitioning of the Church for permission, he settled down in a handsome Georgian country house—Piers Court, in Gloucestershire—and became a sort of squire and a serious paterfamilias. All was interrupted by the war in 1939; having connived mightily to get himself a commission in order to serve his country despite his years—men nearing forty were considered over-age for combat duty—Waugh then proved himself one of the most spectacularly unsuitable officers in the British Army. His main problem, his superiors agreed, was his cruel disdain for enlisted men: since they were largely of the "lower classes," he could not forbear to chide, confuse, and humiliate them. Thus his war service was an untidy mess of postings and cross-postings back and forth between units that wished to be rid of him. After loyal service in Egypt and Crete, he found it exceedingly difficult to obtain a leave so that he could complete a novel. The war years had begun well for him with the publication of "Put Out More Flags;" another novel in progress, "Work Suspended," was never completed (the two surviving chapters were published in 1942); "Brideshead Revisited," the novel he was to write on leave, laid him open to charges of snobbism and sentimentality, though it was a substantial popular success and the biggest pound- and dollar-earner he had ever written.

From this point—the end of the war—forward, Waugh's life seems to have fallen into a pattern of increasing withdrawal, hostility, and outright cruelty, until his early death, in 1966. Yet the implacability and downright childishness he often displayed were tempered by a generosity not often seen in the most cordial of men. In 1946, he assisted Moray MacLaren, a talented writer who had lost his faith and taken to drink, by (1) writing MacLaren a handsome check to alleviate his financial difficulties, (2) encouraging him to write a novel, and (3) getting it published, entirely on his own authority, by Chapman & Hall, his father's firm, of which Evelyn was now a director. (The novel, "Escape and Return," was a success; MacLaren, recovered, married and set out on a rewarding writing career.) And, also in 1946, Waugh finally persuaded his old friend Alfred Duggan, another alcoholic, to

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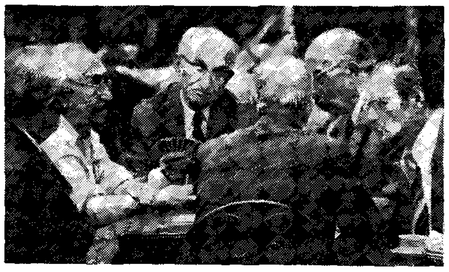

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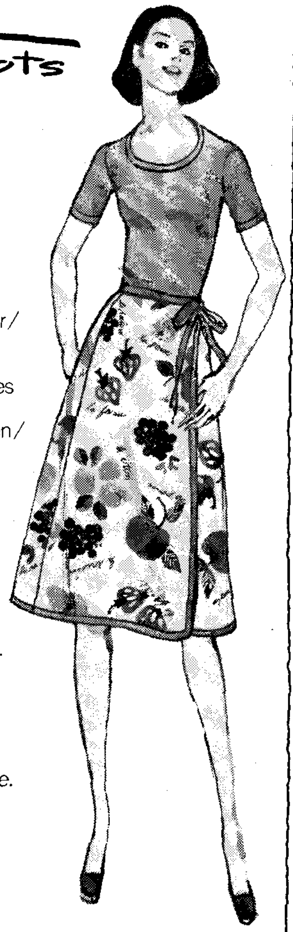

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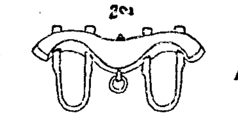

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become a writer of historical fiction.

But it was during these years and the ones that followed that Waugh began to develop his well-earned reputation as an ogre. His biographer cites scores of incidents: Waugh, with a small child's glare of envy, demanding Sykes' "grey Coke hat," and, rebuffed, immediately ordering one of his own; Waugh making amends for a vicious insult to the memory of Sykes' father by sending Sykes, at the BBC, a floral arrangement so large and overblown that it was an acute embarrassment; Waugh refusing to take a repaired watch from his wife, because "if . . . someone were to pick me up by the heels and shake me, then *two* watches would fall out of my pockets and I would thus be made to look ridiculous;" Waugh, in a small and crowded restaurant, demanding a book from Sykes "in the manner of a two-year-old child, gurgling between ear-splitting ululations 'I-want-the-book-now;' " Waugh remarking that he preferred not to dine in restaurants, since "I fall into ungovernable rages with waiters;" Waugh behaving outrageously to the British consul in Palermo, in whose house he was a guest, and shrugging off his "atrocious incivility" to a young French admirer by saying, "You have no idea how much nastier I would be if I was not a Catholic. Without supernatural aid, I would hardly be a human being." Sykes remarks that Waugh's friends began to fear that he was becoming unbalanced. They were right, he concludes: "Mr. Pinfold was on the way."

Mr. Pinfold—Waugh's alter ego in his hallucinatory madness—arrived in 1954, when Waugh set out alone on a voyage to the Mediterranean and Ceylon. On board ship, he heard voices at night, taunting him and calling his name; he imagined conspiracies against his sanity and his life; he believed that the radio officer had circulated his cables among the passengers instead of dispatching them. Shaken and ill, he left the ship in Cairo and flew home. After an edgy meeting with his wife, he was persuaded to see a psychiatrist, who discovered that the hallucinations had been caused by a combination of alcohol and sleeping pills; though the night voices vanished, Waugh's embittered withdrawal continued. Before his final decline, he was able to write the admirable "Pinfold" and to complete his war trilogy with "Unconditional Surrender," which Sykes considers his best book. I can't concur in this generous judgment, but I think that his Corporal-Major Ludovic, the autodidact author of "Pensées" and "The Death Wish," is one of his richest and most brilliant strokes, and that there are many other good things in this his last major work of fiction. Nevertheless, it has to be said that "Unconditional Surrender" is clouded by a falsely noble image of war—which, Sykes astutely points out, harks back to Waugh's early admiration for the "uplifting" war poetry of such as Rupert Brooke—and by Waugh's implacable hatred of Communism, to which, he asserts, the British blatantly sold out in the last years of the Second War. Such hatred, raised to the power of conspiracy-seeking, flaws the tone of an admirable novel.

It is ironic—when one considers Waugh's career as a whole, and bears in mind Paul Fussell's suggestion (in his thoughtful new book "The Great War and Modern Memory") that the experience of the First War forever diminished the hopes and horizons of all those to follow—that Waugh began as an iconoclast, as a black comedian of *entre-deux-guerres*, and ended as a stern, constricted moralist who might have stood beside, say, Field Marshal Haig as a guardian of his nation's honor. It is his grandest oddity.

Christopher Sykes' "Evelyn Waugh" is far more than a mere addition to the bibliography of the Waugh specialist; it is a voyage of discovery in the variousness of human nature. It is immensely readable; it teems with demonstrative incident and anecdote on virtually every page.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A BRIEF LIFE, by Juan Carlos Onetti, translated from the Spanish by Hortense Carpentier (Viking/Grossman). A work of insurmountable obscurity, written some twenty-five years ago by the well-known (in South America) Uruguayan author who was jailed in 1974 for being one of several judges who awarded a literary prize to a short story his government deemed obscene and subversive. The narrative of the present volume is made up of a series of fantasies about three or four characters who sometimes seem real, sometimes not; constantly disappearing and then popping up in bizarre new contexts, or even identities, they are always just blurry enough to evade the reader's grasp. Even the narrator, a middle-aged advertising copywriter, never becomes more than a ubiquitous gray shade who

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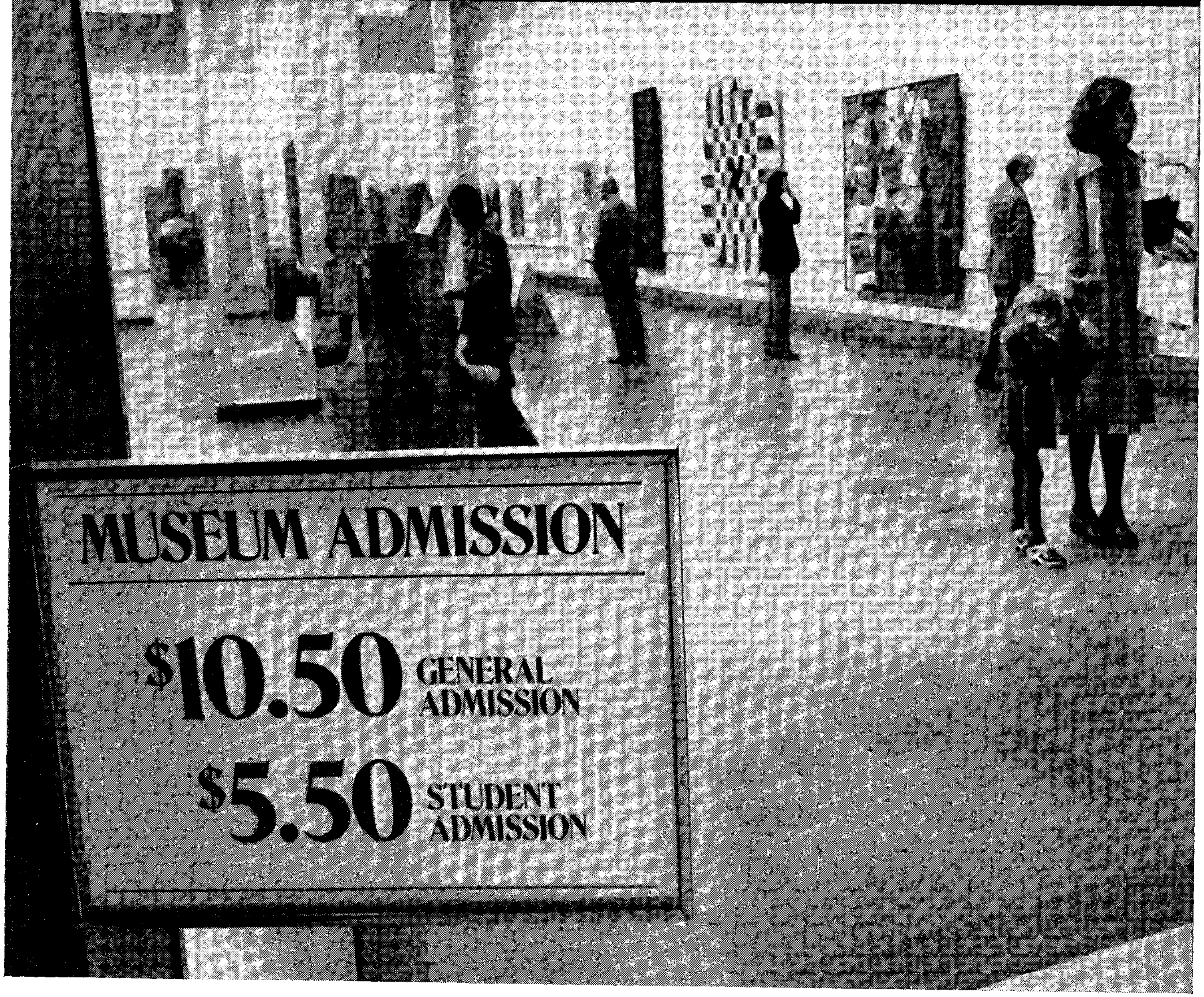

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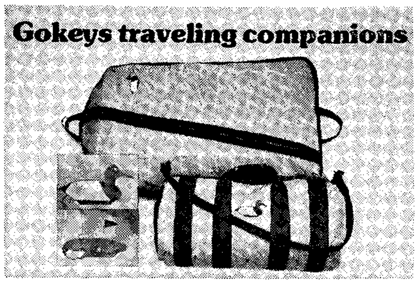

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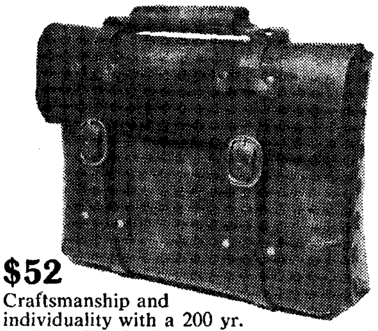

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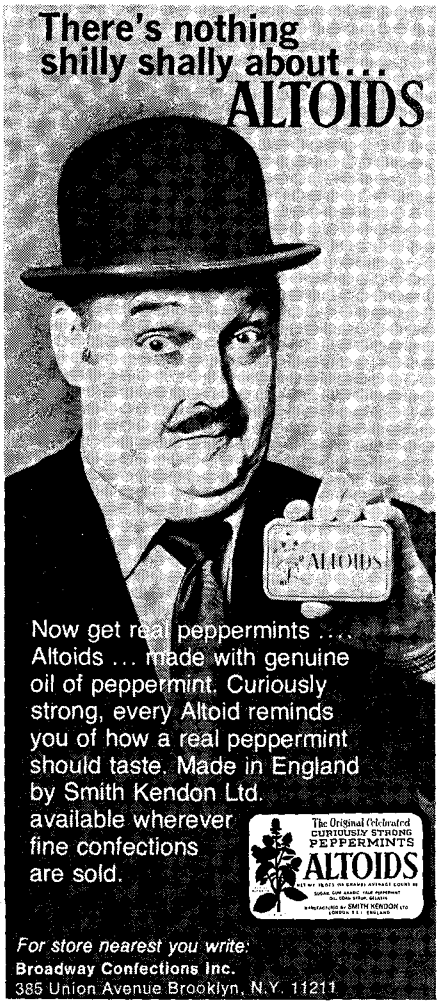
seems to be able to slip under doors and through walls in order to observe scenes like the following: "She backed up against the table, forcing me to guess what was about to happen with no data other than her expression, her backward movement, the sound of a fallen glass. Still, for a second she showed me her drawn face, three times pierced by fear; I saw her eyes try quickly to explain, but immediately give up. She raised her arms, forcing me to turn around, to stumble and stop in front of the bookshelf. A fist beat the door as she ran to open it; I saw La Queca disappear into the corridor and heard a masculine voice rise and suddenly die, lost in the indefatigable, spiteful buzzing, as of an insect, that she was making." The translation only compounds the book's problems.

THE SMELL OF HAY, by Giorgio Bassani, translated from the Italian by William Weaver (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Ten short stories and a novella by the author of "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis." The novella is called "The Gold-rimmed Eyeglasses," and is about a gentle provincial doctor who is ostracized for having an affair with a young wastrel. Like most of the stories, it is set in the town of Ferrara (where Mr. Bassani grew up) in the years leading up to the Second World War. The scope of both the novella and the stories is slight, but they are highly evocative. Writing in a largely autobiographical mode, the author recaptures the confusion, fear, and humiliation felt by middle-class Jews just before anti-Semitism became officially sanctioned in Italy. One story is about a young Jewish student whose former girl friend, a Gentile, suddenly begins to treat him with scorn and condescension. Another portrays a group of Jewish mourners at a cemetery being mocked by an invisible accordion player and singer. All the stories show how Fascism grew in ordinary, everyday ways (in cafés, at beach resorts, at newspapers), and portray with special subtlety the ways Italian Jews began to know that their lives were about to be disrupted. Short and plainly written, they are like delicate bouquets placed at the graves of the Jewish victims of Italian Fascism.

GENERAL

THE CULTURAL CONTRADICTIONS OF CAPITALISM, by Daniel Bell (Basic



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Books). Professor Bell (sociology, Harvard) writes with great clarity about a complex difficulty which, in his opinion, is the root of our troubles. This is a split in our society: the economic, or productive, part of America is still extolling and attempting to exemplify the old virtues of thrift, hard work, self-denial, and efficiency, while the consuming part—and the world of art and art fads, of high and low culture—espouses and expresses hedonism and rebelliousness. (Professor Bell sees the evolution of avant-garde art as a movement from a daring venture, carried out at risk, to a mere mood of mutinousness, which attacks undefended citadels and deludes its purchasers into believing that it is outrage when it is only titillation.) Bell finds the basic rift—he sometimes calls it "disjunction"—harmful to individuals, who no longer have the assurances they need about what is right and about what are reasonable or fair expectations of themselves, of others, or of society. He also finds it threatening because the split in values enters, ever increasingly, into many issues that confront public policy.

A Street in Marrakech, by Elizabeth Warnock Fernea (Doubleday). Mrs. Fernea, the wife of an anthropologist and the author of several books on their experiences in Iraq and Egypt, has fashioned a career out of her innocence. Here, in a modest, almost humble step-by-step manner, she records how she and her husband and their three children took up a year's residence in the medina of Marrakech, how they hoped to make friends with their neighbors, how they were rebuffed, and how, eventually, they won acceptance. Some readers may become impatient with the humdrum details, but Mrs. Fernea's eyes and ears are trustworthy, and they bring their rewards in the end.

The Life and Lore of the Bird, by Edward A. Armstrong (Crown). Mr. Armstrong is a retired Anglican churchman (of Irish birth), an ornithologist, a folklorist, and a naturalist, and this book is a product of all of his several interests and vocations. Its form is that of the usual picture-and-text depiction, but it aims at considerably more than ornamental entertainment. Mr. Armstrong attempts, with good success, a comprehensive study of the whole of mankind's interrelationship with the total avifauna. It is, of course, introduc-

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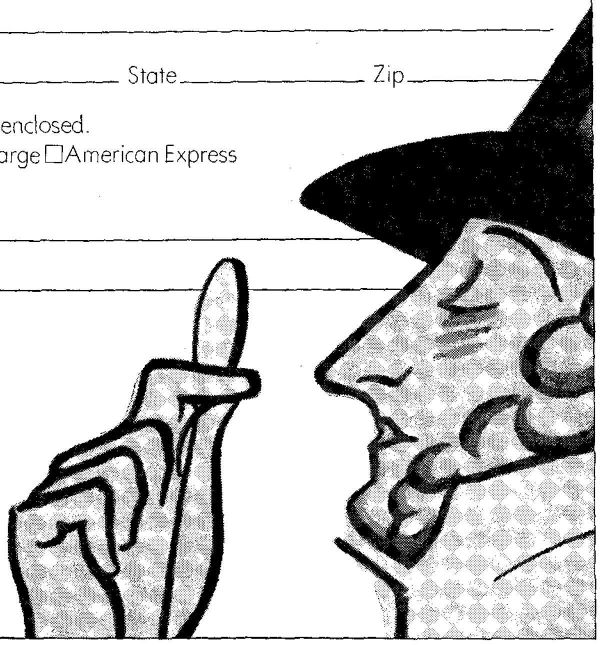

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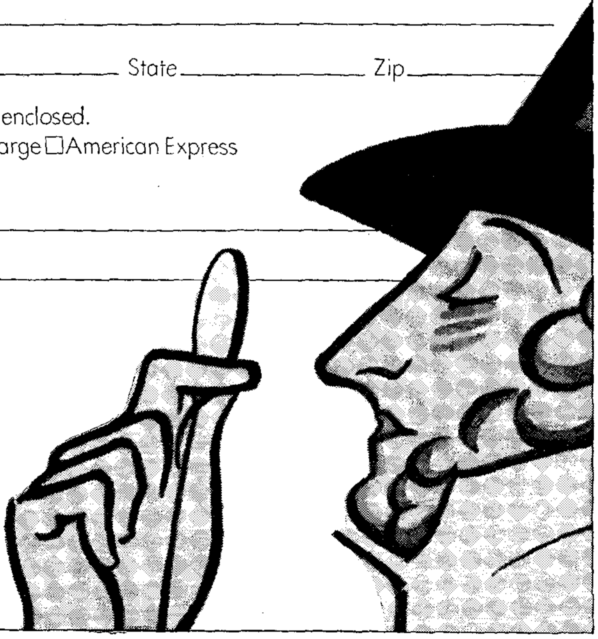

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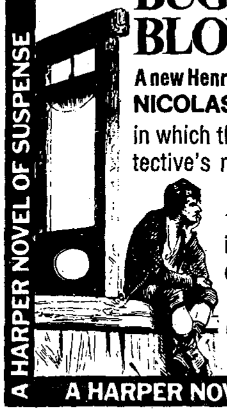

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tory rather than definitive, but that in no way diminishes his accomplishment. The range of the book is enormous. It seems to reach in every possible direction from a central examination of the origin and evolution and behavior of birds—to the bird in art and literature (both secular and religious); in sport (cockfighting, falconry, gunning); in costume and fashion; in commerce (feathers, eggs, guano); in myth (*the phoenix, the halcyon, the thunderbird, the roc*); in war (the homing pigeon); in navigation; in superstition and magic; and in the humble prognosticatory wishbone. Mr. Armstrong writes with ease and seeming authority, and the pictures he has chosen—some two hundred and fifty, many in full color—are absolutely stunning. Fifteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

JUAN GRIS, by Juan Antonio Gaya-Nuño (New York Graphic Society). An unusually beautiful and a marvellously printed book about the youngest member, and probably the truest believer, of the Cubist circle, who was born José Victoriano Carmelo Carlos González Pérez in Madrid in 1887 and died at the age of forty in Boulogne. Though this is actually the first full-scale biography by a Spaniard about the Spanish-born artist, who was forced to live in exile after he fled military service, the text is, at best, Pninish. But the superbly colored reproductions of Gris' rosy, tilted violins, geometricized guitars, fruit bowls, and dazzling still-lifes will be especially satisfying to those who have always gone away unfulfilled from the scanty Gris or two that most museums own. Forty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

•

A 28-year-old man who escaped from Clark County Jail in Vancouver, Wash., Nov. 27 in a rented, chauffeured limousine was arrested Tuesday afternoon at Los Angeles International Airport by FBI agents.

Ray Williams was held in Los Angeles County Jail, the FBI said. He is scheduled to be arraigned before a federal magistrate Wednesday morning.

Williams was being held in Clark County Jail on a federal charge of interstate transportation of a stolen vehicle, when he told the jailer he had to get out for a short time to sign some important papers for Sen. Barry Goldwater, R-Ariz. Williams was driven off in a limousine, and the jailer, when he realized Williams *wasn't* coming back, resigned.—*From the Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.*

Well, you win some, you lose some.

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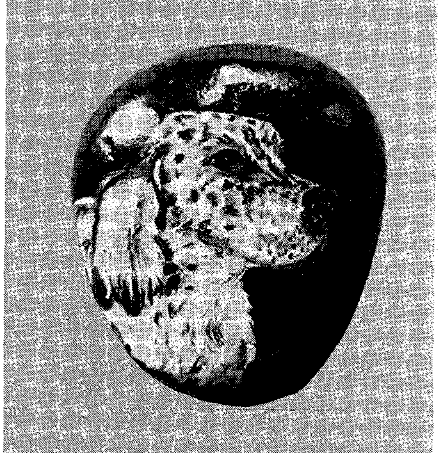

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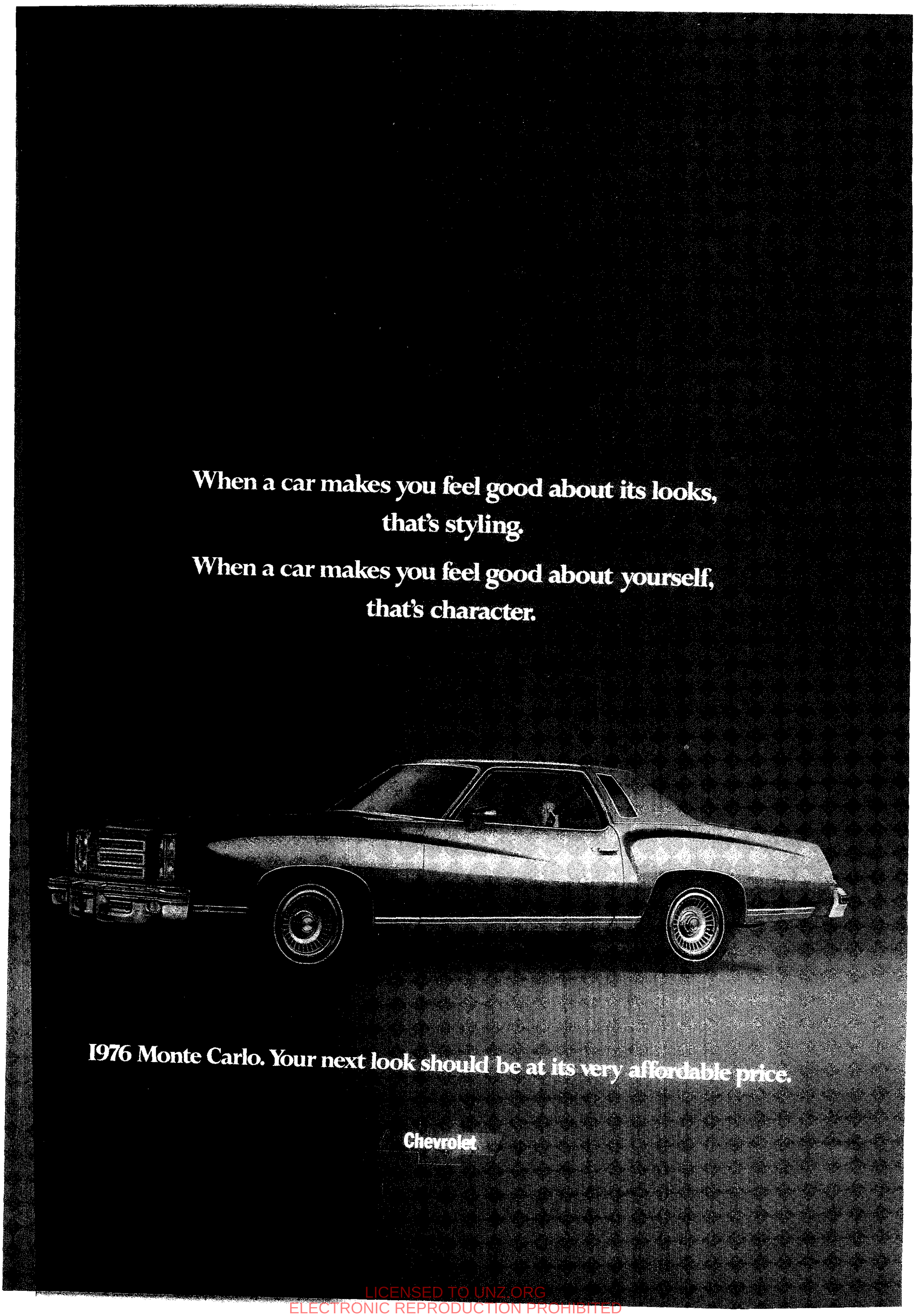

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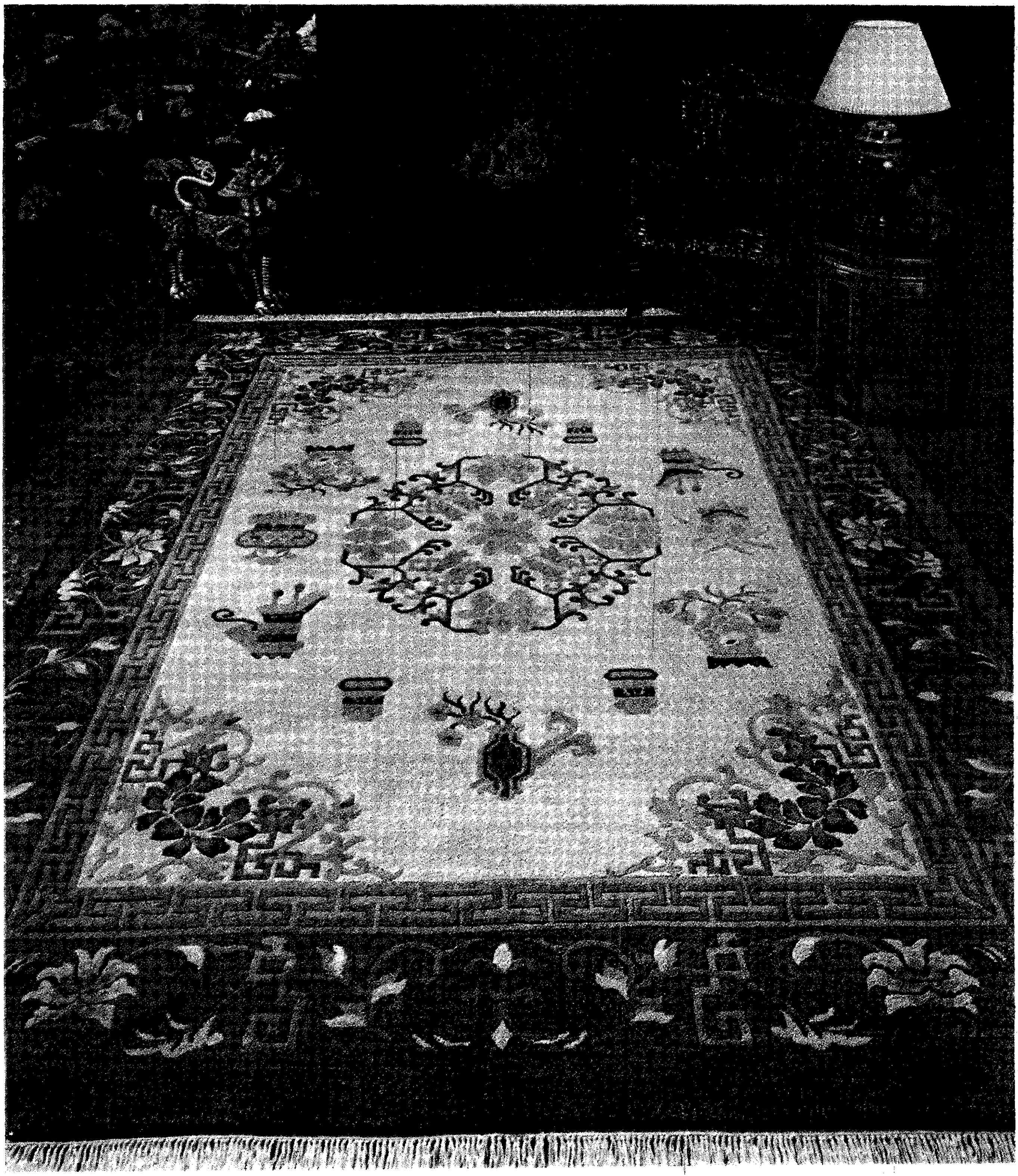

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